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HOMER <sup>27-6</sup>

HIS  
ODYSSES  
TRANSLATED,  
ADORN'D  
WITH  
SCULPTURE,  
AND  
ILLUSTRATED  
WITH  
ANNOTATIONS,

---

BY  
JOHN OGILBY, Esq;  
Master of His MAJESTIES Revels in the Kingdom of  
IRELAND.

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*Ex dono doctissimi Isaac Barrow S.T.B.  
Mathematicæ Professoris, huius Collegij Socij, &c*





TO THE  
MOST NOBLE PRINCE  
**JAMES,**  
DUKE, MARQUES AND EARL  
OF  
**ORMOND,**

EARL OF OSSORY AND BRECKNOCK,  
VISCOUNT THURLES,

LORD BARON OF ARCLO AND LANTHONY,  
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KINGDOMS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,  
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Marchi et Comiti de  
Seni Riber Palatij  
perisculidis Equiti &



Principi Jacopo Duci  
Ormond ex Gubernatori  
Regij Senescallo Aurea  
Tabulam hanc LMDDELIC



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Court of Gods : Telemachus complains  
To Pallas. Sutors ryot : Phemius strains.  
Penelope disgusts ; Pallas inspires  
The Prince with Strength and Prudence, then retires.  
Antinous girds, Telemachus retorts,  
Eurymachus sides : Night closes strife and Sports.*



**HAT** prudent Heroes wand-  
ring, Muse rehearse,  
Who (Troy being sack'd) coa-  
sting the Universe,  
Saw many Cities, and their va-  
rious Modes ;

Much suffering, tost by Storms on raging Floods,  
His Friends conducting to their native coast ;  
But all in vain, for he his Navy lost,  
And they their lives prophanelly feasting on  
Heards consecrated to the glorious Sun ;

A

Who





There I, his Son, better to act his part,  
 Shall prudence give and a courageous Heart;  
 So he his House shall of those Sutors rid,  
 And their disorders in full Court forbid;  
 Whole ryots make such havock there and spoyl.  
 Next, him I'll send to *Sparta*, then to *Pyle*,  
 To seek his Sire: So he in foreign parts  
 Shall purchase Honour by acquir'd deserts.

This said, she fits her golden Talaries,  
 Which her ore Hills and Dales and swelling Seas  
 With fanning Winds through aery Regions bear;  
 Then up she takes her strong and ponderous Spear,  
 With which, descended from to great a Sire,  
 Of Regiments of Heroes feel her ire.  
 Next stooping from *Olympus* spiry heights,

Transform'd to *Mentes* <sup>(f)</sup> *Taphians* Prince alights  
 Before *Ulysses* Gate, then makes a stand,  
 A Brazen-pointed Javelin in her hand;

Where the proud Sutors <sup>(g)</sup> gaming she beheld,  
 Seated on Hides of Bullocks they had kill'd,  
 Heralds with meaner Officers attend,

Some in large Vessels Wine and Water blend,  
 Others the boards with pory Sponges dri'd  
 And Tables cover'd, serv'd-up Cates divide.

Her first *Telemachus*, 'mongst the debosh'd  
 Corrivalls sitting, saw as she approach'd;  
 Then sadly fancying to himself: Should there

His valiant Father suddenly appear  
 Routing them all, how he would spoyl their sport,  
 And soon regain his Honour Wealth and Court:

Troubled a Stranger there so long should stand,  
 He rose, and gently took her by the hand,  
 And it disburthening of her Javelin spake;

Since you are freely Welcome, please to take

With

(f) *Taphos* was a City on the Island *Cephalonia* near adjoining to *Ithaca*, the Country of *Ulysses*: so called from *Taphus* the son of *Pierides*. —

(g) It is not agreed on by the antient Grammarians what this Game was which *Penelope's* Sutors are feign'd by *Homer* to recreate themselves with. Some expound the word here by *agris Dice*: but *Herodotus* doth clearly distinguish between these two, where he saies that the *Lydians* were the inventors of Dice, and the rest of the Sports except the word *Apion*, an eminent Grammarian in his time, called by *Tiberius* the Emperour *Cyniculus mureti*, saies that, according as he received it from *Cato's* a native of *Ithaca*, where 'tis probable the Sport might remain in use, 'twas this. The number of the Sutors being 108, they equally divided their Balls, that is 24, on each side, so that the two ranks remain'd a vacant place in the middle of which they plac'd a mark which they call'd *Penelope*, the spot which they all were to aim at. They took their turns by lot, and he that hit the *Penelope* and removing that farther lay in its place, and afterwards should with another hit the *Penelope* again without touching any of the other Camelliers men, was acknowledged victor, and took it as a good Omen of obtaining his Mistress.

With us, of what supplies our Boards, a share,  
 And when your Spirits, Sir, recruited are,  
 How I may serve you intimate: This said,  
 Up to the Hall the Goddess he convey'd:  
 There 'gainst a Column sets her Launce, where stood  
*Ulysses* Javelins planted like a wood:

Then in a Chair, with a rich Cushion grac'd  
 And a carv'd Foot-stool, he a *Minerva* plac'd;  
 Then sets himself against her, from the rest,  
 That, nor their rude deportments should his Guest  
 Disturb, nor their impertinencies tire,  
 And better so of's Father to inquire:

Water to wash their hands a Damfel-sewer  
 Pours forth in Silver from a Golden Ewre,  
 Then spreads the Board, and on pure Manchet sets;  
 The Cook the Table loads with various Cates,  
 With richest Wines Attendants crown the Feast,  
 When to their places the proud Sutors prest.

'Soon as they wash'd, and Bread up Virgins serv'd,  
 All charg'd at once and cut, and each where carv'd;  
 Bowles fill'd and emptied wander here and there:  
 When thirst and hunger satisfied were,  
 Of Songs and Dances they begin to think,  
 Sports highten Banquets more than Meat and Drink.  
 The Herald, *Phemius*, brings a Harp well strung,  
 Who, though unwilling, play'd and sweetly Sung:  
 When thus *Telemachus* in *Pallas* ear;

With this our rudeness, Sir, be pleas'd to bear,  
 Songs are their business with a well set Aire,  
 And thus to feast without a Bill of fare;  
 (Rain,  
 Whil'st on some Shore his Bones lie bleach'd with  
 Or tumbled are with Billows through the Main,  
 Whom should they see, rather they'd Wings desire  
 Than large Possessions, Gold, or rich Attire;

B

But

But of my Father now remains no hope :  
 If any born under Heaven's glorious cope  
 Should me inform that here he would arrive,  
 Since the time's past, I should not him believe.  
 But tell me, Sir, your Country, stock and name,  
 And how, and why into these parts you came :  
 Whether a stranger, or were heretofore  
 Known to my Sire, since many on that score  
 Visit our Court: He correspondents had  
 Through all these Isles. Then thus *Minerva* said,

I *Mentes* am *Anchialus* Son, and reign  
 O're *Taphians*, Traders through the boisterous Main :  
 Hither I came to Anchor, as we pass

At <sup>(b)</sup> *Temese* to barter Iron for Brads.  
 Our Vessel in the *Rheitbran* Harbour rides  
 Safe under *Nieims* Grove from Wind and Tides.  
 I often and thy hospitable Sire

Treated each other, this thou mayst enquire  
 Of old *Laertes* ; who, as they report,  
 Absents both from the City and the Court :  
 Where his old Maid, when faint with Toyl and Sweat  
 Pruning his spreading Vines, provides him Meat.  
 I hear the Gods thy wandering Sire impend

In his return : For sure he is not dead.  
 Him fierce Men in the navel of the Main,  
 A Sea-guirt Isle, against his will detain.  
 Though I no Prophet am, nor *Augurie* boast,  
 Know he ere long shall reach his native Coast :  
 Not him from home shall Brazen Fetters keep,  
 Nor raging Billows of the boisterous Deep.  
 Are you his Son ? Him you resemble much,  
 Such were his Eyes, his manly Visage such.  
 Me for his Friend *Ulysses* pleas'd to own,  
 Before the *Trojan* expedition :

But

(b) *Temese* was a City of the *Bruttii* in the foot of *Italy*, now called, as *Pontanus* conjectures in his History of *Naples*, *Longobus*. That this is the City meant by *Homer*, not that of *Cyprus* of the same name, appears, because the Neapolitan *Temese* was famous for its vein of Brads, for which *Moses* saies he traded thither, as appears by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, l. 15.

*Hippodæque diviti Regis, Temesæque metalla.*  
*Hippodæ Palace, and Temesæan Steel.*

And *Statius* in his *Sylva*,

— *se totis Temesæ delit hausta metallis,*  
*Temese whose iron mines are drain'd.*

And *Strabo* witnesses that the rooms for preparing of Brads remain'd there in his time, though empty. To which may be added the vicinity of this place to *Cephalonia*, and the great distance of the other.

But since the *Grecian* Princes lanch'd their Fleet,  
 We nere enjoy'd the happiness to meet.

Then he reply'd ; my Mother tells me so,  
 Nor Children more of their own Parents know.  
 Would I the Son were of a happy Sire,  
 Who aged might in his own Court expire :  
 But mine the unfortunat'st ere trod the Earth.

Then *Pallas* ; Such a Mother brought thee forth,  
 At such a time, that no unworthy Fate  
 Shall thee attend : Sir, please to intimate  
 What means this concurrence, why such store of Guests ?  
 Is this some treatment, or else Nuptial Feasts ?  
 This seems no Club, where each one paises his share,  
 And yet extremely insolent they are :  
 A sober person ill would brook to view  
 The ruffian pranks of this disorder'd Crue. (reign'd,

Then thus the Prince ; Whilst here my Father  
 Good orders he and plenteous Boards maintain'd,  
 Whom now crofs powers, who alwaies mischief plot,  
 Of mortals make the most unfortunate.  
 Nor for his Death should I so much complain,  
 Had at the *Trojan* Leaguer he been slain,  
 Or scaping Wars and Billows died at home :  
 Our Princes then erected had his Tomb,  
 Investing me with his Estate and Power ;  
 But greedy <sup>(c)</sup> Harpyes now his Corps devour,  
 Leaving to me, his most unhappy Heir,  
 In stead of Riches, sorrow and despair.

Nor wail I his disasters thus alone,  
 The Gods have giv'n me sufferings of my own :  
 Those Princes who these scattered Isles command,  
<sup>(d)</sup> *Dulichium*, *Samos*, and *Zacynthus* Strand,  
 And *Ithaca*, my Mother to espouse,  
 Daily addressing, thus molest my House :

Whose

(c) The Harpyes were the Daughters of *Pentus* and *Terra*, from whence they were said to have their dominion partly on the Seas, partly on Land. They were Fools with the Faces of Women. Their form is to be seen in Sculpture, in the Church of St. *Martin* at *Venice*, frequented as a Vision-piece to draw these Monsters by, both by Carvers and Painters. That they had Wings, we learn from *Æschylus*, who mentioning the *Furies* as sleep by *Orpheus*, concludes they were not Harpyes, because they were *daemons*, without Wings. There is a Coin yet extant of *L. Valerius*, where there is a Harpye represented.

(d) *Hellenicus* one of the ancientest of the Greek Historians took *Dulichium* here mentioned to have been *Cephallenia*. But *Strabo* has manifested that to be a groundless error : first, because *Dulichium* was under the command of *Agæus*, the *Cephallenians* under the command of *Ulysses*. Secondly, because if *Dulichium* had been the same with *Cephallenia*, *Homer* would not have said that there were fifty Sutors from *Dulichium*, and four and twenty from *Samos*, which was a City of *Cephallenia*. *Strabo* reckons *Dulichium*, and that rightly, one of the *Echinades*, near the mouth of the river *Achæus*, in his time called *Dulicia*.

Whole fate she not rejects nor grants, and now  
 Would gladly shake them off, but knows not how,  
 Whole ryots waft my Stock; on this pretext,  
 Me they perhaps will tear in pieces next.  
 Much pitying him, then thus *Minerva* said;

Thou want'st alas thy valiant Father's aid,  
 He soon their ranting humours would abate:  
 Could I but see him standing at the Gate  
 As in our Court when first I him beheld,  
 Arm'd with two Spears, a Cask and glittering Shield;

(1) *Ilus* was great Grand-child to  
*Medea*, a Lady, famous for her exquisite skill in all manner of Poysons.

(m) There are four Cities of this name. Some of the Antients conceive *Homer* to mean that of the *Thesprotians*, others that of the *Cariathians*, *Strabo* rather inclines to *Ephyra* of *Etolia*, because *Homer* makes *Agamemnon* the Daughter of *Angias* King of the *Epians* to have the knowledge of all sorts of poysons.

New come from <sup>(1)</sup> *Ilus* (for the boysterous Main  
 He plow'd to <sup>(m)</sup> *Ephyre*) Poyson to obtain  
 To'noynt his Barbs, which warie he deni'd,

Yet then my loving Father thine supply'd.  
 Should he now enter in that posture here,  
 Bitter would prove their Nuptials, sad their Cheer.

But 'tis at the appointment of the Gods,  
 If ever he review his own aboads,  
 Or be reveng'd; yet now consider well

How best thou may'st this haughty Crew expell:  
 A Court to morrow early summon, there  
 Require them all thy Pallace to forbear,

And if thy mother one must needs Espouse,  
 Let her return to her rich Father's houle,  
 There let them Wed, there let her warie Sire

After her Dowre, or what ere else, inquire.  
 Next, if I may advise, make ready streight  
 A nimble Vessel of the second Rate;

Then faile in quest of thy long absent Sire  
 To Sandy Pyle, of *Neslor* there inquire:  
 From thence to *Spartan Menelaus* hast,

Who of the scattered Fleet arrived last;  
 Of him perhaps some tidings thou may'st hear,  
 Make this thy busines of the following year:

But

But hear'st thou of his death, return streight home,  
 Performe his Obits, and erect his Tomb.

Then let thy Mother Wed, and last employ,  
 Thy wits how thou these Sutors mai'st destroy,  
 By force or fraud: And since of age thou art,

Leave childish sports, and bravely act thy part.  
 Hast thou not of *Orestes* heard, whose name  
 His gallant acts through all the World proclaim?

He in *Aegyptus* breast, that Regicide  
 Who *Agamemnon* slew, his Weapon dy'd;  
 Thou art as likely so to purchase Fame:

But I expected at my Vessel am,  
 And must aboard with speed: What I advise  
 Be sure to do; when thus, the Prince replies;

You counsel like a friend, a Father such  
 Would give a Son, which me concerns so much,  
 That I shall it pursue: Here only stay,

Though posting time and busines call away;  
 Bathe and repose, till I a Gift prepare,  
 Which thou with joy may'st to thy Vessel bear,

And keep as precious Treasure for my sake,  
 Such as lov'd Guests from those that treat them take.

Then *Pallas*; Sir, I should be loath to offend;  
 What favour you soere for me intend,  
 Reserve till my return, that then I may,

Accept your Present, and the like repay.

This said, she vanish'd like a Bird, from thence,  
 Giving him courage and a tender sense  
 Of his dear Sire. A while he wondring stood,

But when resolv'd this Stranger was some God,  
 He to the Sutors went, who silent at  
 Old *Phemius* Musick, and attentive sate;

He sung the *Greeks* hard palls, from *Ilium* hurl'd,  
 By *Pallas* heavy wrath about the World.

C

Penelope

Penelope hears him from Her upper Rooms,  
 And down Stairs with two Maids, attending, comes,  
 Ent'ring the Hall a Veil her Beauty hides,  
 And weeping, thus the sweet Musician chides;  
 Hast thou no other Layes which deeds relate,  
 Of men and Gods which Poets celebrate,  
 Such choose whil'st they Carowse, these but foment  
 Old grief, and work afresh on discontent;  
 Forbear this woful Theam, since I not yet,  
 Can one so honour'd through all Greece forget.  
 Then spake the Prince; Why Mother him d'ye blame  
 Pleasing himself, or tax the Poets Theam?  
 When greatest Jove inspires their sacred Verse,  
 Well he the Greeks misfortunes may rehearse.  
 What most concerns us, most our ears invite;  
 What's new and rare still heighten our delight.  
 My Father not alone his Voyage lost,  
 But many more nere reach'd their native Coast.  
 Look to your house, and your affairs at home,  
 See that your Maids Spin, Card, and ply their Loom:  
 Leave such Disputes to men who understand,  
 And me to Umpire who should here command.  
 This said, astonish'd at her prudent Son,  
 She thence returns by two attended on;  
 And in her Chamber for her Lord did weep,  
 Till Pallas clos'd her Eyes with gentle sleep.  
 When from the Board the proud Corrivals rose,  
 And drowsie hasten to desir'd repose.

Then spake the Prince; You that so haunt my house,  
 And vex my Mother, hoping to Espouse,  
 Cease your rude clamor, this disorder curb,  
 Nor this high pleasure with such noise disturb:  
 But hearken to his heavenly Voice and Lyre,  
 Next I to morrow early you require,

To

To meet in Counsel, where I shall such Guests  
 Forbid my Court, else-where to make their Feasts:  
 Which if thus warn'd you slight, and not forbear,  
 To ruin me, by all the Gods I swear,  
 If Jove so please, you unlamented shall,  
 Just Vengeance feeling, perish in this Hall.  
 This said, all bit their Lips, his Speech admir'd,  
 That he redress so boldly had requir'd.

Antinous then; What God, my little Prince,  
 Inspir'd thee with such pretty Eloquence?  
 Jove not decreed, that thou should'st rule this Land,  
 Because thy Father once did us command.

Then thus the Prince; I should thy wrath condemn  
 Would Jove confer on me the Diadem:  
 To reign is good, Courts are with plenty stor'd,  
 Princes are serv'd, are honour'd, and ador'd:  
 But there be many great ones here who may,  
 Since that my Father's dead, this Kingdom sway,  
 Yet I a King, shall in this Pallace reign,  
 And, with Paternal wealth, due State maintain.

Then spake Eurymachus, Polybius Son,  
 Heaven's pleasure must, Telemachus, be done.  
 But who soere shall fill our empty Throne,  
 Rule thou thy Mansions and enjoy thy owne:  
 None who this Isle inhabits thee shall wrong;  
 But say, what Stranger talk'd with thee so long?  
 Ought know'st he of your Sire, or hither comes  
 To pay old Debts, and clear contracted Sums?  
 He staid no time, did company decline;  
 He hath a noble look, and princely Mien.

Then thus the Prince: No news of him I hear,  
 I to no Wisard now will give an ear,  
 For whom my Mother to this Countrey sends:  
 This Stranger's one of my Sires ancient Friends,

Mentes,

*Mentes, Anchialus* Son, who now commands  
 The *Taphians*, Traders into Foreign Lands.  
 Thus said the Prince, though he the Goddess knew:  
 Then they to Dancing and their songs withdrew;  
 When routed day fought refuge in the West,  
 They to their several seats repair'd to rest.  
 When to his Lodgings built with wondrous art,  
 Which mid'st *Ulysses* Pallace stood apart,  
 Thought-full *Telemachus* to rest ascends,  
 Whom *Euryclea* with a Light attends:  
 (*Laertes* her had purchas'd of old,  
 At no small rate, for twenty *Bullocks* fold,  
 Her lov'd he as his Spouse, but nere enjoy'd,  
 His jealous Wives displeasure to avoyd.  
 She up the Prince with much affection bred)  
 Opening the door, down sits he on his Bed,  
 And off with speed his plyant Garments gets,  
 Which up the hanging puts in comely pleats  
 Close by his Bed: Her business thus dispatch'd,  
 The door, pluck'd by a Silver Ring, she latch'd;  
 Whilst plyant Blankets o're himself he laid,  
 Minding his Voyage, and what *Pallas* said.



*Illustrissimæ Dominæ  
de Ormond Fabulam*



*D<sup>ca</sup> Elizabethæ Ducis  
hanc EMDDIO Lib.*

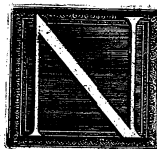


# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

## THE SECOND BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus a Counsel summons: all  
The Island Princes meet: a frequent Hall:  
Corrivals charge: sharp Answers and Replies.  
Eagles disturb the Court: the concourse rise.  
The Prince (a Vessel with Provision stor'd)  
And Pallas, like old Mentor, go aboard.*



O sooner had the Daughter of  
the Dawn,  
With rosie Fingers daies Port-  
cullice drawn,  
But from his Bed *Laertes* Grand-  
child springs,

Puts on his Vest, and 'thwart his Shoulders flings  
His well hatch'd Falchion, on his Sandals tyes,  
And forth with a majestick preface hies.  
His Heralds then commanding straight to call,  
The Island Princes to the Counsel-Hall.

D

Soon

Soon as in Court conven'd the Heroes were,  
In comes the Prince, arm'd with a glittering Spear,  
(<sup>a</sup>) Two Dogs attend, whose face *Minerva* deck't  
With Heavenly raies, and a Divine aspect :  
All who beheld, admire his winning grace,  
And, whil't he mounts his Father's Throne, give place.

(<sup>a</sup>) It is observable that *Telemachus*, Prince of *Ithaca*, has no Guard or attendance to accompany him to the Council : neither do I find in the Poems of *Homer*, that ever Prince used any but in time of War : though *Enslatus* thinks, his attendants had forsaken him, for fear of the Suitors.

(<sup>b</sup>) It is not altogether unusual with *Homer*, to make the appellative name of a Country, the proper name of a Man : as he does here *Aegyptius*, which signifies a Native of *Aegypt*, to be the proper name of a Prince of *Ithaca* : for so, in his *Iliad*, he assigns several proper names, as *Mene*, *Dardanius*, *Imbrinus*, *Epeus*, and the like ; all which are properly relative to the native Country of any persons so called ; which in succeeding ages, grew more common : *Athenus* the name of a famous Poet, *Seythas* of a Philosopher, and *Caryneus* an Historian.

Then first arose (<sup>b</sup>) *Aegyptius*, a grave Sage,  
Bow'd with the burthen of unweildy Age ;  
Four Sons he had ; one, to the *Lian* Plain,  
Follow'd *Ulysses* fortune, through the Main :  
Him *Polyphemus* in his Dungeon kill'd  
The last, whose Flesh his rav'nous Stomach fill'd.  
Three more surviv'd ; one to the Queen made love,  
The other did their Father's ground improve.  
But he, as if he had no other Son,  
Still mourns his loss, and weeping, thus begun ;

Me first to hear, you Princes condescend ;  
We never here in Counsel thus conven'd,  
Since good *Ulysses* sail'd for *Ilium*.  
For what then are we summon'd, or by whom ?  
Can any us newly arriv'd inform  
Of some approaching Foes, impending Storm,  
Or ought else that concerns the publick good ?  
His presence speaks him one of Noble Blood,  
May *Jove* succeed his fair Designs. This said,  
No longer sits the Prince ; but highly glad  
At what he heard, amidst (<sup>c</sup>) the Concourse stands ;

(<sup>c</sup>) This is spoken, according to the custom of those ancient times. And therefore *Agamemnon* made an Apology for himself, when he went not into the middle of the assembly, but spake to them from his own seat.

And when *Pisenor* had into his hands  
A Scepter put, & *Aegyptius*, the Prince  
Himself addressing, thus declares his sence ;  
The Man's not far, and you shall quickly see,  
Who call'd this Court, forc'd by hard Destinie :  
Not lately he arriv'd, nor can inform  
Of any Foes approach, or gathering Storm,

No

Nor ought concerns the publick good relate,  
My bus'ness all my own, my torn estate  
By two sad chances : First my Sire I lost,  
Who like a loving Father rul'd this Coast ;  
Then what is worse, the Houfe that He enjoy'd,  
Is topsie-turvy turn'd, his stock destroy'd :  
Our Grandees Sons do daily there resort,  
And 'gainst her will my dearest Mother court ;  
Waving to visit her rich Father's Houfe,  
Who might the Contract draw, and her Espouse  
To one he likes, with a sufficient Dowre ;  
Daily repairing thither, they devoure  
Fat Beeves, Sheep, Goats, and highly Sup and Dine,  
*Gratis* Carrowfing deep on richest Wine.  
Havock they make, whil't I a Champion want,  
Such as my Sire, these Ranters to supplant :  
Since I'm too weak to charge such waisting swarms,  
Nurtur'd in Peace, unseen in feats of Arms ;  
But were my strength proportion'd to my mind,  
Who act such pranks should soon my vengeance find ;  
I'd prop my sinking Houfe. You Patriots, fear  
Your Neighbours ill reports, the Gods reverse,  
Left they should punish you, for your neglect,  
My case condole, and my Estate protect ;  
But I by *Jove* implore and *Themis*, who  
All Counsels (<sup>d</sup>) summons, and dissolves, that You  
Refrain my Houfe, suffer me there alone,  
My self and my misfortunes to bemoan.  
If ere my Father by Hostility,  
Wrong'd any here, retaliate that on me :  
Better it were that you such havock made,  
Devour'd my 'state, then might I be repay'd :  
For in the City I'de upon you call,  
Untill you clear'd accounts, and gave me all :

(<sup>d</sup>) *Enslatus* on this place notes that the Statue of *Themis*, according to some Grammarians, was brought into all publick assemblies, at their beginning, and carried forth at their dissolution, to which they will have *Homer* here to allude.

D 2

But









My pretty Speaker, rangle now no more,  
But merry Eat and Drink, as heretofore :  
Because the *Greeks* will Rigg thy Ship mean while,  
That thou mayst seek thy valiant Sire at *Pyle*.

Who thus reply'd ; Should I with Ranters Feast  
Against my will, who privacy love best ?  
Is't not enough, you my Estate destroy,  
My Stock consume, as still I were a Boy,  
But now of Age I'll take advice, and learn  
With Courage how to manage my concern,  
I shall attempt, either at *Pyle* or here,  
To make you pay large Recknings for your Cheer :  
Nor shall I loose my Voyage, though I want  
A Ship, which you were pleas'd they would not grant,  
Since as a Passenger, I'll leave this Land.

Thus say'd, he from *Antinous* plucks his Hand ;  
They went to Feasts prepar'd, and merry make,  
Cavill and prate ; when thus a proud Youth spake ;

This Boy will kill us all : Bravoes he'll hire  
At *Pyle*, or *Sparta*, or from *Ephyre*, dire  
Poyson Transport ; and when we take our rowle,  
Wine mix'd with deadly Bane shall clear his House.

Another say'd ; He may a Voyage make,  
Bad as his Father erst did undertake,  
And perish far off, on a Foreign Shore,  
Which rather will incumber us the more,  
How we his Goods shall share ; but we this House,  
Shall give his Mother, or whom she'll espouse.  
Thus drolling they their pride and folly vent,  
Whilst he up to his Fathers Chamber went ;  
Where Gold and Brasse congested stood in piles,  
Along the wall, and Jars of severall Oyls,  
And Vests layd up ; a Pipe of richest Wine  
Lay farther in, whose liquor was Divine,

Kept

Kept for *Ulysses* glad Return from Sea,  
By *Euryclea* under Lock and Key.

To whom the Prince ; Draw next that richer piece,  
Which for my hapless Sire provided is,  
Twelve Runlets, Nurse, let them be staunch and sweet,  
And twenty measures sack of purest Wheat.  
Do this alone ; which, when my Mother goes  
At night up to her Chamber, I'll dispose ;  
I must to *Pyle* and *Sparta*, to inquire,  
And listen after my long absent Sire.

Aloud, this said, she bitterly complain'd :  
Why wilt thou venture to a Foreign Land,  
Who art *Ulysses* dear and only Son ?  
So perish'd he, far off in Realms unknown,  
And now for thee some mischief they'll prepare,  
Thou once destroy'd, thy Fortunes they will share.  
Ah ! stay thou here, thy Enterprize decline,  
Nor furrow Billows through the raging Brine.

Then he reply'd ; No danger Nurse suspect,  
That power who me advis'd, will me protect.  
But Swear, you my departure keep unknown  
To my dear Mother, till twelve daies are gone,  
Unless that she of this my absence hears,  
And so her Beauty wrong, with briny Tears.

Then swearing Secresie to his designe,  
Pure Wheat she sacks, and runlets up rich Wine ;  
But down the Prince, amongst the Suitors went :  
Whilst *Pallas* did another Plot invent,  
And him resembling, gives about the word,  
That at Sun-setting all should come aboard,  
Desiring *Neemon* to lend his Bark,  
He kindly grants, and when the Streets grew dark,  
His Vessel launch'd, where she might ly afloat,  
And Oars aboard, Yards, Sails, and Tackle brought,

E 2

With

With speed : thus prompted by the Goddess, they  
 Attended at the bottom of the Bay ;  
 Then thought she of another quaint device,  
 Herself to Court conveying in a trice,  
 With gentle Sleep, the Suitors there trapanns,  
 And shakes their tottering Goblets from their Hands :  
 With drowfiness surpriz'd, streight all arose,  
 And to the City went, to their repose ;  
 Next, like Old *Mentor*, from *Ulysses* Hall,  
 Thus gives she Prince *Telemachus* a call ;  
 All ready are to go, hoysse Sail and weigh,  
 Haft, left we lose our Voyage by delay.

This said, *Minerva* from the Threshold leaps,  
 He, following close, reprints the Goddess steps ;  
 Soon as he came, where lay their Vessel moor'd,  
 And found them all prepar'd to go aboard ;  
 Sirs, our Provision wants your helping hands  
 He say'd, which ready in the portal stands,  
 Neither my Mother nor her Damfels know  
 Of this, but only one : This said, all go.  
 As he commanded, nor their bus'ness slip'd,  
 Till they full Sacks and swoln *Borachios* Ship'd.  
 Before the Prince, aboard *Minerva* goes,  
 And plac'd together on the Stern, unloose  
 Their Cables, streight all mount, their Bancks assign'd,  
 And *Pallas* calls a fair and whispering Wind ;  
 They raise their Masts, and hoysse their Sails a-trip,  
 Soft Gales give speedy passage to their Ship ;  
 Bruis'd Billows thunder, as her course she stood,  
 Cutting rough Furrows through the boyft'rous Flood,  
 Whil'ft they loose Cordage fasten to her side,  
 And a Libation for the Gods provide,  
 Hon'ring *Jove's* Daughter most ; then on they Steer'd  
 All Night, untill the blushing Dawn appear'd.



*Illustrissimo Domino D. Thomae Com. de Ossory  
Subprefecto Gen. Johani Regni Aulicæ  
Taurinam hanc*



LMDDDIO



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

## THE THIRD BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus Lands, Pisistratus invites  
Him, and Minerva, unto Neptune's rites.  
Of left Ulysses, Nestor nothing knows;  
Day and the Feast concluding, all repose.  
Nestor, Telemachus his Chariot lends,  
And, with the Prince, his Son to Sparta sends.*



**W**HEN the Sun rose, leaving the  
ample Floods,  
To light both Mortals, and Im-  
mortal Gods,  
Gilding th' Opacous Earth, and  
Heaven's bright Sphere,  
To Pyle they (Neleus strong built Walls) drew near:  
Whose people on the Ocean's <sup>(4)</sup> Margent had  
<sup>(4)</sup> Black Bees, a Hecatomb, to Neptune pay'd;  
Up to nine Boards, five hundred Guests at each  
Were serv'd nine Steers, all slaughter'd at the Beach,

Whil't

(4) Although it might seem prob-  
able, that the Temple and Altar of Nep-  
tune, here mentioned, were but the  
fiction of the Poet, as well as the Sa-  
crifice, and the Attendants on it, yet  
Strabo assures us that there remain'd  
in his time, the Temple of Neptune,  
in the district of old Mylor, by the sea-  
side, between the Cities of Lepreus  
and Samicium, about an hundred Stades  
distant from each, intended here by  
Homer.

He makes Bulls a sacrifice peculiar  
to Neptune, as in the eleventh of his  
Iliad,

*Ἴδμεν δὲ θεῶν ἑκάστων ἑκάστην ἑστίαν,  
Τεῖχος δ' ἄσπετος, μέγας δ' ἱερὸς οἶκος.  
Ἀνὰ πύλαις γὰρ ἀνέσθιδι βόες ἀνέχουσιν*

*Joves Altars there with sacred rights  
we fill'd,  
Two Bulls for Neptune and Alpheus  
kill'd,  
A Heifer next Minerva we present.*

Signifying by their fury and lowering,  
the rage and noise of the Sea.

(4) That they were black, which  
were here sacrific'd, relates to the co-  
lour of the Sea, by him frequently  
call'd *πλάγας, μέγας*, &c. which Ho-  
mer himself insinuates in this place, by  
the Epithets of Neptune *Κροκόπεπτος*  
*black hair'd*.

The nine Bulls relate to the nine  
Cities, under the command of Ulysses,  
mention'd by Homer in the *Odyssey*,  
*who dwelt in Pyle, and thosé Arene*  
*flur'd*  
*And Thyros, where Alpheus you may*  
*find,*  
*Who did in Egypt's happy walls reside*  
*In Cyprus and Amphygen abide,*  
*Who Helos, Peleios, Dorion, where the*  
*sons*  
*Of Males sileat'd Thracian Thymis*  
*tongue.*

And the number of the Attendants on  
the sacrifice, so those that waited on  
Ulysses in the Trojan expedition, *scilicet*  
to each sent here, *scilicet* 500. to each Ship  
there.

Whil'ft they with furl'd-up Sails for Harbour bore,  
Then mooring fast their Veffel, leap'd afhore;  
But *Pallas* forth *Telemachus* conducts,  
And on the Peer safe mounted, thus instructs;

Now fimping Modesty and Blufhes spare,  
Since thou haft fail'd to make inquiry, where  
Thy Father lies, and how he dy'd; let's go  
And fee, if ought of him old *Neflor* know;  
Request the prudent King, to tell the truth,  
Nor ought extenuate, to foother thy Youth.

Then he reply'd; How shall I make addrefs?  
How him salute? That Language want' exprefs  
My felf in, at th' Accoft, who bathful am,  
And he a Prince, as great in Age as Fame.

*Telemachus*, the Goddefs then replies,  
Be confident, nor thy own parts deſpiſe,  
Some God ſhall thee inſpire, for I ſuppoſe,  
Thou haft in *Jove's* Celeſtial Court no Foes.

This ſay'd, off from the Beach *Minerva* leaps,  
He, following cloſe, reprints the Goddeſs ſteps,  
And up they came, where all the *Pylean* State,  
Old *Neflor*, and his valiant Offspring ſate,  
Whil'ft others dreſs'd their Cates: ſtreight Old and  
'About ſuch Gueſts, ſo unexpected, throng, (Young  
Deſiring with glad welcomes to ſit down;

But firſt *Piſiſtratus*, old *Neflor's* Son,  
Them to the Board lead up, in either hand,  
Placing on Skins, upon a bed of Sand  
Next *Neflor* and his Brother: Part then brought  
Of Sacred inwards, and with rich Wine fraught  
A Golden Bowle, which he to *Pallas* bore,  
And thus preſents; Sir, *Neptune* now implore,  
Since thou haft fortun'd here, a welcome Gueſt,  
To celebrate the World-Embracer's Feaſt;

And

And when with Prayer th' haſt pay'd Libations due,  
Give him the Cup that he may offer too:  
Whom I ſuppoſe thou need'ſt not much perſwade,  
T' implore the Gods, all Mortals want their aide.  
But he's thy junior much, reſembling me  
In Age, therefore I bring this firſt to thee:  
Giving the Bowle *Minerva* as he ſpoke,  
With his diſcretion, extremely took,  
Rejoyc'd that his reſpects to her he pay'd  
Before the Prince, and thus to *Neptune* Pray'd;

O thou! great King, whoſe circling armes are hurl'd  
Round the vaſt body of the mighty World,  
Honour on *Neflor*, and his Sons beſtow,  
And next, theſe civil People favour ſhew,  
Whoſe Offerings on thy ſacred Altars burn:  
Laſt grant this Prince and me a ſafe return,  
His buſineſs well effected, for whoſe ſake  
We hither furrow'd up the briny Lake.

Thus Pray'd ſhe, and all Ceremonies done,  
The Golden Bowle preſents *Ulyſſes* Son:  
Who in like manner pay'd Libations due,  
Then Cates well roaſted, off with ſpeed they drew,  
And Meſſing up, all plentifully fare,  
When Thirſt and Hunger ſatisfied were,  
To raiſe Diſcouſe, thus ancient *Neflor* ſay'd.

Our Stomachs, worthy Gueſts, now well alay'd,  
Let us with Table talk, the time awhile,  
And cuſtomyary Queſtions, beguile;  
Who are you, Sirs, and from what Country come?  
Trade you abroad, or elſe as <sup>(c)</sup> *Pyrats* Rome,  
Your Lives extending, through the boyſterous Floods,  
To ſeize as lawful Prize, all Foreign Goods?

When thus the Prince, embolden'd by the Maid,  
To aſk about his long loſt Father, ſaid;

Oh

(c) It may ſeem ſtrange, that *Neflor* ſhould entertain his ſtrange Gueſts with ſuch ignominious, as it is now eſteemed, title of *Pyrats*. But it does appear by the ancient Hiſtorians, that both the Iſlanders, and thoſe of the Continent who bordered upon the Sea, chiefly maintained themſelves by the Inrodes, they made into ſtrange Countries and Towns unfortified, either ſneaking in the port of ſafe and inferior Spirits to live upon their own labour; and on the other ſide a token of Valour, and Eminency to live upon Rapine and the ſpoils of others. This *Thucydides* delivers in the Preface to his Hiſtory, and confirms with this very place of *Homer*, though but obſcurely intimated, where he ſaies, *In the antient Parts when Mariners were interrogated, whether they were Pyrats or no, they couſented it no diſhonour to confeſs it, nor did they think they had opprobriated them, who aſked them the queſtion.*

Oh thou ! to whom all *Greece* prime honour pay,  
Hither we come, from *Æolian Ithaca*,  
On private, not a publick score ; 't inquire,  
If dead or living be my absent Sire,  
*Ulysses*, who, with thy especial ay'd,  
As Fame reports, proud *Troy* in *Asthes* lay'd.  
Who ere there perish'd, by th' insulting Foe,  
The place, and manner, of their Death we know ;  
But *Jove* his Fate absconding none can tell,  
Nor certainly inform us, where he fell.  
If slaughter'd by the *Trojans*, in Champaign,  
Or lost 'mongst Billows in the boystrous Main ;  
On this account I now, thy Suppliant am,  
If thou did'st see, or since, by flying Fame,  
Heard'st his sad Fate, that thou would'st tell the truth,  
And nought extenuate, pitying my Youth ;  
But fure a hapless Son his Mother bore :  
I by my valiant Father thee implore,  
If ere his word he good by action made,  
Against the Foe in field, or Ambuscade,  
When worsted *Greeks* were in their greatest straight  
That to remind, and all the truth relate.

Then *Nestor* said ; Thou mak'st my heart to melt,  
Recalling all those miseries we felt  
Under *Achilles*, Plundering Towns by Sea,  
Or that sad League, where so long we lay ;  
Where our prime Chiefs we lost : There *Ajax* lies,  
*Patroclus* and renown'd *Æscides*,  
Where toyles and sorrows fell on us so thick,  
To cast them up would pose Arithmetick ;  
There fell *Antilochus*, my off-spring, who  
Well kept his ground, and could as well pursue.  
Five years should'st thou inquiring, here remain,  
What hardship there, we suffer'd in Champaign,

Thou

Thou might'st the sixth return unsatisf'd,  
Nine years all Plots and Stratagems we tri'd,  
Which *Jove* scarce ended then : In that sad War,  
None with thy prudent Father could compare,  
On all occasions acting best his part  
At close designing ; if his Son thou art.  
And now I view thee better, I admire,  
Thou look'st so like, and speak'st so like, thy Sire.  
Nor need thy blushes thee excuse as young,  
Who hast his Eloquence and silver Tongue ;  
We ne'er in publick, handling points of State,  
Thwarted each other, nor in close debate ;  
But of one Judgment jump'd still on the same,  
Playing the best of a hard *Grecian* Game.  
*Ilium* once sack'd, our Navy Anchors weigh'd,  
But *Jove* offended, long our Voyage made.  
We were not Pyous all, Prudent, nor Just ;  
Hence some for Rytot suffer'd, some for Lust :  
And <sup>(d)</sup> *Pallas* 'twixt th' *Atrides* strife begun,  
Who call'd a Counsel late, at setting-Sun.  
Heated with Wine, the *Greeks* divided straight,  
And, from harsh Language, fell to high debate ;  
Then *Menelaus* orders all to weigh,  
And minding home to Plow the broad-back'd Sea.  
But *Agamemnon*, not so pleas'd, denies,  
Not one must stir before they Sacrifice,  
That so *Minerva*'s wrath might be appeas'd ;  
Gods once Incens'd are not so easly pleas'd.  
Thus they contesting made a bitter close,  
And in divided Factions clamouring rose.  
That Night our Sleep but little us reviv'd,  
Whilst greater sorrows *Jove* for us contriv'd.  
Next morn we Launch our Goods and Treasure stow'd  
And with our long-Veil'd Captives leave the road,

F

The

(d) *Pallas* favour'd the *Greeks* during the whole *Trojan* War, nor does *Homer* give any account whence she was so incens'd against them. The later Poets say that *Ajax* deserv'd her Pictles *Calandra*, a Virgin and Prophetess. Which dishonours the reveng'd not only on *Ajax* himself, but the whole nation : and these *Virgil* follows,

*Æn.* 1.  
— *Pallas* exuviers *classem*  
*Argivam*, atque *ipso* potius *submergere*  
*fronte*  
*Unius ab noxam* & *furias* *Ajaci* *Oilei* ?  
*Illa* *Jovis* *rapidum* *jaculata* *è* *nubibus*  
*ignem*  
*Disruptaque* *ratus*, *corripitque* *agoras*  
*venit* :  
*Ilum* *expirantem* *transfixo* *pectore*  
*flumina*  
*Turbinis* *corripuit*, *scopuloque* *inhexit*  
*aceto*.

— could *Pallas* burn  
And sink the *Grecian* Navy in the Sea  
For one mans lust, *Ajax* impiety ?  
She call'd *Jove*'s winged lightning from a Cloud,  
Dispers'd their Fleet, with wind the  
Ocean plow'd  
Him breathing flames, which through  
his bosome brook,  
Stak'd with a Whirl-wind on a pointed  
Rock.



The other half with *Agamemnon* stay,  
 And as their King and General obey;  
*Tenedos*, plowing Billows, soon we made,  
 And on the Beach our Offerings duely pay'd  
 For a safe Passage, but this *Jove* deni'd,  
 And did our Fleet a second time divide.  
*Ulysses* Squadron on our General's score  
 Sail'd back, and Anchor'd where they rode before:  
 But I, perceiving *Jove* offended, fled  
 With my whole Fleet, and honour'd *Diomed*.  
 Us *Menelaus* found at <sup>(f)</sup> *Lesbos*, there  
 Consulting if we should 'bove <sup>(g)</sup> *Chios* Steer  
 To <sup>(h)</sup> *Psyria*, or on our Larboard hand,  
 For Stormy \* *Mimas*, under *Chios* stand:  
 Then we great *Jove* besought, who gave a <sup>(i)</sup> sign,  
 Would we be safe, to plow <sup>(k)</sup> *Enbaean* Brine;  
 Thence through swoln Billows, with a favouring Gale,  
 In one short night we to <sup>(l)</sup> *Geraestus* sail;  
 Where we with Thighs of fatted Bullocks stain'd  
<sup>(m)</sup> *Neptunian* Altars, then forsake the Land;  
 The fourth day *Diomed* at *Argos* lands,  
 Thence turning straight for *Pyle* my Navy stands,  
 Nor the same Wind that *Jove* first sent us fail'd,  
 So I, dear Son, in safety hither sail'd,  
 Nor know who scap'd, or were of life depriv'd;  
 But what I learn'd since I at home arriv'd  
 I shall to thee relate: *Pyrrhus*, they say,  
 His Navy safe to *Phthya* did convey.  
 Safe *Philodetes* harbour'd his tall Fleet,  
 None lost *Idomeneus*, but to *Greet*  
 His flying Squadron he in safety Steer'd.  
 How *Agamemnon* Landed you have heard,  
 And how *Aegisthus* him supplanting slew,  
 Where he receiv'd Retaliation due,

(f) An Island in the *Aegean* Sea, not far distant from *Troy*.

(g) Another Island in the *Aegean* Sea four hundred Stades distant from *Lesbos*.

(h) An Island distant 60. Stades from *Chios*.

\* A Mountain in *Ionia*, abounding with Trees and wild Beasts, directly over against *Chios*; so call'd from *Mimas* a Giant there buried.

(i) The Poet mentions not what sign it was, which has given liberty to the conjectures of the Commentators. But I conceive he meant no more than a favourable gale for their passage to *Enbaean*.

(k) A large Island near unto *Greece* now call'd *Negropont*.

(l) A Port-town in *Enbaean*, but not mention'd by *Homer* in his *Basilia*.

(m) *Strabo* mentions the Temple of *Neptune* at *Geraestus*, standing in his time.

Slain

Slain by *Orestes*; who his Faulchion dy'd  
 In Blood of that accursed Regicide.  
 Be Valiant thou too, Son, thy Face hath lines,  
 Which speak thee Fam'd to be for bold Designs.

Then thus the Prince; Thou who the Glory art  
 Of all the *Greeks*, he met his just desert,  
 And through the World, *Greece* shall his Fame divulge;  
 Ah! that the Gods would me so much indulge,  
 That I might take the like revenge on them  
 Who plot my ruine, and my Youth condemn.  
 But th' unkind Pow'rs allow my Sire nor me  
 No happiness, we still must sufferers be.

Then *Nestor*; Truth thou say'st, so all report,  
 That several Princes to thy House resort,  
 Courting thy Mother, melting thy Estate.  
 Is it thy will, or is't thy Peoples hate,  
 Stir'd up by <sup>(n)</sup> *Oracles*? who knows but he  
 Returning, may on them revenged be  
 Alone, or else for him a Party made?  
 Should *Pallas* thee, as erst thy Father, ayd  
 Against the *Trojans*, when we suffer'd so.  
 I ne'r saw any God such favour show  
 To Mortal in distress, as she to him;  
 Had'st thou from her like favour and esteem,  
 Soon Nuptial fancies they should lay aside.  
 When thus the prudent Youth to him reply'd;

*Nestor*, What thou hast say'd will never be,  
 For I despair that happy day to see,  
 Although revenging Gods with us should side.

*Telemachus*, *Minerva* then reply'd,  
 How scap'd such words thy Teeth, their Ivory guard,  
 Not *Jove* from Heaven's high Turrets finds it hard,  
 In exegencies Mortals to relieve,  
 I rather, suffering many woes, would live,

F 2

And

(n) *Enthusiasm* on this place observes, that Princes have often been depose'd by their Subjects, incited thereto by some Oracle.

And home returning my Estate enjoy,  
Then that some Stranger there should me destroy ;  
So hapless Agamemnon lost his life,  
By fly Ægysbus, and his curst Wife.  
Nor can the Gods those whom they most esteem,  
Rescue from Death, nor from the Grave redeem,  
Who once Arrested, to th' Infernal shade  
Are hurried hence. *Telemachus* then said ;

*Mentor*, of this sad Argument no more :  
I fear he nere shall see his Native Shore,  
Since he is dead. Of *Nestor* now I'll learn  
Some other News, waving my own Concern,  
Who by his years hath much experience gain'd,  
And, like a God, hath now three Ages reign'd :

Great Prince, thou Glory of thy Nation, tell  
How that Renowned Agamemnon fell,  
Where then was Menelaus, by what Plot,  
One in his pow'r, subtile Ægysbus got,  
So much the better Prince, whether he were  
At Argos, or in foreign Lands else-where.

Then *Nestor* thus ; I shall, most noble Youth,  
Resolve thee straight, thou hint'st upon the truth ;  
Had Menelaus there arriving found  
Ægysbus living, he not under ground  
Had lay'd his Body, but upon the shore,  
Expos'd for Doggs, and Vultures to devour  
Far from the City, nor fond Grecian Dames  
Had pitying Tears shed at his Funeral flames ;

(\*) The name of this Bard, or Musician, the Poet no where delivers. Some Writers call him *Cherides*, Others *Dionides*, or *Glaucus*. *Dionitius Phalaris*, relates the Story thus; *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* were sent to consult the Oracle at *Delphi*, about the Trojan Expedition, at what time were celebrated the *Pythian Games*, where *Dionides*, one of the Scholars of *Asclepius*, was Victor, whom they persuaded to return with them, and whom Agamemnon left over-see of his Queen.

At Argos he, whil't we beleagu'r'd Troy,  
Indulg'd his pleasure, Courting to enjoy  
His Spouse, fair *Chrysemnestra* : the chaste Queen  
Long time stood out, loathing so foul a sin :  
Besides, the King departing, left in trust  
Her to a learned (\*) Bard, discreet and just,

Whose

Whole Fate him to his ruin did beguile :  
Subtile Ægysbus on a desert Isle,  
Leaves him to Vultures, and wild Beasts a prey :  
Then the consenting, keeps their Wedding day  
In her own Court, and th' Altars of the Gods  
With Hecatombs of fatted Bullocks loads,  
Their Fanes with Arras grac'd, their Priests with Copes,  
Proud of a Prize so much beyond his hopes.  
Whil't we our constant course from Ilium bend,

And with me Menelaus, my dear friend,  
Untill we near *Athenian* (\*) *Sunium* drew,  
Where (†) *Phœbus*, Menelaus Pylate slew,

As at the Helm he stood, *Phronis*, who best  
Of Mortals, steer'd a Ship with weather streft.

Here, though in hast, his Voyage he deferr'd,  
Till he his friend with Funeral rites Interr'd ;  
This done, their Squadron through the Ocean glides,  
Untill they reach steep (‡) *Maliæ* Rockie fides ;  
There fove a dang'rous Passage them design'd,  
And Waves like Mountains, rais'd with blustering wind,  
Which them dispers'd ; a part for *Creta* stood,  
Where the (¶) *Cydonians* plant, neer *Jardan's* Flood :

On *Cretan* Coasts, a Rock with Sea-worn Clifts,  
His towry Scalp above swoln billows lifts,  
Where Southern gusts rowl on rough (¶) *Phœbus* tydes  
On the left hand, which a small rock divides.  
Hither they steer, and hardly death escape,  
Whil't all their Fleet, but five, bulg'd on the Cape ;  
Which fail'd for Ægypt's fertile Margents streight,  
Where with rich Goods their crazy Ships they freight.

Mean while Ægysbus his dire Plot pursues,  
Murthers the King, the Queen corrupts, subdues  
His Realms, and seven years them in slav'ry held ;  
The eighth *Orestes* the Usurper kill'd ;

Whose

(\*) A Promontory belonging to the City of Athens, where was the Temple of Jupiter *Sunius*.

(†) All hidden deaths of Men, the Poet ascribes to *Apollon*, as of Women to *Diana*.

(‡) A Promontory belonging to the *Lacedæmonians*, where Navigation was counted so dangerous, by reason of the contrary of winds, that the *Asses* and *Italian* Merchants, chose rather to transmit their Goods over Land, at the *Corinthian Isthmus*, then trust them to that Channel.

(¶) A People on the Island *Creta*, over against *Lacedæmonia*.

(¶) A City of *Creta*, where *Epimenides* was born.

Whole Obits, and his Mother's Funeral rites,  
Perform'd, the *Greeks* he to a Feast invites :  
And *Menelaus* landing the same day,  
A world of Riches brought into the Bay.  
Then stay not long, nor travel far, left those  
Thou left'st behind, thy Goods, to spoile expose,  
And for this fruitless Voyage thee despise.  
But go to *Menelaus* I advise,  
For he came lately home ; whence he again  
Ne'r hop'd return, driven by a *Hurricane*,  
Into a Sea so broad, that Birds might ask,  
A year to cross o're, and no easie task,  
But Sail thou hence, or if thou go'st by Land,  
My Steeds and Chariot are at thy command,  
And thee my Sons to *Sparta* shall conduct,  
*Atrides* there thee farther may instruct.

This say'd, Sun-setting Night her Flag unfurl'd,  
Spreading black Ensigns o're the waterie World.

Then *Pallas* ; Thou speak'st, *Nestor*, like a Friend,  
Now part the <sup>(u)</sup> Tongues, and Wine with Water blend,  
To offer *Neptune* and th' Immortal Gods,  
That all may then repose in their abodes,  
Since late it grows and dark ; nor is it fit,  
That long we should at Feasts Celestial sit.

This say'd, the Concourse follow her commands :  
Water the Heralds poure upon their hands ;  
Young men with sparkling wine their Goblets crown'd,  
They drink about, and still the Bowle goes round.  
Tongues broil'd on Sacred Flames, all rising up  
Libations pay, and take their parting Cup :  
Then *Pallas* and *Telemachus* desire  
They might depart, and to their Ship retire,  
But *Nestor* staying them, thus gently chide ;

*Jove* and th' Immortal Deities forbid,

That

(u) It was an usual Rite among the *Greeks*, to Consecrate the Tongues of their Sacrifice at the end of their entertainment, mentioned by *Athenaeus*, and *Didymus* ; by *Homer* meant only as a Symbol of Silence.

That you my House should baulk, and ly aboard,  
As if our Court no Lodging could afford,  
Nor ought that Strangers might accomodate ;  
I furnish'd Chambers have, and Rooms for State,  
Adorn'd with Arras, and rich Tapestry,  
*Ulysses* Son shall ne'r a Ship-board ly,  
Whil'st I, or mine survive ; who e'r resort,  
Shall civilly be Treated in our Court.

Then *Pallas* ; *Nestor* thou hast nobly say'd ;  
And may'st *Telemachus* to stay perswade :  
But I must down, our Company to cheer,  
With my with'd preface, who am Oldest, there :  
Young men they are, much of the Prince's Age,  
Who on his friendship's score with him engage.  
But early I to <sup>(w)</sup> *Caucones* must repaire,  
To state accounts, which of concernment are :  
And when thou kindly him hast entertain'd,  
Lend him your Steeds and Chariot, then command  
Thy Son to guide the Prince ; let him, I crave,  
Since 'tis your Grant, your fleetest Horses have.

*Pallas*, this sayd, thence like an Eagle flew,  
Which all the Concourse, struck with terror, view ;  
Then by the Hand the Prince Old *Nestor* took,  
And thus to him, admiring, kindly spoke :

There's hope of thee, brave Youth, whom Gods  
And thus in thy Minority conduct ; (instruct,  
This of all Pow'rs, who plant the Starrie Sky,  
Is *Pallas*, for no other Deity  
Thy Father so befriended ; Virgin ! be  
Propitious to my family and me,  
And a broad Fronted Heifer, one year old,  
I'll offer thee, and tip his <sup>(y)</sup> Horns with Gold.

Thus *Nestor* Pray'd, and *Pallas* hear'd his Pray'r,  
Then home with his Relations did repaire,

There

(w) *Strabo*, in the eighth Book of his Geography, proves that the *Caucones* here mentioned, were a People that lived near *Zyros* in *Elia*, not those of *Triphylia*. She makes this excuse, that she may not accompany *Telemachus* to *Lacedaemon*, where the Marriage of *Menelaus* Daughter was celebrated, she being a Virgin Goddess.

(y) It was one of the Rites among the *Greeks*, to adorn the Horns of their larger Sacrifices with Gold : which from them descended to the *Romans* ; for the Senate of *Rome* decreed that the *Decemviri* should Sacrifice to *Apulo*, *Graces* rite, after the manner of the *Uracians*, an Ox and two Goats with their Horns gilded. *Ovid*,

— blandis induta cornibus aeneam  
Cucularent illa nivea cervice juvencam.

Virgil *Aen.* 10.

Et statim ante aras aurata fronte juvencam  
Candidatam, pariterque caput cum  
matre ferentem.

That

There in his Pallace seated, he in Gold  
Presents them Wine new pierc'd, eleven years old :  
*Pallas* Libating, each one cheers his Heart  
With a full Bowle, and thence to rest depart.  
Under the high Arch'd Portals, *Nestor* lead  
*Telemachus*, unto a curious Bed,  
Neer him *Pisistratus*, his Valiant Son,  
Who yet unmarried, Lodgings had alone.  
Then he retires to Chambers further in,  
And a soft Couch prepared by his Queen.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,  
With roffie Fingers, Daies Port-cullice drawn,  
But *Nestor* rose, and down before his Gate,  
On *Nelus* Throne of Polliſh'd Marble fate,  
Whose prudence living, match'd th' Immortal Gods,  
Now dead descended to th' Infernal Floods.  
There Scepter'd *Nestor* with his Sons about  
Him, places took, *Thrasymedes* first, and stout  
*Perseus*, *Aretus*, *Stratius*, *Echepron*,  
And last *Pisistratus* his youngest Son;  
These to a Seat *Telemachus* convey'd,  
Next to old *Nestor* : who thus rising say'd ;

*Pallas* let's now Attone, since she our Feast  
In publick grac'd, as an invited Guest.  
Let one of you command our Heards-man straight,  
A Heifer bring to offer at the Gate :  
And let a second to the Vessel go,  
And summon all their Company, but two :  
*Larceus* a third ; our Gold-Smith, who adorns  
Our Guifts, to guild the sacred Victims Horns,  
Let all the rest here in their Seats abide,  
But bid the Damſells all things fit provide,  
Seats, Wood, and Water : Their old Father, They,  
As soon as say'd, him Filial duty pay,

From

From field the Heifer comes, those from the Ship ;  
Ready the Gold-Smith stands the Horns to rip,  
With Anvil, Tongs, and Hammer ; *Pallas* would  
Not absent be, <sup>(c)</sup> *Nestor* gives out the Gold,  
That such their cost might more the Goddess glad  
*Stratius* the Beast and *Echepron* led  
Out by the Horns, *Aretus* Water brought,  
And in 's left Hand with Cakes a Charger fraught :  
Ready stood *Thrasymedes* with an Ax,  
*Perseus* the Bacon holds, *Nestor* the Cakes,  
And *Pallas* supplicating, plucks the Hair  
Betwixt her Brows, and burns, closing their Prayer :  
Straight *Nestor*'s Offspring thence the Barley took,  
His Ax exalting *Thrasymedes* strook :  
The Victim freight, her Nerves dissected felt,  
The Women shriek, raising a hideous yell.  
*Pisistratus* soon cuts the Heifers Throat,  
Forth, with the Blood, her vital Spirits, float :  
Which fled, they to the Thighs layd off affix  
A double Cawle, and Lean with Fat commix,  
Next thinner Steaks, from parts extremer cut,  
And round the Thighs, about the Altar put,  
Which *Nestor* burns with Wood, then powrs on Wine,  
His Sons brought Spitts, which five in one conjoyn,  
The Thighs consum'd, they on the inwards feast,  
And what remain'd, in pieces cut and dress'd.  
*Polycaeste*, *Nestor*'s youngest Daughter, 'noynts  
And Bathes the Prince, and Vestments him appoints ;  
Which when put on, he with a Godlike grace,  
By Antient *Nestor*, reassumes his place.

Soon as the Joynts well roasted were, they drew,  
And dish'd them up, the Princes freight fall too :  
Then some arising, powre in Golden Bowls  
The richer Wine, that cures despairing Soules.

G

When

(c) For in those times Gold was a rarity for a Princes Closet, not a Subjeth Partic. *Athenaeus* saies, That when *Herc King of Spynce* had resolv'd to consecrate a Golden Victory and *Tripes to Apollo at Delphos*, *Greece* sufficient, till after long search, he met with some at a Merchant's house in *Corinth*. Nor does it appear that there was any plenty of Gold in *Greece*, till the *Phocians* had Sacrilegiously robb'd the Temple of *Apollo*, enrich'd with several Monuments of Gold, by the Princes of *Lydia*, *Cyge* and *Croesus*.

When thirst and hunger satisfied were,  
 Said *Nestor* ; Sons my Chariot freight prepare ;  
 Put in my Steeds that he may go : This said,  
 The ready Princes their old Sire obey'd,  
 And to the Teem-Poll his swift Horses joyn :  
 Forth brings a Damfell Viands, Bread and Wine.  
 Up to his place *Ulysses* Off-spring gets,  
 And next *Pisistratus*, who by him sits.  
 Taking the Whip and Rein, they *Pyle* forsake,  
 Plying the Lash, their Steeds free mental shake  
 The jolting Teem, which rattles all the way,  
 Till night's black Regiments secluded day.  
 To <sup>(a)</sup> *Pheras*, *Diocles* Pallace drove they on,  
 His Sire *Orchilocus*, *Alpheus* Son ;  
 There they all night well treated took repose :  
 But when the rosie-finger'd Morn arofe,  
 They joyn their Steeds, and mounted ply the Whip,  
 O're smooth Champain their Horses nimbly trip,  
 Till, the Sun-setting, night her Flag unfurl'd,  
 Hanging her fable Ensign ore the World.

(a) A City of Lacedaemia, betwixt  
*Pyle* and *Lacedaemon*.



*Illustrissimæ Domini D. Javiliam hanc I.M.*  *Commissæ de Oseory D.D.D.O. 1711*



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

## THE FOURTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Menelaüs Nuptials keeps ; unlook'd-for Guests,  
Telemachus and Nestor's Of-spring, feasts.  
His long and dangerous Voyages relates.  
Proteus, his Brother's, and Ulysses Fates,  
Then Ajax tells. A Plot the Suitors lay  
To intercept Telemachus at Sea.*



Traight on they drive to *Mene-  
laus* Court,  
Who now late Feasting with a  
great resort  
Of Friends and Neighbours all  
invited, where

Together with great State solemniz'd were,  
His Sons and Daughters Nuptials : Her he sent,  
(At *Troy* Contracted first by his consent)

G 2

With

With Horfe, with Chariots, and a stately Train  
To *Pyrhus*, where in *Phthya* he did reign.  
Him, he *Alektor's* beauteous Daughter gave,  
Bold *Megapenthes*, gotten on his Slave  
When Aged grown, for Heaven so pleas'd that he  
Only, by *Helen*, had <sup>(4)</sup> *Hermione*,  
Fair like bright *Venus*. <sup>(5)</sup> Whilft they treated were  
In his high Palace, thus with sumptuous Fare,  
Two Dancers moving 'mid'th' admiring throng,  
To a learn'd Bard, who Play'd and sweetly Sung:  
*Telemachus* and *Nestor's* Son drive up,  
And in the echoing Porch their Chariot stop:  
Them *Eteon*, *Menelaus* Steward, spies,  
Who with his Royal Master to advise,  
Hasting to 's preface said; Sir, at your Gate  
Two Princes, like *Jove's* Heavenly Issue, waite.

Shall we take out their Steeds, and treat them fair,  
Or let them entertainment seek else where?

Who thus inpens'd, replies; Art thou a Fool,  
Or shallow Novice, lately come from School?  
To raise such doubts; We had not liv'd to see  
*Jove* grant a period to our misery,  
If we abroad had mis'd like kindness; Go

Take out their Steeds, and in the Strangers show.

Back with like speed, thus order'd, *Eteon* comes,  
Calling to his assistance ready Grooms,  
Who straight unloose their Steeds, to Mangers tye,  
Which they with Oats and Barley mixt supply,  
Their well hung Chariots place against the Wall,  
The Strangers then conducting to the Hall;  
Who wondering view his stately Court, which shon  
Like *Titan's* beams, and quite eclips'd the Moon;  
With so much Cost and Art his House he built,  
His Columns, Walls, and lofty Ceilings gilt:

Their

(4) Homer mentions only the Contract made between *Pyrhus* and *Hermione*, by the confent and order of *Menelaus*; but *Sophocles* and other Greek Poets speak of a former Contract between her and *Orestes*, made by their Grand-father *Tydamas*, who in revenge of his lost Miltreiff, flew *Pyrhus* at his return. The later Poets, both *Virgil* and *Ovid* follow; the first, in his *Æneids*, l. 3.

*Nos patriaincensa diversa per aquora  
vella  
Stirpis Achilleæ fassus, juvenemque  
Iapetum  
Straitis caute tulimus: qui deinde,  
scelus  
Ledaem Hermionem, Lacedæmoniof-  
que hymanis,  
Me famulam famuloque Heleno transf-  
misti habendam.  
At illam crepta magis inflammatus  
amore  
Conjungi & seclorum furis agitat  
Ocellis,  
Excipit incensum, patriæque obtruncat  
ad aras.*

We from our Countries flames through all  
Sea born,  
Felt the proud Youths, *Achilles* Off-  
springs, scorn;

Who after, fair *Hermione* did Wed,  
And, fatal still, enjoy'd a *Spartan* Bed,  
And me to *Helena* his Servant gave.  
But him *Orestes*, who did strangely cure  
For his lost Spouse, impatient did pursue,  
Surpris'd, and at his Fathers Altars flew.  
The other, in his Epistles.

(5) *Athenius* observes that *Aristarchus* took these five Verses, where-  
with the Feast, with its appendages, is  
described, out of the 15. Book of the  
*Iliad*, and plac'd them here, least the  
Poet should seem too lightly to pass o-  
ver to solemn an entertainment: but  
with what had success, he proves after-  
ward at length. First, because the  
Nuptial feast was now over, and *Me-  
nelaus* his Daughter sent away unto  
*Phthia*, and himself left alone with  
*Helena*: Secondly, because it is a *Cre-  
tan* dance which is here described,  
not used at *Lacedæmon*. Thirdly, be-  
cause the Language is incongruous,  
the word *εἴματα* being proper to the  
Harp, or Voice, not to those that  
dance after it: so *Strabo* uses it —

*ὅτι δ' ἑστῆτος αὐτοῖς  
Μεγαλειότητος  
Ἀρχιτέκτων*

*At the ἑστῆτος αὐτοῖς Ἀρχιτέκτων*  
150.

Their Eyes with Objects feasted, they descend  
To a warm Bath, fair Virgins then attend:  
Whom when they had Anoynted, Bath'd, and Drest  
In costly Weeds, they Usher'd to the Feast,  
Placing them nigh the King, a Damsel Sewer  
To wash their Hands, fills from a Golden Ewer,  
A Silver Basin, neer a Table brought,  
And straight with many sav'ry Dishes fraught,  
And Golden Bowles: Then thus *Atides* spake,

Giving them kindly his right Hand; Partake  
Of what you see; and when suffic'd you are,  
Your Country and your Parentage declare.  
You seem to be of high extraction, sure  
From no mean stock you spring, nor yet obscure;  
Princes you are by your majestick *Mein*;  
And his own Dish, this said, a roasted Chine,  
Before them plac'd, on which they highly fare.  
When thirst and hunger satished were,  
*Telemachus* in *Nestor's* Off-springs care  
Thus softly whisper'd; What a House is here?  
The splendor of this stately Hall behold,  
How dawb'd with Silver, Ivory, Bras, and Gold,  
Like *Joves* own Court that crowns th' Olympick spire,  
The more I look, the more I still admire.

The King orehearing sayd; None must compare  
Mansions with *Jove*, his seats immortall are,  
But with me any may, who eight years tost  
Through worlds of miseries from coast to coast,  
'Mongst unknown Seas, of my return small hope,  
<sup>(6)</sup> *Cyprus*, *Phenicia*, *Egypt*, <sup>(4)</sup> *Æthiop*,  
*Sidon*, <sup>(5)</sup> *Erebus* found, and *Libya*, where  
Their Lambs are horn'd, their Ews teem thrice a year:  
Whose Lords and Peasants flesh and cheefe have store,  
And all the year the milking Paile runs o'r.

Whilft

(4) An Island in the Mediterrane-  
an, whither it seems he was driven  
from *Cree*.

(5) The Commentatours on *Homer*  
have been very inquisitive to find out  
*Menelaus's* voyage into *Æthiopia*. *Cree*-  
sus suppos'd that he pass'd out at the  
Streights, doubled the Southern Cape,  
and so arriv'd thither. *Strabo* however  
conjectures that in the time of *Homer*  
the Streights mouth was an isthmus,  
and the *Ægyptian* isthmus overflow'd  
by the sea, which afforded him a shoer-  
er passage. But that is most proba-  
ble which *Strabo* delivers. That he  
then went to the borders of *Æthiopia*  
when he pass'd up *Egypt* to the City  
of *Tiberis*: the borders of *Æthiopia*  
being not far distant from thence in  
*Strabo's* time, probably very near it in  
*Homer's*.

(6) It is most probable that they  
were the *Arabians*, lying on the other  
side of the Gulfe, directly over against  
*Ægypt* and *Æthiopia*.

Whil't I thus Coasting store of Riches got,  
 One, with his Queen conspiring, by a Plot  
 My Brother slew; so that small comfort I  
 Of this my Palace, Wealth, and Realms enjoy.  
 And you perhaps may from your Parents hear  
 What my great Losses, what my Sufferings were.  
 My ransack'd Court of Jewels, massie Plate,  
 Of Vests, of what or serv'd for use or State,  
 A third of which I rather would enjoy  
 So those were living yet, who dy'd at *Troy*:  
 For whom so oft disconsolate alone  
 Here sit I sighing, and their Fates bemoan.  
 Now sorrow pleaseth, now sad thoughts I wave;  
 Quickly of gripping Woes our fill we have.  
 But more for one, then for them all, I Weep,  
 Whom minding, I neglect repose and Sleep;  
*Ulysses*, none of all the *Grecian* Host  
 Could parts like him, Prudence, or Valour boast;  
 None like thy Sire 'gainst *Troy* maintain'd our cause,  
 Nor purchas'd equal Fame, nor like Applause:  
 Yet all his Toyles turn'd to no more account,  
 But that his future should past woes surmount;  
 And I am sceaft of Tears a constant rate,  
 Since none knows how or where he met his Fate.  
 His Father, his dear Wife, and only Heir,  
 Whom he an Infant left; like me despair.

This say'd, the Prince a briney Deluge sheds,  
 And o'r his Face his Purple Vestment spreads.  
 Him *Menelaus* knew, and pond'ring fate  
 If he should suffer him to intimate  
 His bus'ness, or his Father mention first:

Whil't thus *Atrides* to himself discours'd;  
 Forth from her perfum'd Chamber *Helen* came,  
 Like Quiver'd *Cynthia*, the Forests Dame.

*Aerasta*

*Aerasta* plac'd her Chair, Tap'stry well wrought  
*Alcippe*, her rich Cabinet <sup>(f)</sup> *Phylo* brought,  
*Alcandra's* costly Gift, *Polybus* Spouse,  
 Who in *Egyptian Thebes* a stately House  
 Well furnish'd kept; Cups of a curious mould  
 Two, and two *Tripods*, Talents ten of Gold,  
 He gave the King; to *Helen* then addrest  
 A Golden Distaff, and a Silver Chest,  
 The edges Gilt, which pleas'd she did accept,  
 And in't her Work, and curious Worsted kept.  
 This modest *Phylo* bare the Distaff full  
 With segregated streaks of Purple Wool;  
 Well settled on a Foot-stool in her Throne,  
 The Queen to *Menelaus* thus begun;

Know'st thou not who these are, nor from what coast  
 These Strangers come, nor Parentage they boast:  
 I would guess right, speak truth, and be no Lye,  
 For still the more I look, I more admire:  
 Since I ne'r any yet beheld, not one,  
 More like, then this, to be *Ulysses* Son  
*Telemachus*, whom he then left at home  
 An Infant, when you launch'd for *Ilium*;  
 And on my sad account a numerous Host,  
 Brought with destruction to the *Phrygian* Coast.

Then he; 'Tis true, him he resembles much,  
 His Hands and Feet, his Face, Hair, Eys were such.  
 Now I recall, when of his Sire I spake,  
 And sorrows he had suffer'd for my sake,  
 Tears down his Cheeks in riv'lets dew'd his Breast,  
 And o'r his Face he threw his Purple Vest.  
 When to the King *Pisistratus* begun;

'Y' are not mistaken, This, Sir, is his Son,  
 Who modest thought not fit that he before  
 Him, whom like *Jove* we honour and adore,

A

(f) *Esteban* observes, that *Helen* has not the same Attendants here which she had in the *Iliad*: it being not consistent to honesty, that those should now remain of her: Retinue who were conscious of the foule fact of her Adultery.





Therefore let us here Feasting take delight  
In pleasant talk; and somewhat I'll recite,  
(To reckon all, Arithmetick would pose)  
*Ulysses* acted, when by pressing Foes

(k) On what design he thus enter'd  
*Troy*, *Homer* delivers not: whether  
to observe the height of the Walls,  
and the largeness of the Gate, for the  
better proportioning the Horse, im-  
mediately here mentioned: or to heal  
the Palladium, as *Eusebius* writes in  
his *Calender*; but in which action  
*Virgil* allows him *Dionides* a compan-  
ion, here he is alone.

— impius ex quo  
*Tydidēs*, sed enim sceleratūque inuenerat  
*Ulyssēs*,  
Fœdus aggressi sacra tævellere templo  
*Palladium*, cæcis summa cassidibus arcis  
Corripuit sacra effugium.

Till impious *Diomed* with *Ulysses* went  
(The best that ever mischief did invent)  
And boldly from her sacred Fane con-  
vey'd

Fatal *Palladium*, and dire slaughter  
made.

You streighten'd were: He like a <sup>(l)</sup> Begger went,  
Through hostile *Troy*, his Garments patch'd and rent.  
Who had no equal at the *Grecian* Fleet,  
Almes of the *Trojans* crav'd, from Street to Street.  
I found the King, though thus disguis'd, who oft  
Disarm'd my Questions, meeting Craft with Craft:  
'Till him I Bath'd, Anoynted, and did Cloath,  
And to conceal him, took the solemn Oath;  
Then he to me discover'd all his Plot,  
And Slaught'ring many, off in safety got,  
Slighting the *Trojans* and their Guards debauch'd,  
Loud *Trojan* Ladies mourn'd, whilst I rejoyc'd  
Hoping to see my native Soyle, I wept,  
That *Venus*, who Transported me, had kept  
From my dear Daughter, and my Lord so long,  
And thee a Prince so worthy I should wrong.

Then said the King; Thy Character is true;  
I far have travell'd, many Heroes knew:  
But yet amongst them all, I nere beheld,  
One with *Ulysses* to be Parallel'd:  
Who such things acted, and so well could Plot,  
When all our prime Commanders close were shut  
In that stupendous <sup>(m)</sup> Steed, pregnant with fate,  
Big with destruction of the *Trojan* State.  
Thither some God did thee, my Dearest, send,  
(<sup>n</sup>) *Deiphobus* inforcing to attend,  
T' obstruct the *Trojan* fame: thrice didst thou walk,  
About the Steed, and like <sup>(o)</sup> their Wives didst talk;  
Their voyces faining, our prime Leaders didst  
Call by their names; I sitting in the midst:

*Tydidēs*

*Tydidēs* and *Ulysses* heard thee speak,  
We two would answer streight, or forth would break;  
But *Ithacus*, though we so earnest were,  
Diswad'd us and others to forbear;  
Only *Anticles* opens, streight his Chops  
*Ithacus* starting up with both Hands stops:  
So by his strength and prudence saves us all,  
Till thee from thence *Minerva* pleas'd to call.  
Then to the King *Telemachus* thus sayd;

O thou who art most honour'd and obey'd;  
Yet cruell Death, his courage, strength, nor skill,  
Could keep off, nor his Breast, though solid Steel.  
Now, Sir, be pleas'd to grant me my repose,  
That gentle sleep, grown late, our Eys may close.

*Helen*, this sayd, streight bids them make a Bed,  
And Purple o're, and Royal Tap'stry spred;  
Forth went her Damfels with a lighted Torch,  
The Guests a Herald ushers to the Porch:  
O're the refounding Gates the Princes lay,  
Whom *Morpheus* Golden Fetters bound till day.  
*Atrides* thence to Chambers further in  
Went, where fair *Helen* lay, her sexes Queen.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,  
With rose Fingers days Portcullice drawn,  
But from his Bed up *Menelaus* springs,  
Puts on his Vest, athwart his Shoulders flings  
His well hatch'd Faulchion, on his Sandals tyes,  
And forth, with a majestic preface, hies:  
Then sitting by *Telemachus* thus saies;

On what concern hast thou plow'd swelling Seas,  
To *Sparta*, publick is't, or private score?

The Prince replies; I from my native Shore,  
Set sail, of thee, *Atrides*, to inquire,  
If ought thou know'st of my long absent Sir.

H 2

My

(l) The History of the *Trojan*  
Horse is not incomparably deliver'd  
by *Virgil* in the 2. Book of his *Æne-  
ida*.

(m) Her Husband, after the death  
of *Paris*, according to some writers.

(n) This fiction of *Homer's* is re-  
ceiv'd by none of the succeeding Poets  
nor can it, for several reasons, be al-  
lowed of.

My House stands thwack'd with Foes who me o'rpow'r,  
And my fair Flocks and stall-fed Bees devour;  
Love their pretence, *Penelope* they woo,  
But their design us fairly to undo.  
On this account here I thy Supplyant am,  
If thou hast seen or heard by flying Fame,  
Ought of this Death, in pity of my Youth,  
Extenuate not, nor yet conceal, the truth.  
If ever he by Prowess or by Plot,  
Upon the *Trojans* Reputation got,  
When you at *Troy* were in your greatest straight,  
Remember that, and truly tell his Fate.

Bafe wretches then, *Atrides* sighing said,  
May tumble on an absent Heroes Bed:  
As in a Lyons Den: a Hinde her Fauns  
Securing, strais ore Hills and fertile Lawns;  
Whil't he returning finds unbidden Guests,  
And their Blood gussing, on their Entrails feasts:  
So they, when strong *Ulysses* comes, shall fare,  
Would *Pallas*, *Jove*, and *Phæbus*, as they were,  
Then be to him propitious and assist,  
As when at *Leiboi* entering the List,  
He threw <sup>(p)</sup> *Philomelides* on his Back,  
Loud Shouts refounding like a Thunder crash.  
To these Corrivalls he would prove so kind,

They soon should sad and bitter Nuptials find.  
But I'll to answer your desires be plain,  
Nor shall I heighten ought, decline, or feign,  
What I from *Proteus*, the Sea-Propheet had,  
I shall recount indifferent, good or bad.

Long angry Gods in *Ægypt* me detain'd,  
Because with slighter Victims I profan'd  
Their Altars off; we their commands should keep.

<sup>(q)</sup> *Pharus* an Isle amid't the swelling Deep,

'Gainst

(p) King of the Island *Leiboi*, who, according to his custom, challeng'd the chief of the *Grecians* to wrestle with him.

(p) It is now part of the Continent of *Ægypt*, which in *Homer's* time was an Isle: the reason whereof is because the River *Nile*, by its continual evomition of dirt has constantly gu'd upon the Sea. Of the same nature is the River *Pyræus*, which surge along with it so much dirt and sand out of *Catania*, and the fields of *Cilicia*, that an Oracle declar'd, that in future Ages it should run into the Island of *Cyprus*.

*Ἐν ἡμῶν τοῦτον δὲ τὴν Πύργον ὁ ἱερὸς δῖος Ἰσίδωρ ἔστη.*

*Swift Pyramus the circulating Sea Shad, carrying Sand, see into Cyprus run.*

To this place of *Homer*, *Lucan* alludes in his tenth Book, thus,

*Tunc claustrum pelagi cepit Pharon,  
infula quondam  
In medio fatis illa Mari, sub tempore  
quæsit  
Procos, at nunc est Pelæi proxima  
muri.*

Then he took *Pharos*, circ'd with the Main,  
When Propheet *Proteus* of old did  
Reign,  
But now to *Alexandria* conjoin'd,

'Gainst *Ægypt* lies, from whence a nimble Ship  
May Sail, 'twixt Sun and Sun, with Sails a-trip.  
There twenty Daies the Gods my Navy <sup>(r)</sup> kept,  
Nor the least Breefe up silver Billows swept,  
That might conduct us thence, with Sails unfurl'd,  
O'r moving Mountains, through the watery World;  
Our Victuals spent, us, in a heavy case,  
The Nymph *Idothea* pity'd, *Proteus* race;  
Her I implor'd, she finding me alone,  
My famish'd people all a Fishing gon,

Thus drawing neer me, said; Art thou a Fool,  
Or to bear Sorrows mak'st this place thy School,  
And tarriest here, no neerer thy design,  
Whil't all thy Friends with want and Famine pine?

Who e'r thou art, blest Goddes, I reply'd,  
That in this Sea-wall'd Prison, I abide  
A gainst my will: But I some God perhaps,  
Who dwells on steep *Olympus* Spiry tops,  
Offended have: Say, since thou all things know'st,  
What Pow'r thus keeps me from my native Coast,  
And here so long impedes? She thus replies;  
The best I may, Stranger, I'll thee advise.  
Here <sup>(s)</sup> *Proteus*, *Neptune's* Minister of State,  
The founder of the Ocean, keeps his seat,  
Th' *Ægyptian* Bard, who me they say begot;  
Him could'st thou seize by some ingenious Plot,  
He would discover, how with Sails unfurl'd,  
Thou shoul'd'st return, plowing the watery World;  
And, if th' art curious, shew thee by his skill,  
What chance to thy Domesticks, good or ill,  
Hath in thy absence happen'd. Then said I,

But how shall we secure a Deity,  
Who will foresee what e'r we shall contrive?  
Hard 'tis for Mortals, with a God to strive.

(r) It is a strange mistake of the latter Commentators, who say, The Ships lay'd in the port, till the water they had received were pump'd out. We have followed the Ancients, among those *Strabo*, in our Translation.

(s) He was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, who is therefore feign'd to be Father of Sea-Calves or Horles, because his Dominions were upon the Maritime Coasts.

I'll shew thee, said she, by what means thou shalt.  
 When *Titan* bends from arch'd Heavens highest Vault  
 Then the old Prophet riseth from the Clouds,  
 Cloath'd with gross Vapours and a Cloak of Clouds,  
 And his Cave ent'ring sleeps, <sup>(1)</sup> Sea-Monsters snore  
 Round him, supinely slumbering on the Shore,  
 Breathing fowle Scents, deriv'd from briny Seas;  
 Early I'll place thee in his dark recess,  
 But choose to help thee three prime Persons more,  
 And I'll acquaint thee with his flights before;  
 First he will counting, view his Scaly fry,  
 Then down amid'tt his quarter'd Life-guard ly,  
 As Shepherds use amid'tt their Fleecy Sheep;  
 As soon as thou shalt spy the God a-sleep,  
 Then seize on him, before he not escapes:  
<sup>(2)</sup> He'll straight Transform himself in several shapes,  
 To creeping Monsters, Beasts or wild or tame,  
 A swelling River, or devouring Flame:  
 Then grapple harder, and him faster keep.  
 But when he questions, as when fall'n a-sleep,  
 His former Shape resum'g, then desist,  
 Free the old Heroe, and ask what you list.  
 What angry God thee from thy home detains,  
 Permitting not to plow the Azure Plains.  
 This said, she dives 'mongst foamy Waves, and I  
 Went museing where my Ships lay on the dry;  
 Where taking some repast, when Night arose,  
 On th' Oceans sandy Margents we repose:  
 No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,  
 With rofie Fingers Daics Port-cullice drawn,  
 But I, the Gods imploring, chose out three,  
 Valiant and Strong, whil'tt four Sea-Calves Skins she  
 Brought newly stript, her Father so to catch,  
 And us expecting bedded on the Beach,

(1) *Virgil* signs him carried in his Chariot by these Sea-Horses,

*Est in Carpathie Neptuni gurgite rates  
 Caratulus Troicus magnam qui piscibus  
 agnor  
 Et jussu bipedum currum molitur equo-  
 rum*

Green *Proteus* there in the *Carpathian* Main,  
 Th' *Ægyptian* Prophet, through broad Seas he glides,  
 And in his Chariot with Sea-Horses rides.

Where observe *Virgil* calls them *bipedes*, *Homer* *quadrupes*.

(2) Nothing is more familiar to mong the ancient Poets, than this Transformation of *Proteus*. *Virgil*, from this place of *Homer*, thus describes it in his *Georgick*,

*Fuit enim scilicet Sae hircosus, atraque  
 Tigris,  
 Symploque draco, & fulvo cervice  
 Leucon,  
 Aut acrem flammam sinuatum dabit, atque  
 sua viscra  
 Excidit, aut in aquas tremas dulasque  
 abibat.*

A savage Bear he'll be, a Tig'r, Snake,  
 And a huge Lion with a shaggy neck;  
 Or to escape, shall thunder like a flame,  
 Or glide from thee in a swift Crystal stream.

The Moral of which fiction, some refer to the Diadems of the *Ægyptian* Kings, which according to their fashion we see various, and bore sometimes a Bull, a Lion, a Flame, and the like. See *Diadema sicalus* lib. 2. Many other Mythologies are reckon'd up by *Natalis Comes*.

Soon as we came, she placing us within,  
 Threw over each of us a Fishes Skin;  
 But more offensive prov'd our Ambuscade,  
 The slimy Husks a smell so loathsome made:  
 T' embrace a rank Sea-Monster who'll endure?  
 But she straight thought upon a present cure;  
*Ambrosia* she, which Aromatick shuts  
 Foul odours forth, into our Nostrils puts:  
 Till Noon we patient there expecting lay,  
 When shoals of Water-monsters leave the Sea  
 To <sup>(3)</sup> sleep ashore; old *Proteus* last comes up,  
 And us Four reckons 'mongst his Scaly Troop:  
 Then down he lyes suspecting no deceit,  
 We clamouring charge and seize upon him straight;  
 He skilfull such Conspirators t' evade,  
 Himself at first a shaggy Lyon made,  
 A Serpents form, a Pard's, a Sow's receives,  
 A crystal Stream a Tree with shady leaves;  
 Yet we with patience arm'd, him faster grasp;  
 But when with struggling he begun to gasp,

Thus me he question'd; *Atræus* Son declare  
 What God thee thus advis'd me to enslave,  
 Your business speak: Then I reply'd; Thou know'st,  
 Then why thus ask'it, thou? on this fatal coast  
 Long I'm detain'd, no hope of favouring Gales  
 To bear me off, my strength and courage fails:  
 Say, since thou all things know'it, what angry God  
 Obstructs my passage through the briny Flood.

Thou must, sayd he, before thou art dismiss,  
 Great *Jove* implore, and the supernall List;  
 Nor shalt thou see thy Friends and native Soil,  
 Untill thou offer'it on the Banks of <sup>(4)</sup> *Nile*,  
 To them a Hecatomb; with Sails unfurl,  
 Then homewards may'it thou plow the watery World.

(3) That Sea-Calves are sleepy Animals, is observ'd by the Authors of Natural History. *Martial* in his Epigrams,

*Dormitis nimium gilres, Vitalique  
 marini.*

Whence among the *Ægyptians* they were the Hieroglyphicks of drowsy persons, saies *Plinius*. *Ellen* also notes that they take the Noon-day for their time of rest on the shore.

(4) It is observable that *Homer* never calls the famous River of *Ægypt* by the name of *Nile*, but *Ægyptus*: as

*Περσέων δ' Αἰγυπτοῦ κόλπον ἰκέσμεν*

And

*Σοῦν δ' ἐπ' Αἰγυπτοῦ κόλπον ἵκας*

From whence its conjectured, not improbably, that the Country received its name.

Soon

This

This wrack'd my Soul to think that I must back,  
And such a long and dangerous Voyage take.

Then I reply'd; We shall perform the task:

But I must yet another Question ask;

Are all our Friends arriv'd in safety Home,

Which I and *Nestor* left at *Ilium*?

By Sea who perish'd? who escap'd raging Waves,

At home by Friends attended to their Graves?

Then he; No farther ask, I'll not reveal

Things not for thee to know, or me to tell:

Should I, thou wouldst not long from tears refrain:

Many are dead, many alive remain:

Two Princes onely of that numerous Host,

Who fail'd from *Troy*, in their return were lost:

One in a Sea-girt Isle his Fates detain,

But <sup>(c)</sup> *Ajax* he was swallow'd in <sup>(c)</sup> the Main,

Whom *Neptune* drove on <sup>(d)</sup> *Gyra*, and had sav'd

On jutting Rocks, although *Minerva* rav'd;

But that the Impious laid, those raging Floods

He would escape, in spite of all the Gods.

*Neptune*, straight hearing the blasphemous Wretch,

With his huge Hand did up his Trident snatch,

And the *Gyrean* Rock he cleft in twain,

Half stood, the other half drop'd in the Main,

On which he sitting, under Billows sunk,

And perish'd, after he Salt-water drunk.

Thy Brother then escap'd by *Juno's* aid;

But when the *Malean* Mountain he had made,

Him much lamenting, a rough Tempest tost

To th' utmost confines of the *Agrian* Coast,

Where once <sup>(e)</sup> *Thyestes*, then *Egisthus* dwelt:

But then the Gods with him more kindly delt,

Changing the Wind, straight hom'd his course he stands,

His Native Soyle then kissing as he Lands,

With

(c) *Ajax* the son of *Oileus*, for there was another *Grecian* Prince of that name, the Son of *Telamon*.

(d) *Ajax's* Shipwreck *Silius Italicus* thus describes,

*Qualis Olliades, fulmen iaculante Minerva,  
Surgentes demisit fluitus ardentibus ulnis.*

As *Ajax*, struck with *Pallas* thunder, (forms  
The rising Billows with his flaming Arms.

*Pliny* in his Natural History relates, that the Story of *Ajax* struck with a Thunder-bolt, was most exquisitely Painted by *Apollodorus the Athenian*, and in his time *Thomast Fergensis* for a Master-piece of that Art.

(e) *Rocks* near unto *Argos*, one of the *Cyclades*, so call'd from the roundness of them.

(c) Father of *Egisthus*.

With a full Flood of joyful Tears bedews:

When him a Spy, hir'd by *Egisthus*, views

From a high Towr, for Talents two of Gold,

There a whole Year he suffer'd Heat and Cold,

With speed the news he carries to the Court;

*Egisthus* twenty of the baser sort

Hides in his House, provides a Feast, and bids

The King, his Chariot sending and his Steeds;

Then at the treatment, kills him in his Hall,

A Butcher so th' Ox slaughters in the Stall.

This sad Newspierc'd my heart; down on the Shore

Weeping I fate, and wish'd, that I no more

Might see the glorious Sun, but there expire.

When I with vying Tears began to tire,

Said *Proteus*; Sigh no longer, *Atræus* Son,

Nor dew thy Cheeks, since remedy there's none:

But when thy Native Soyle thou shalt obtain,

*Egisthus* thou shalt find alive, or slain

Else by *Orestes*, then erect his Tomb.

This said, my sorrow gave fresh comfort room,

And thus I said; I know the fates of two,

But thou a third to me didst mention, who

Pent in an Isle, remains alive or dead;

Of him I fain would hear. Then *Proteus* said;

*Ulysses* I, the King of *Ithaca*,

Extremely weeping in an Island faw,

By fair *Calyso* in her Cave detain'd,

Not knowing how to reach his Native Land,

Since he hath neither Men, Sails, Oars, nor Ship,

That may Transport him through the raging Deep.

And *Menelaus*, know, 'tis not thy Fate

To dye at home, the Gods will thee Translate

To seats of Bliss, the blest'd *Elyxian* Plains,

At the Worlds end, where *Rhadamanthus* reigns;

I Where

Where comes no Winter, Snow, nor Winds, nor Rain,  
But constant Breezes, rising from the Main,  
With cooling breath still fainting spirits revive,  
Thou *Helen* hast, and dost from <sup>(d)</sup> *Jove* derive.

This said, the God beneath the Waves descends,

I to our Fleet went musing with my Friends,  
There taking some repast, when Night arose,  
On th' *Oceans* flowry margents we repose.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn  
With rosie Fingers days Portcullis drawn,  
But up our Masts we rear, our Sails unfurl'd,  
And launch our Vessel to the watery World.

The Sailors fettle on acquainted Banks,  
And sweep the briny Foam in triple ranks :  
Thence plowing Waves unto the Banks of *Nile*,  
There Hecatombs on blazing Altars pile.

The Gods appeas'd, next rear'd my Brothers <sup>(e)</sup> Tomb  
To keep his Fame, my course thence steering Home;  
Celestials sent fair Winds which never fail'd  
To court our Canvas, till we *Sparta* sail'd.  
But stay with me till twice six days are spent,  
Then thee a Chariot 'll, and Steeds present,  
A Golden Cup, that thou mayst mindfull be,  
( If thou surviv'st great Sir ) of mine and me.

Then said the Prince, Great Sir, it much may wrong  
Me and my business here to stay so long ;  
I could a year your sweet discourse admire,  
My House forgetting, and my absent Sire ;  
But if thou stayst me longer, 'twill afflict  
My Friends in *Pyle*, who me ere this expect :  
Your Presents, Sir, I thankfully accept,  
But Steeds for <sup>(f)</sup> *Ithaca* none ever ship't ;  
Let in this large Campaign thy gen'rous breed,  
Wantoning on, on delicacies feed,

Where

(d) For *Helen* was Daughter of *Jupiter*, and *Leda*, whom he begot in the form of a Swan.

(e) It was customary among the ancient, both *Greeks* and *Romans*, to erect honorarie Tombs to their deceas'd friends, when they were absent : where were exhibited the same Solemnities that were usual at the real Funerals. *Andromache*, lead Captive into *Epirus*, in *Italy*.

*Silentes* from *Fortis* *depos* & *visita dona*  
*Aut uxor in luto, falsi* *Simulant* *ad*  
*vidam*,  
*Ilibat* *lucris* *Andromache*, *manusque*  
*oculat*  
*Hecoreum* *ad* *tomulm*, *viridi* *quem*  
*cepisse* *invenit*,  
*Et geminas*, *carum* *lacrimitis*, *sacrave-*  
*rat* *at* *at*.

By chance sad gifts and annual Rites  
that day  
*Andromache* pay'd his ashes, and im-  
plores  
At *Hector's* Tomb near feign'd *Simois*  
Shores,  
Before the Town in Consecrated  
Woods,  
She rais'd his empty monument of Sods.

When *Drausus* died in *Italy*, in his re-  
turn to the Forces he led against the  
*Cermans*, and his body was sent back  
to *Rome*, *exercitus honorarium* *is* *temu-*  
*lum* *excitavit*, *circa* *quem* *diuicem* *flam-*  
*dis* *questum* *milis* *decurerent*, *Gallia-*  
*vunque* *civitates* *publice* *supplicarent* :  
Sueton, in the life of *Claudius Cæsar*.  
The like mention *Lampridius* in the  
life of *Alexander Severus*, *Crustaphi-*  
*um* *in* *Gallia*, *Romæ* *amplissimum* *Se-*  
*pulcrum* *erexit*, *Et obitum* *in* *large*  
*Sepulchre* *at* *Rome*, *and* *an* *Honorary*  
*in* *France*.

(f) This place *Horace* relates to in  
his epistles, l. i. Ep. 6.

*Hand* *male* *Telemachus* *proles* *paten-*  
*ris* *Ulyssis*,  
*Non* *est* *apud* *epulis* *Ithacæ* *lucris*, *at*  
*neque* *flatus*  
*Porcellis* *spatiis*, *neque* *multa* *prodigus*  
*herba*.  
At *ille* *magis* *asta* *sibi* *rus* *dona* *relin-*  
*quam*.

*Telemachus* *well* *reply'd*, *that* *no* *fit*  
*place*  
*Was* *Ithaca* *for* *Horses*, *wanting* *graffe*.  
Therefore your Presents spare, for me  
unfit.

Where *Lotus* springs and *Cyperon* unfet,  
Store of white Barley, Spelt, and purest Wheat,  
We have no Chariot-course, our Meadow feeds  
Scarce shaggy Goats, not ranck enough for Steeds.  
Our Sea-guirt Isles, with barrenness accurst,  
Are bad for Horse, and *Ithaca* the worst.  
Then smiling, by the hand the Prince he takes,

And said ; These words noble thy extract speaks,  
Thou shalt some other have, I well am stor'd,  
What ere my House or Treasuries afford,  
What's fairest, richest, or of most esteem :  
A Silver Goblet with a Golden brim  
I'll thee present, by *Vulcan* rarely wrought,  
Which the <sup>(g)</sup> *Sidonian* King, that Heroe, brought  
Me, when he feasted in his Royal Court.

Whil' it thus they held discourse, a great resort  
Came to the Palace, Sheep and Wine they brought,  
And their fair <sup>(h)</sup> Wives the Boards with Manchet  
And they provided high and plenteous Fare. (fraught,

But at *Ulysses* Gates, the Suitors were  
At Coyts delighted, or else casting Darts,  
Acting with no mean insolence their parts ;  
*Antinous*, and *Eurymachus*, the best  
Of all the Suitors, late there 'mong the rest,  
To whom came *Noëman*, Old *Phronius* Son,  
And questioning *Antinous*, thus begun ;

When, Sirs, *Telemachus* at home will be,  
Knows any here ? A Ship he had from me,  
To Sail for *Pyle*, the Vessel now I need,  
That I at *Elis*, where I have a breed  
Of Mares and Mules, may break one for the Plow.  
All were amaz'd, they never heard till now  
He launch'd to Sea, but him suppos'd withdrawn,  
To fee his Flocks, or to *Sabalus* gon.

1 2

Be

(g) *Sidon* was a City in *Phœnicia*, famous for curiosity in all sorts of workmanship. The name of the Prince, which the Poet mentions not, some Historians deliver to be *Sabalus*, others *Sekbis*.

(h) The Servants of *Pentopolis*, whom they familiarly used as their Wives.

Be pleas'd, *Antinous* said, to tell me true,  
When went the Prince, and to attend him who.  
Were they choise Young men, of their own accord,  
Or Mercenaries, whom he took aboard?  
That he should venture from his native Shore:  
And not to trouble you one question more;  
Hath he your Ship against your will impress'd,  
Or else consign'd him on his own request?

I parted freely with her, he replies;  
Me how would you or any else advise?  
When such a person hath an earnest Suit,  
A shrugg's uncivill, or the least dispute.  
His company, are Youths of great esteem,  
*Mentor* their Chief, or else some God like him!  
But I admire, their Captain yester-day  
Early I saw, who long since launch'd to Sea.

This said he left them. At the strange report  
The Suitors gather, and forsake their Sport,  
Whilst Grief and Anger swells *Antinous* Breast,  
His Eyes like fire, thus he his mind exprest;

This may prove dangerous, no idle toy;  
Could we believe a Child, a sawcy Boy,  
Would hence without our joynt commission slip,  
And Youths of better ranck to man his Ship?  
Let him plot mischief, and let *Jove* destroy  
His machinations, ere they us annoy.  
Straight Rigg me forth, with twenty Men, a Bark,  
And I'll his motion in returning mark;  
Him in our Bay conceal'd, amongst <sup>(1)</sup> *Samian* Creeks

We'll intercept, whilst he his Father seeks.

This said, the Plot approving, all consent,  
And rising, straight into the Palace went.  
This *Medon* to *Penelope* convey'd,  
Who over-heard, when their Design they laid.

(1) *Samos* was the name of the Island, afterwards call'd *Cephalonia*, and also the name of a City in the same Island: near adjoining to *Ithaca*.

Hast to the Queen her careful Herald makes,  
To whom as soon as enter'd, thus she speaks;

Why have they sent thee? must our Maids, aside  
All bus'ness lay, and Supper straight provide?  
Ah! would they quit my House, and that this night,  
Their farewell Banquet be, and last good-night:  
Who thus at meetings wait my Sons Estate;  
Did nere to you your Sires renumerate  
*Ulysses* parts? Mildly with all he dealt,  
Nor any ere his pond'rous Scepter felt:  
In publick none he prais'd, nor loud would rate,  
Like Kings accusom'd, this to love, that hate;  
But your demeanour cleers your Character,  
Who for his kinder use so thankless are.

Then *Medon* thus reply'd; Ah would, best Queen,  
Ingratitude their greatest Crime had been!  
They to the height of Villany proceed,  
Your Son to murder (which great *Jove* forbid!)  
Returning home, who went to *Pyle* inquire,  
And *Sparta*, after his long absent Sire.

Trembling, this said, and silent long she stood,  
Her bright Eys clouded with a briny Flood;  
At last she said; Why from us did he slip,  
What forc't my Son to ascend a nimble Ship,  
That Horse that scowrs through waves from Coast to  
Would he his Name should be for ever lost? (Coast?)

Then *Medon* said; I know not if some God,  
Or his own Genius through the swelling Flood,  
Forc't him to *Pyle*, expecting there to hear,  
If Dead or Living his dear Father were.  
This said he left her; but th' afflicted Queen,  
As if with Grief she had distracted been,  
No longer in her Chair her self contains,  
But on the Threshold sitting, loud complains:

Her

(2) *Spandanus* supposes that he left *Penelope* and went to the Palace of *Ulysses*, and therefore makes two distinct palaces. But that conjecture is refuted by the Verses immediately following, where *Ulysses* is sent to *Penelope* to comfort her.

Πῶς δ' αὖτε καὶ δόματ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔβλεπεν,  
Ἐπεὶ Πηνελόπειαν ἰδὼσαντο πόρται  
Πατρὸς ἀναδυσσάτο γῆρα τιν' ἀκούσειν.

The phrase in this place, which he mistook, *ἀναδύσας ὡς δόμα*, is not so gross, but is defected down the house.

Hast

Her Women young and old about her ran  
 With dismal shrieks: thus weeping she began;  
 The Gods on me no common Grievs impose,  
 Besides our Birth-right born to suffer woes:  
 First I a Wife and Valiant Husband lost,  
 His Fame divulg'd through all the *Grecian* Coast:  
 Now they will kill my Son, and wretches you  
 Nere call'd me, though you his departure knew,  
 But had I known when he his Anchor weigh'd,  
 For all his haste, he should a while have staid,  
 Or dead he should have left me in the Hall:  
 But one of you should streight Old *Dolius* call,  
 Whom me my Sire when I came hither gave,  
 Who keeps my Orchard, now no more my Slave,  
 That he might straight to Old *Laertes* go,  
 And this their dire designment let him know;  
 He would the People with their project fill,  
 How they conspire, *Ulysses* Son to kill.

Then *Eurycles*; Cast me off, or kill,  
 All this, I dearest Madam, knew, and will  
 No longer hide: I Wine and Manchet both  
 Supply'd him with, and took a solemn Oath,  
 Not in twelve daies to make his absence known,  
 Unless you ask'd, or heard the Prince was gon;  
 Least you with weeping, should your Beauty wrong;  
 But Bathe and dress your self, then take along  
 With you your Maids, and when you are withdrawn;  
 Implore *Minerva* to preserve your Son,  
 Nor Old *Laertes* with this news afflict,  
 The Gods his Progeny not disrespect,  
 But one shall still survive his Realm to bless,  
 Who shall this Court and fertile Fields possess;  
 These words her grief asswag'd, her Tears suppress'd,  
 And Bathing straight, her self she neatly dress'd.

Then

Then with her Train, haft to her Chamber made,  
 And thus to *Pallas*, Sacrificing, Pray'd;  
*Jove's* Daughter hear, if ere my Lord, the Thighs  
 Of Bees and Sheep to thee did sacrifice,  
 Remember him; ah! save his Son and mine,  
 Turning on these conspirers their Design.  
 Thus begs she weeping, and the Goddels grants.  
 Mean while the Suitors deaf the Walls with rants:

When one thus said; The Queen will now elect  
 'Mongst us her Spouse, yet not our Plot detect  
 Upon her Son. Then said *Antinous*; Fie,  
 Make no such idle brags, lest any nigh  
 Ore-hear and tell within; no time protract,  
 But rising let's what we agreed on act.  
 This said, He twenty men selects, and strait  
 Looks out a Vessell of the second Rate,  
 And hires one in the Harbour, yare and stanch,  
 Her Masts and Sails brought up, from shore they lanch,  
 Then fit their plyant Oars, their Sails unfurl,  
 In readines to plow the watery World;  
 And last the Comp'ny went aboard, where they  
 Refresh themselves, and for the Evening stay.

Mean while *Penelope* her Chamber keeps,  
 And musing takes no sustenance, nor sleeps,  
 Twixt hopes and fears, how that her guiltless Son,  
 Th' impious may kill, or he the danger shun:  
 A Lyon so suspects the Hunters guile,  
 Whom hedging in they drive upon the Toyl.  
 Such wandering Fancies her from slumber kept,  
 At last, wearied with burthening cares, she slept.  
 The thoughtfull Queen then gentle *Morpheus* bound,  
 And fretting cares in mild Oblivion drown'd;

Whilst *Pallas* fashion'd out an empty shade,  
 And like her Sister fair *Iphibima* made:

At



(1) King of *Phæra* a City in *Thessaly*, the Son of *Admetus* and *Alceſtis*.

At *Phere* her <sup>(1)</sup> *Eumelus* did Eſpouſe.

This ſtraight he ſent into *Ulyſſes* Houſe,  
Charging to free the Queen from tort'ring fears,  
From eating grief, and inundating Tears;  
Entring her Chamber, through the narrow Lock,  
Drawn near her Bed, theſe words of Comfort ſpoke;

Doeſt thou *Penelope* afflicted ſleep?

Thou muſt no longer penſive be, nor weep.  
Thy Son, who little hath diſpleas'd the Gods,  
From Foes ſhall ſafe return, and ſwallowing Floods:  
Then ſweetly ſlumb'ring in ſleeps pleaſant Port,

Thus ſpoke the Queen; Dear Siſter, to our Court  
Why com'ſt thou, who before wert never here,  
Dwelling remote? would'ſt thou that I ſhould fear  
And grief ſhake off, which me ſo much moleſt,  
Muſtring freſh parties in my troubled Breſt,  
Who ſuch a Lord and ſo accompliſh'd loſt,  
Through ample *Greece* admir'd and honour'd moſt?  
And now my Son adventur'd to the Seas,  
Not us'd to Traffick nor hard Voyages,  
For whom far greater cares my Breſt invade,  
Then for his Father, leſt he be betray'd  
By Land or Sea, of life him to deprive  
Many conſpire ere he at home arrive.

When thus the Shadow ſaid; In me conſide,  
Laying all fears and jealousies aſide;  
So great a Goddeſs looks upon thy Son,  
*Pallas*, who pitying thee ſent me alone,  
This to acquaint thee with, and to perſwade  
From fruitleſs Tears. To whom the Queen thus ſaid;

If thou a Goddeſs haſt a Goddeſs hear'd;  
Say if *Ulyſſes* live or be interr'd,  
His Soul deſcended to th' Infernal ſhade?  
Then to the Queen the Airie *Fantom* ſaid;

Be

Be he alive or dead, I muſt not yet

Declare, nor answer queſtions now unfit.

This ſaid, it vaniſh'd, ſtealing through the Lock,  
She ſhakes off drowſie ſleep, and comfort took:  
And whilſt the Viſion fled; with Sails unfurl'd,  
The plotting Suitors plow the waterie World,  
To kill *Telemachus*. A Rockie Iſle,  
Twixt *Ithaca* and *Samus*, which they ſtile  
Small <sup>(m)</sup> *Aſter*, lies, for Ambuſh fitting, they  
Enter this Port, and him expecting lay.

(m) A ſmall Iſland betwixt *Cyprus* and *Ithaca*, it retains no name in the *Italian* Charts, though *Apollonius* ſays, that in his time there was a Port there, and a ſmall City call'd *Aſterion*.

K

HOMERS



Domino Do. Rich.  
Vice Comiti Tullogh  
Tabulam hanc



Comiti de Arran  
Baroni de Claghreman  
LMDDDDIO



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

## THE FIFTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Hermes, Calypso bids Ulysses free :  
Who makes himself a Bark, then puts to Sea.  
A Storm by Neptune rais'd his Vessel splits :  
To Land he by a Sea Nymph's favour gets :  
Naked and tir'd he to a Covert creeps,  
And hid in Leaves all Night securely sleeps.



Urora leaving <sup>(a)</sup> Tithon's golden  
Bed,  
Ore Heaven and Earth Daies  
glorious lustre spread,  
When Jove and all the Gods as-  
sembled fate

In Consultation ; when much troubled at  
Ulysses danger in the Nymphs aboads,

The Court thus Pallas mov'd ; Jove, and you Gods,  
No more let Kings be pious, mild, or just,  
But let their Will be Law, their Rage and Lust,

K 2

Since

(a) The Table of Tithonus, Brother to Priam, being Married to Aurora, according to the Mythologists, signifies no more than that he took a Wife out of the Earth, to which that History agrees, which delivers him Founder of the City Sinja, not far from the river Chaghet, the Seat afterwards of the Persian Emperour. There is no fable more familiar among the Poets than this. Virgil, in the 4. of his *Æneid*,

*Et jam prima novo spargebat lumen  
terram,  
Tithoni cruccum lingens Aurora ci-bile*

*Aurora now had early Dawning  
spread,  
And weary left Old Tithon's golden  
Bed.*

Since his own People not *Ulysses* mind,  
 Who Parent-like was to his Subjects kind :  
 He suffering in a Sea-guirt Isle remains,  
 Whom fair *Calyso* in her Cave detains,  
 Despairing to review his Native Coast,  
 That neither can of Friends, nor Vessel, boast  
 Home to Transport him through the foamy Brine ;  
 And now his Son to murder they design  
 In his return, who fail'd to *Pyle* to inquire,  
 And *Sparta*, after his long absent Sire.

How scap'd these words thy Teeth, their Ivory guard,  
 Said *Jove* : Who here thy bus'ness would detard :  
 Haft not thou lay'd the Plot, *Ulysses* shall

Returning be reveng'd upon them all :  
 Fetch back his Son with speed (for well you may)

And him in safety to his home convey ;

So, frivolous the Suitors Voyage make.

This said, thus *Jove* to his Son *Hermes* spake ;

Go thou that art the Gods Ambassador,  
 And this our order to *Calyso* bear.

*Ulysses*, say, must reach his own aboads

Thout man's assistance, or immortal Gods,

Him a new Vessel must, the twentieth day,

To <sup>(b)</sup> *Scheria* and *Pheacian* Tow'rs convey :

Where Silver, Brass, and Vests, they'll him present,

More worth then all his *Trojan* Divident.

He must his Wife, and Friends, (thus Fates decree)

His Palace, and his Native Country, see.

His Father straight obeying, *Hermes* goes,

And buckles on with speed his golden Shoes, and

With which the Aire he cuts o'er Sea and Land,

As born <sup>(c)</sup> on th' Winds ; then takes his Charming

That Mortals lulls asleep, and sleeping wakes. (Wand

<sup>(d)</sup> *Pieria* reach'd, a stoop from Heaven he makes,

Like

(b) It is agreed on by most of the Antients, that the Island *Scheria* is that which was after call'd *Cercyra*, from *Circæa* the daughter of *Alpheus* ; which lies in the *Pention* Gulf, not far distant from *Ithaca*, now nam'd *Cephus*. But *Apollodorus* takes the name of the Isle, as well as the rest of the story, to be a meer figment of the Poets.

(c) This whole relation of *Admetus*'s passage, is translated by *Virgil* in the fourth Book of his *Æneids*, which we have here transferred to the end we may observe his translation of one phrase in *Homer*.

— Ille patris magis pariter parabat  
 Imperio, & primam pueri talia  
 uellet  
 Aurea, que sublimem alio, flet equora  
 iacta,  
 Sive terrarum, rapido pariter cum flumine  
 portans.  
 — hinc tota præcepit se corpore ad uolans  
 Alphei : nec simili que circum litorea,  
 circum  
 Pileosque scopulis humilis uolat æquora  
 iuncta.

Here *Æneas* is said to be translated rapidly pariter cum flumine, as if it had been *Æneas* was as swift as the wind, which sense the word *Æneas* is usually taken in *Homer*, as, *Æneas* was as swift as the wind, as if it had been *Æneas* was as swift as the wind. But in this place I mean : *Æneas* for *Æneas*, perinde ac si uentis uolaretur, that is, his winged Shoes carried him as swift as the wind. This interpretation of ours is confirm'd not only by the sense of the place, but by the authority too of *Ennius*, who expounds it *quale uentus*.

(d) A high Mountain in *Macedonia*, the seat of the *Ægeus*, so call'd from a certain Heroe of that name.

Like a Sea Fowl, whose fanning Pinions sweep

The furrow'd Visage of the frowning Deep.

The God there lighting, leaves the purple Floods,

Thence walking, finds her in her own Aboads,

Burning sweet Incense in a heap'd-up pile,

Which spread a sweet perfume through all the Isle :

Whil'st the fume rarely, through her curious frame

Her Golden shuttle nimbly went and came.

A pleasant Grove her shady Mansion round,

With Poplar, Alder, and tall Cypress crown'd,

Upon whose Boughs, Birds various built and bred,

Hawks, Owles, and Choughs, who on Sea margs fed,

A circling Vine which purpling clusters lade,

Whose verdant Branches her low Palace shade :

Four stately Founts in comely order plac'd,

With disemboqueing Spouts each other fac'd,

Inviron'd with delightful Meads, which round

Soft Violets, and pleasant Smillage crown'd :

Which if a God, wandering by chance, had seen,

He had admir'd and much delighted been.

There *Hermes* wond'ring stops : when he his eye

Had surfeited with strange variety,

Straight to her cool Apartment *Hermes* goes,

*Calyso* him sooner then enter'd knows :

Immortal Pow'rs who nere converse, although

They far from either dwell, each other know :

But not the Nymph he with *Ulysses* found,

He sitting on the shore deep sighing, drown'd

His Cheeks with Tears, his Breast with sorrow swell'd,

And restless Seas as restless there beheld.

But when *Calyso* in her Golden Throne

Had *Hermes* plac'd, the Goddess thus begun ;

Why, my dear *Hermes*, mak'st thou this address

To me, that nere did'st visit my recess ?

Lay

Lay your commands, your pleasure I'll obey  
If in my pow'r, if possible I may;  
But first take some repast. This said, the Board  
She with brisk *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* stor'd.  
When he had tasted her Celestial fare;  
Ask you, he said, why hither I repair?  
Know beauteous Nymph, *Jove's* pleasure I fulfill,  
He sent me hither much against my will;  
Who ore such vast and swelling Clouds would fly:

No City neer, nor sacred Temple nigh,  
Where pious Mortals on our Altars lay  
Whole Hecatombs: but *Jove* we must obey.  
One of those hapless Chiefs, Nine years employ'd  
Belag'ring *Troy*, which they the Tenth destroy'd,  
Whom in return offended *Pallas's* hurl'd  
With raging Tempests through the watry World  
His Friends destroy'd; him with rough Billows drove  
Upon your Coasts, you must dismiss, saies *Jove*:  
'Tis not his Fate to perish in Exile,  
He must his Court review, and Native Soyle.

She troubled said; You envious Gods delight,  
In nothing more, then thus to wreak your spite:  
Who not allow a Goddess in her house,  
To treat a Mortal, though she him Espouse.  
So when *Aurora* with <sup>(1)</sup> *Orion* mach'd,  
Their private meetings you still prying watch'd;  
Untill her golden Bow <sup>(2)</sup> *Diana* drew,  
And with her Shafts him in this Island slew:  
And so when *Ceres* did to passion yield,  
Injoying <sup>(3)</sup> *Jasion* in a thrice Plow'd Field,  
*Jove*, soon inform'd, adjudg'd the fact a fault,  
And slew him with a blazing Thunder-bolt.  
So I a Mortal Spoufing shall be serv'd.  
On's turnd-up Keel him riding I preserv'd,

When

(1) The Moral of this Fable of *Orion* being taken away by *Aurora*, is only this, That he dying an immature death, before he came to ripeness of age, day, they not thinking it fit that the Sun should behold to grievous an evil. *Eupath.*

(2) *Homer* delivers not the reason why *Orion* was slain by *Diana*, but the latter Poets say that he attempted her Chastity, *Horace*.

— et integra  
Tentator *Orion* *Diana*,  
*Virginea* domitus *agitta*.

*Orion* chaft *Diana* strove t' obtain,  
When by the *Virgins* Arrow he was slain.

*Euphorion* gives the same reason of his being slain, but different means; for he says that he was stung on the Ankle by a scorpion, produc'd to that purpose by *Diana*, of which he dyed.

(3) *Jasion* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Electra*: he was a Husband-man, and therefore fain'd to be beloved of *Ceres*: of whom he begot *Plouton*, *Hesperus* in his Generation of the Gods,

*Δαυμνός* ἢ *Πλάτων* ἱγνέμενος *δὴν* βλάσας,  
ἡ *ἑλένη* *ἡ* *αὐγυγία* ἡ *ἑλένη* *ἡ* *αὐγυγία*.

*Ceres* the Goddess with the golden hairs,  
Impregnated by *Julian*, *Plouton* bore.

The Thunder-bolt with which he is slain, signifies, according to *Eupathius*, the extremity of heat and drought in the summer, by which the hopes of Husband-men are frustrated. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoses* acknowledgeth not his death, but makes *Ceres* complain of his old age;

— quiritur, ceteros *Pallantis* annos  
Conjugis esse sui, quiritur canescere  
matrem  
*Jasionis* *Ceres*.

*Aurora* means her Husband's age, and  
her  
*Ceres* her *Jasion's* silver hair.

When *Jove* with Lightning, 'midst the raging Sound,  
His Vessel sunk, and his Associates, dround;  
Drove on this Coast, by Wind and Billows rage,  
I lov'd and cherish'd; promis'd him from Age  
And Death to free. In vain our selves w' afflict,  
Great *Jove*, or any God, to contradict.  
To quit this Isle, the Ruler of the Skie  
May him command, but I shall nere, not I,  
Since we a well-man'd Vessel want, which may  
Him safe, through th' Oceans broad-back'd Waves,  
But I'll advise, and best to his avail, (convey;  
How he to's Country may in safety Sail.

*Hermes* reply'd; Keep touch, *Jove's* anger shun,  
Nor farther into his displeasure run.

This said, the God departs: she not delays,  
But straight *Ulysses* seeking, *Jove* obeys;  
Whom finding on the Beech disconsolate,  
With Flouds of Tears lamenting his sad Fate,  
No hope of getting thence, seven years expir'd,  
Now with a Goddesses embraces tyrd,  
Inforc'd each night within her shady Grot,  
To warm her Side, will he, or will he not;  
Yet all the day plac'd on the Rocky Shores,  
Viewing the restless Billows, he deplores  
Himself with Sighs, would rend a Heart in twain:

The Nymph thus said; Fie, Sir, no more complain,  
Save precious time, my int'rest I'll resign,  
And set thee free; Go, fell some lofty Pine,  
And make thy self a Vessel, tight and staunch,  
In which thou may'st to Sea in safety launch:  
I Bread, Wine, Water will, and Garments find,  
Thee to supply, and send a prosp'rous Wind.  
That, if the Gods so please, thou in short time  
Shalt steer in safety to thy Native Clime.

Some

Some new and quaint device, then he reply'd,  
Not my dismis, or would't I should confide  
In a small Bark, where Vessells ablest built,  
Knock at Hell gates, and at Heavens arches tilt,  
When Tempests rage: against thy will I loth  
Should be to Sail, unless thou take an Oath  
Thou hast no Plot. Then said she, with a Smile;

For me, thou art too crafty to beguile;  
I Swear by Heaven and Earth, and <sup>(c)</sup> Stygian Floods,  
An Oath nere violated by the Gods;

I have no Plot against thee, no design,  
But am as Cordial as thy cause were mine:  
My Heart is soft, not Adamant, nor Steel,  
So I on thy concern compassion feel.

The Nymph, this said, before him lightly trips,  
He, following close, reprints *Calypso's* steps,  
Into the Cave a Prince and Goddess goes,  
Who seats him straight whence *Hermes* lately rose,  
Filling his Board with various Humane fare,

Then ere against him fills her golden Chair:  
Renown'd *Ulysses*, Thou, with no small care,  
Do'tt for thy home and Native Soyl prepare;  
But thou would'tt not rejoyce, if thou did'tt know  
What sufferings wait on thee, what woe on woe,  
Ere thou at home arriv't: Come! dwell with me,  
Rule this my Palace, and immortal be.

Although thou hanker'tt still after thy Wife,  
And rather would'tt enjoy her than thy life;  
Her Beauty, Feature, nor her comely *Mein*,  
Not ours eclipse, and if they did outshine,  
Not with Immortals Mortals must compare.  
Then thus *Ulysses* did himself declare.

Ah my dear Goddess! Tax, Ah tax not me!  
My Wife that day must not be nam'd with thee,

(c) Swearing by Styx, an infernal Lake, was accounted the most solemn and most rever'd Oath: as *Homer* in his *Iliad* declares Il. 14.

Ἀπὸ τοῦ ποταμοῦ Στυγίου ὁρίζεται ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ γῆ, καὶ οὐδεὶς ἀνθρώπων δύναται διαρρήξαι τὴν σπονδὴν αὐτοῦ.

Swear by th' inviolable Stygian Lake,  
Taking in our hand Earth, in th' other  
Heav'n,  
And th' fix'd Land with floating water join'd.

Which whoever of the Celestial Gods violated, was interdicted not only the table but all society and company of the rest, for the space of ten years. *Hesiod* in his *Theogonia*.

Ὁς ἂν τοῦτο δέῃται, ἀνθρώπων ἱερὰς ἀπαρῆς, καὶ θεῶν ἐργῶν ἀνέστη Ὀλύμπου, κτερεῖν οὐκ ἔστιν ἄνθρωπον οὐδὲ θεῶν, ὅς μιν ἀλγίστην ἡμέραν ἔσται.

Who God is ere swears by the Stygian Lake,  
That dwells on steep Olympus crown,  
and breaks  
His sacred vow, his breathless one  
Whole year,  
Nor comes to Nectar and Ambrosia near,  
Silent he lies upon an ill-made bed,  
A living Lethargy all ere him spread,  
After twelve months he this bath undergoes,  
Full on the heavier affliction:  
In nine years more the Gods set him ad-  
mit  
With him in Council, nor at Feasts, to sit.

So far beneath in Beauty and desert:  
She is but Mortal, thou Immortal art.  
And if some angry God should rage at Sea,  
I must with patience bear it as I may.  
I much have suffer'd, much have undergon  
In Camps and Seas, and this too may be done.

This said, the Sun descending, Darkness hurl'd  
His Sable mantle over all the World:  
They to her Caves retreats together went,  
And tedious night in sweet embraces spent.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,  
With rosy Fingers Daies Port-cullice drawn,  
But up he starting puts his Garments on;  
She her bright Stole, her Veil and golden Zone,  
Then forth the Nymph thus dras'd in royal Weeds,  
To hasten her *Ulysses* bus'nes speeds:

First in his Hand a Steel edg'd Axe she put,  
The Pollish'd Helt from smooth-rin'd Olive cut,  
A sharp Wedg next to him she down convey'd,  
Where a tall Forrest cast a spreading shade,  
Whole Poplar, Fir, and Alder, scale the Sky,  
Which plow Waves lightly, season'd well dry;  
When she had shew'd him where the largest grew,  
The Goddess to her mansion thence withdrew:  
Whilst he fells Poplar, Fir, and lofty Pine,  
Twenty fair Trees, then squares by Plumb and Line,  
When fair *Calypso* him a Wimple brought,  
On which he hard to joyn the But-ends wrought,  
And starting Planchers peggd; a Rudder last,  
The Helm to answer makes with joyntings fast;  
What ere materials would a Ship-Write ask,  
To build a Ship, and well perform his task;  
Of such and such a Mold his Catch he made;  
And close his Decks and well clinch'd Planchers laid;

L

Close

Cloſe lay the jutting Ribbs, the Plancks at length  
 Next ſhapes a Maſt with Yards of fitting ſtrength  
 A Helm next ſmooths, for ſteerage, which he round  
 With Sallow Twiggs 'gainſt angry Billows bound ;  
 Canvas for ſpreading Sails *Calyſſo* brought,  
 With great and ſmaller Cordage ſtrongly wrought.  
 So the fourth day his Veſſel tight and ſtaunch,  
 He from the Stocks by Rowlers free'd did Launch ;  
 The fifth, the Nymph him from the Iſle diſmiſt,  
 And Bathing kindly, in ſweet Garments dreſt,  
 Next pureſt Wine, and Water puts aboard,  
 And him with Cates and good proviſion ſtor'd,  
 And ſends to wait on him a gentle Gale :  
 Joyful *Ulyſſes* ſtraight unfurls his Sail,  
 And ſitting at the Helm, through ſwelling Deepſ  
 A ſteady courſe Steers on, and never ſleeps,  
 But gazing, contemplates Heav'n's ample Sphear,  
 The *Pleiades*, *Orion*, and the Bear,  
 And watching ſtill *Orion*, *Charles* his Wain,  
 Whole Wheels nere dip beneath the ſwelling Main.  
*Calyſſo* ſtrictly him advis'd to ſtand,  
 Through briny Billows to the Lar-board hand.  
 Thus ſeventeen days and nights he onward ſteer'd,  
 The eighteenth morn *Pheacian* Hills appear'd,  
 Whole haizy crown not far off he beheld,  
 From the dark Ocean riſing like a Shield :  
 When *Neptune*, him from <sup>(b)</sup> *Soly*m's lofty ſide,  
 Return'd from *Ethiop* plowing Waves eſpy'd,  
 Shaking his Treſſes, thus th' irrag'd ſaid ;  
 The Court of Gods have other Orders made,  
 I abſent, yonder Sails *Ulyſſes* free,  
 And ſoon will reach that Land, where Fates decree  
 His Woes muſt end, which ſtraight I'll contradict,  
 And him before much more then ere afflict.

(b) The Geographers finding no ſuch Mountains in *Aſiopia*, or the Southern parts of the World, ſuppoſe them feign'd by *Homer* in ſimilitude and correſpondence to the Mountains ſo called in *Pſidia*, which were the moſt conspicuous and eminent Southerly to thoſe that ſail'd in the *Euxine* Sea ; as the muſt be ſuppoſed to be, in reſpect of *Ulyſſes* now ſailing in the Ocean. *Strabo* in the firſt Book of his *Geography*.

This

This ſaid, his Trident taking, he alarms,  
 And from all quarters muſters new rais'd ſtorms,  
 Liſting ſwolln Billows, Seas, high Heaven, and Earth,  
 Muffles in Clouds, at once all Winds buſt forth ;  
*Eurus* and *Notus*, *Zephyre*, *Boreas* raves,  
 Tumbling in thwart-plow'd Furrows hideous Waves.  
 Trembling and pale, *Ulyſſes* then complains ;

What miſeries for hapleſs me remains !

The Nymph, I fear, ſpake true, who ſaid, before  
 I ſhould in ſafety touch my Native Shore,  
 I much ſhould ſuffer ; Ah ! what Winds inrage  
 Theſe ſwelling Waves, and my ſad Death preſage !

(c) Thrice happy you, who on the Trojan Plain  
 Dy'd bravely, in *Atrides* quarrel ſlain :  
 Would I had perſh'd there, and breath'd my laſt,  
 When ſhowrs of Spears at me the *Trojans* caſt,  
 As off <sup>(d)</sup> *Achilles* Corps I guarding came ;  
 Then they had kept my Obits, and my Fame  
 Divulg'd through all the World : But ah, now I  
 Muſt here obſcure, and unlamented die !

Againſt his Boat, this ſaid, a Billow daſh'd,  
 And him ore-board from Helm and Steerage waſh'd :  
 Which ſeconded with a reſounding blaſt,  
 The Yard flies from the Sayl, and ſpends his Maſt :  
 Nor he his Head could 'bove the Water get,  
 Preſt down with ſurging Waves, and Garments wet.  
 Long ſtruggled he, but up he boy'd at laſt,  
 And Briny draughts his Stomach eaſing caſt :  
 Yet he his Boat reminds, though out of breath,  
 And in he gets, avoyding ſudden Death ;  
 Him in the middle plac'd, vaſt Billows bear,  
 Rais'd by uncertain Guſts, now here, now there ;  
 As when th' Autumnal ſtorm through Champaign  
 Light Thittle-down, which yet in cluſters keeps, (ſweeps

L 2

So

(c) *Plutarch* tells a ſtory of *Memmius*, the Roman General, that after he had ſack'd the City of *Cynick*, and had made Slaves of all that ſurviv'd the ruin of their Country, he commanded one of the Youth to write a Verſe, who preſently writ this Verſe of *Homer*, with which the General was ſo ſurpris'd, that he fell a weeping, and ſet at liberty the Child with all that had any relation to him.

(d) *Homer* no where relates the Story of *Achilles*'s death, only hints at it here : but *Dares Phrygius* delivers it at large thus,

*Hec Hecuba in facinus andax invitata*  
*Achilleum,*  
*Conjugis ſaltatua fidem : venit illi, ſed*  
*arma,*  
*Sed cernit walls, ſolum ſibi Nettore*  
*notum*  
*ſungit, viz gladio cingi muner : omnia*  
*linguit,*  
*Dux miſer optatos propeſcit viſurus a-*  
*muris.*

*Hecuba*'s ſrand *Achilles* hither led,  
 Him promiſing he ſhould her Daughter wed.  
 He came unarm'd, ſcarce takes his Sword, by none  
 Accompanied but old *Nefurus* Son ;  
 Leaves all behind, no danger fears, nor Life,  
 Haſting to ſee his ſo deſired Wife.

Where before the Altar of *Atalla*, he was ſlain by *Eurus*, and an Ambuſcade of armed *Trojans*.

So went the toft about 'mong billows rough,  
Now *Boreas* her, now *Eurus*, *Zephyre* cuff,  
Banding his crazy Boat from fide to fide:

(1) *Leucothoe*, *Cadmus* Daughter, him efpi'de,  
Who had a Mortall been, but now the Gods  
Allotted her the honour of the Floods;  
Pituying *Ulyffes* in fo fad a plight,  
She, rifing like a Sea-fowl, ftraight did light  
Upon his Boat, and laid; Unhappy Prince,

Why *Neptune* didft thou fo, fo much incenfe,

That thus he profecutes thee, yet he fhall  
Not be thy ruine, fhould he burft his Gall:  
Take my advice, thou feem'ft difcreet, thy Coat  
Put off, and to the Winds bequeath thy Boat,  
And thy courfe, fwimming, to *Pheacia* fhape,  
Thofe Confines Fate decrees for thy efcape;  
This Ribband ty'd about thy Bofome bear,  
Then Death it felf, nor any danger fear;  
But foon as thou fhalt longd-for Land obtain,  
Unloofe the Charm, and throw into the Main.

The Goddeffes him, this laid, her Fillet gave,  
Then diving hides beneath a foamy Wave.

At this *Ulyffes* troubled and difmay'd,  
A deep figh fetching, to himfelf thus fayd;  
Alas! what God contrives this fubtle Plot

'Gainft me, perfwading to deferf my Boat,  
I'll not obey, fince Land I yonder fee,  
Where the Nymph told me fhould my refuge be,  
Whilst fhe together holds, here I'll remain;  
And all the brunt of Winds and Waves fustain;  
But when fhe fplits I'll fwim, and Death evade.

Whilst thus confulting to himfelf he laid,  
From deep Seas *Neptune* a huge Billow drew,  
And charg'd his Veffel, which in fplinters flew:

(1) She was the Wife of *Athamas* King of *Thibes*, who in his madnefs flew *Leucothoe*, the Son which he had by her. Whereupon fhe, out of impatience, taking her other Child in her Arms, call her felf into the Sea. But upon the intreaty of *Peneus* was made a Goddeffes of the Sea by *Neptune*, as *Ovid* writes in the 4. of his *Metamorphofis*.

*At Venus immerita nuptis miferata laboris,  
Sic patris blandita fua eff; O nomen a-  
quarum.  
Proxima cui caelo celfis, Neptune, po-  
teftas.  
Magna quidem poffes, fed tu miferere mihi  
Jaffari quot cernis in Ionio immenfa,  
Et Diva adde tuis*

Then *Venus*, grieving at her Niece's fate,  
Her Uncle thus intreats: O thou,  
whole State  
Is next to *Jove's*; great Ruler of the  
Floods;  
My fate is bold, yet pity thou my  
Blood,  
Now toffed in the deep *Ionian* Seas:  
And joyn them to thy watry Deities.

Whence all that were fild from Ship-  
wrack paid their Vow to her with the  
reft of the Guardians of the Sea, as  
*Lucian* in one of his Epigrams testifies,

*Trachis & Nereus, & Levi, & Melanippe,  
Kai Buphis Kephala, & Zephyrus; &c.  
Zephis ho madyas trachidesthe & &c.  
Tis ephos in &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.*

To *Glaucus*, *Nereus*, *Iro* and *Meli-  
ceretes*,  
*Neptune* and *Samothean Deities*,  
*Lutillus* f, fcap'd Ship-wreck, confe-  
crate  
My haire, all that is left of my effate.

As Chaff difpers'd by bluft'ring Tempefts born;  
So his rip'd Pinck divides, in pieces torn:  
When on a Plancher getting up he strides;  
Himfelf then stripping (as on Horfe-back) rides,  
Then wound about him, ties the Ribband faft,  
And in himfelf, his hands extended, caft:  
When *Neptune*, in this Pofture him survey'd,  
His curld Trefles fhaking, thus he laid;

So fwim for life, by ore-grown Billows drove,  
Till thou arriv'ft 'mong People dear to *Jove*:  
Yet all thou haft not fcap'd. This laid, the God  
Drove on to (2) *Ege*, where his Palace flood;  
But here her Favourite *Minerva* minds,  
Stopping the paffages of Thundering Winds,  
Commanding, in their Caverns, all to fleep,  
*Boreas* muft only fmoother the furrow'd deep,  
Till to *Pheacian* Shores *Ulyffes* came.

Two Daies and Nights on bounding Waves he fwam,  
Expecting Death: when the third Morn appear'd,  
The Winds all hush'd, the Skie from Vapours clear'd,  
Mounted upon a fwelling Billow, he  
The trending Shore, not diftant far could fee:  
So to kind Children their Sires health appears,  
Who Bed-rid lay, Consumptive many years,  
By fad Difcafes, and their *Demon* charg'd,  
At laft from all by milder Gods enlarg'd.  
So to *Ulyffes* fhew'd the Grove and Land,  
But Swimming, that he might the Shore afcend  
Upon his Feet, he hear'd loud Billows roar  
Amongft the Rocks, and thunder 'gainft the Shore,  
A great Surf rifing with a briny Spry  
From broken Cliffs, retorted, brush'd the Sky.  
For there no Harbour was, nor Port, nor Bay,  
But Rocks and Stones, guarding the Confines, lay.

Much

(2) A City in *Euboea*, not thar  
*Achaia*, as *Strabo* observes (who  
neverthelefs there was a City  
of *Neptune*) which gave the name  
to the *Egean* Sea.

Much troubled then he fighting, thus complain'd ;

By *Jove's* assistance Land I have obtain'd,  
Through boylt'rous Waves, yet now no Harbour see  
Where I may scape from farther danger free. (shocks,  
Each where Waves storm the Coasts with thundering  
Which hanging Cliffs surround, and slipp'ry Rocks,  
And the deep Ocean neer, not any gap  
Where I may footing find, and so escape :  
Me the swoln Surge, Land striving to obtain,  
Will bruise gainst Stones, and I shall strive in vain :  
But I will farther Swim, perhaps I may  
Find smoother Shores, and some protecting Bay :  
Mean while I fear a sudden gust again,  
May drive me fighting back into the Main :  
Or *Neptune*, whom I have offended much,  
May send a huge Sea-Monster ; many such  
The Ocean breeds. Whil'st thus the Prince discours'd,  
Him on rough Shores a swelling Billow forc'd,  
There had his Flesh been rent, fractur'd his Bones,  
'Mongst rowling Pebbles and sharp pointed Stones ;  
Had *Pallas* this not put into his mind :  
Fast a firm Rock with both Hands he intwin'd,  
And fighting stuck about her Marble waft,  
Till over him the swelling Billow past ;  
Which re-advancing charged once again,  
And swept him sinking back into the Main.  
Upon the rough-skin'd *Polypus* so thick,  
Drawn from his Lodging, brittle Pebbles stick,  
As in his Palms, when the retiring shock  
Of a huge Wave divorc'd him from the Rock.  
There had, despite of Fate, *Ulyses* dy'd,  
Had not *Minerva* from th' orewhelming tyde,  
Her Favorite rais'd, and on a Billow bore,  
Where he could see a Beech, and smoother shore.

At

At last a pleasant Rivers mouth he finds.

Free from rough Cliffs, safe from disturbing Winds,  
Then swimming in ; thus to the <sup>(a)</sup> Stream he Pray'd ;

Who ere thou art great King, thy suppliant aid,  
And me escap'd, from *Neptunes* rage defend :  
The Gods do still poor Wanderers defend.  
Ah, to thy Votaries petition list !

And him who much hath suffer'd now assist.

This said, the River levells all his Waves,  
And in his quiet Bosom him receives ;  
Who scrambling up, on feeble Knees and Hands,  
At last much swoln with soaking Billow, lands,  
Drawing short Breath, much Water from his Nose  
And Mouth distilling down, himself he throws ;  
But when his Soul dislodg'd was repossess'd,  
And he recover'd with a little rest,  
From's Bosom he the Goddess Riband took,  
And threw into the Sea-descending Brook,  
Which a swoln Billow carrying to the Main,  
Straight to the Nymphs fair Hands convey'd again.  
Leaving the Stream, shelter 'mongst Reeds he took,  
And kissing th' Earth with a deep sigh thus spoke ;

Ah me what shall I do ! what next remains,  
If I ly here till day, night's cold serenies,  
Or from the Stream the chiller morning Dew,  
My weary Body will pinch through and through,  
If up to yonder shady Grove I creep,  
I warm at ease 'mongst leavy-shrubs might sleep.  
But if surpriz'd by gentle *Somnus* may  
Some Serpents be, or Salvage Monsters prey ;  
On this he pitch'd. The Grove then enters straight,  
And found a place fitted for his receipt,  
Two twin-born Olives neer the River stood,  
In prospect skirting the adjacent Wood ;

Not

(a) Rivers were counted Sacred among the Ancients, under the protection of some peculiar God : so was *Eridanus* the God of a River so nam'd, described thus by *Claudian*,

— ille caput placidis sublimis fluentis  
Exultat & totis lacum spargentia ripis,  
Aurea veruati miculant cornua vul-  
tae, &c.

Raising his head above his wat'ry banks  
His golden Horns, reflecting, tip'd the  
banks  
With sprinkled light, drops trickling  
from his Face,  
He his moist Hair yall'd not with Oz-  
ers base,  
And vulgar Reeds : fresh Poplars  
shade his Brows,  
And Amber from his curl'd Tresses  
flows :  
A Robe his shoulder hides, *Phaethon's*  
wrought there,  
His blew veil burning in his Fathers  
Chair.

And *Tyberis* acknowledged for a God  
by *Virgil*, *Æneid*. 8.

*Hinc Dnas ipse luci fluvio Tyberinus a-  
menas  
Populus inter senior se attollere frondes,  
Fagus, &c.*

The Genius of the place old *Tyber*  
here,  
Amongst the Poplar Branches did ap-  
pear.



Not into this, Sun, Rain, nor piercing Wind,  
The Twigs so closely Wove could passage find;  
Here straight *Ulysses* entering makes his Bed,  
And store of leaves above and under spread;  
There two or three might warm in Winter ly,  
Safe from fowl weather and a raging Sky:  
This Receptacle, the glad Prince receives,  
Who lying down himself heaps ore with Leaves,  
As under Ashes One a Brand conceals,  
Who, far from Neighbours, in the Country dwells,  
That Fire on all occasions he may keep;  
So cover'd lay *Ulysses*, whom asleep  
*Minerva* casts, closing his weary eyes,  
Freeing at once from toyle and miseries.



*Illustrissimæ Domine  
de Arnan Tabulam*



*D. Marie Comitissæ  
Ranc LMDDDIO. 216 6*



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

## THE SIXTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Nausicaa's Dream ; she to the Fountain speeds,  
They wash, and spread on drying Plots their Weeds:  
Loosing their Ball at Play they raise a cry,  
Which wakes Ulysses ; he appears, they fly :  
Only the Princess stays, his suit receives,  
And him supply'd with Food, and Rayment leaves.*

**S** O slept Ulysses free from Toyl  
and Cares,  
Whilst Pallas to Pheacian Tow'rs  
repairs,  
Who near the Cyclops in <sup>(a)</sup> Hye-  
ria dwelt,

And oft their rage by Plundring In-roads felt,  
Which Colonic Nausibous commands,  
In Sceria, planted far from Peopled-Lands,  
Their <sup>(b)</sup> Citie Fortifies with Bulwarks round,  
Builds Houfes, Temples, and divides the ground.

M

But

(a) Some Grammars take it to be an island near unto the Country of the Cyclops : but that agrees not with the mind of the Poet : for how could Islanders be endamaged by the Cyclops, who, according to Homer, w'd no Shipping Others conjecture it to be a City of Sicily, sitewards call'd Camerine, which is more probable.

(b) The Poet has briefly here in two Verses comprehended the whole affare of settling a Colony. The first part, that is, the fortifying the Citie, and building Houfes for the inhabitants, contains their security and commodity, the other speaks their Religion and Justice.

But he descending to the Stygian shade,  
 Renown'd *Alcinous* the Scepter swaïd:  
 Her steps *Minerva* to his Court directs,  
 Nor ought to haste *Ulysses* home neglects:  
 And straight a stately Chamber enters, where  
 A Virgin slept, as the Immortals, fair,  
*Alcinous* Daughter, bright *Nausicaa*;  
 Two Damfels, like the Graces, neer her lay;  
 The twy-leav'd Doors on Jaums opposing shin'd,  
 Through which the Goddess, lighter than the Wind,  
 Silently stole up to the Princess Couch,  
 Resembling *Dymas* Daughter, whom the much  
 Accompanying, in estimation had,  
 Her tardyness thus seeming to upbraid;  
 Why bore thy Mother such a sluggard? why  
 Thy richest Garments foul neglected by?  
 Thy Nuptials neer, when thou should'st all transcend  
 In gorgeous dress, and those who thee attend,  
 For femal arts thy fame spread, far and neer,  
 Which thy Indulgent Parents joy to hear.  
 Let's to the Fountain with the rising Sun,  
 I'll help, that we the sooner may have done:  
 You'll be no Virgin long, a great refort  
 Of Prime *Pheacians* thee prepare to court.  
 Thy Fathers Chariot ask, in which we may  
 Your Stoles, and Veils, and richest Garments lay:  
 Nor stands it with your Dignity nor Port  
 To walk on Foot, so far off from the Court.

This said, *Minerva* scales<sup>(c)</sup> *Olympick* Tow'rs,  
 The blessed seat of Gods, with bitter Show'rs  
 Never infested, where no Tempests blow,  
 Nere cloath'd with crufted Frosts nor fleecy Snow;  
 A cloudless Sky still crowns those blest Aboads,  
 Of ever young and never Dying Gods:

The

The Dawn now blooming with a tender beam,  
 The Princess wakes, much wondring at her Dream;  
 And thence streight goes t'acquaint the King & Queen  
 With her intents, and finds them both within;  
 Her with her Mads spinning rich Wool about  
 A stately Fire, her Father going out  
 To a great Council, where the Princes met,  
 When thus she on her Royall Parent set;

Your Chariot order Sir, that streight I may  
 Your Royall Vests down to the stream convey,  
 That there they may be wash'd, 'tis much unfit,  
 You in foyl'd Robes should 'mongst our Princes sit.  
 Five Sons dwell in your Court; for two your care  
 Provided hath, three yet unmarried are;  
 They should be near and clean to dance at Balls,  
 To look to this under my duty falls.  
 Thus said she, not once hinting hopes to wed,  
 But her Design he further founding said;

Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine; within, who wait?  
 Harness my Mules, bring my best Chariot straight:  
 His word's a Law, the Servants all obey'd,  
 And what the King commanded ready made.  
 The Princess from her Chamber brings a Vest,  
 And puts in her Carroch, the Queen a Chest,  
 With severall Cates and Wine in a *Borach*,  
 And to her mounting did a Violl reach  
 Of perfum'd Oyl to use when she had wash'd.  
 Taking the Rains her Mules *Nausicaa* lash'd,  
 They stretch away, not bearing Vests alone,  
 But all the Damfels her attended on.  
 When to the pleasant Fountain they drew near,  
 Where they might wash all seasons of the year;  
 Where cleansing streams like purest Crytal spout;  
 There they alight, and sweating Mules take out,

M 2

And

(c) *Olympus* is a high Mountain in the borders of *Thessaly* whose top was antiently believed to be above the Region of the Clouds, and therefore feign'd to be the seat of the Gods: which *Lucretius* thus describes out of this place of *Homer*,

*Apparet Divum nomen, sedique quiescit  
 Quas neque concussus ventis, nec umbra  
 la nimbis  
 Adspersaque, neque nix aeris concretas  
 Frigus  
 Cane cadens violat, semperque innoxialis  
 aether  
 Integrit, & large diffusa lumine reddit.*

And on the Margents of the purling Flood,  
Drove to sweet Grafs, their Chariot next unload,  
And foul Weeds throw into the Crystal Spring,  
Which in full Troughs they trample in a ring;  
Each the Buck Plying with a tab'ring Foot;  
All clear from spots, discolouring stains and smut,  
They their white Regiments in Files and Ranks  
On polish'd Pebbles spread, on Sea-wash'd banks,  
Themselves then Bath'd, Perfum'd, and neatly deck'd  
To Dinner went, where sitting they expect,  
Unill the Sun whiten their Weeds and dry:  
When Feasted well, they lay their Chaplets by  
To play at Ball: amidst her Virgin-train,  
The Princess first warbled a pleasant strain.  
So walks *Diana* o're the Mountain tops,

Through <sup>(d)</sup> *Tayget* or the <sup>(e)</sup> *Erimantbian* Cops,

Mongst Goats and Deer delighted to resort,  
The rural Nymphs about the Goddess sport,  
Whilst joy invades *Latona's* silent Breast,  
She by the shoulders taller than the rest.

Now ready to return, juſt when they ſhould  
Their Mules conjoyn, and up their Garments fold ;

*Minerva* then contriv'd a handfom flight  
*Ulyſes* to awake, that ſo he might  
The Virgin ſee muſt him from thence convey ;  
Who the Ball ſerving, earneſt at her play  
Unto another, ſomething miſ'd her aim ;  
Which ſhe not catching, fell into the Stream :  
At this they threek, the cry *Ulyſes* wakes,  
Who to himſelf, then ſitting up, thus ſpeaks ;

Ah me, who here reside ? a Race unjust !  
Rusticks not rul'd by reason, but their Lust,  
Or those who, civiliz'd, Celestials fear ?  
That thus a cry of Nymphs invades my ear,

### Dwelling

(d) A Mountain in *Peloponnesus*, small in compass, but high and steep; part of which being violently thrown down by an Earth-quake, almost ruin'd the whole City of *Sparta*, as *Pliny* in the 2. Book of his *Natural History*. From hence was *Diana* call'd *Taygetea*.

(e) A Mountain in *Arcadia*, in which there were divers Groves abounding with wild Beasts, as Ovid writes in the 2. of his *Metamorphosis*,

*Dumque feras sequitur, dum saltus  
eligit aptos,  
Nexilibusque plagis Sylvas Eryman-  
thidos ambit,  
Incidit in matrem —————*

Whilst he hunts Beasts, and shady  
Groves besets,  
*Erymanthian Woods* beleaguering with  
Nets  
He on his Mother lights —

And therefore properly feign'd by the  
Poet the place of *Diana's* recreation.

Dwelling in Mountains, or more blest aboads,  
Mong't Flow'ry Meads, water'd with Crystal Floods:  
Or are they Men? I'll see. This said, he steals  
From sheltering shrubs, and with a Branch conceals  
His modest parts; then up he runs amain,  
Like a huge Lyon beat with Wind and Rain,  
Who forc'd by want, his eyes like Beacons, falls  
On Sheep, Bees, Deer, breaks Houses, storms high Walls,  
So to the Virgins drawing neer he shows, (Walls,  
Horrid with scurffing Brine and parched Owle.  
To shelter all disper'd fly, except  
*Alcinous* Daughter; she her station kept,  
By *Pallas* Intigation bolder made.  
*Ulysses* here a while consid'ring staid,  
Should he draw neer, fall humbly at her Knee,  
Or at some distance move, she pleas'd would be  
Him to the City to direct, and cloath.  
The last advice, he first approves on, loth  
By drawing neer her modesty t' invade.  
Then thus the King implores the royal Maid;

If thou art Mortal or Celestial Blood,  
Pity great Queen, but if sprung from a God  
Who plants the Sky, *Diana* th' art, *Jove's* race,  
Such thy majestick Person, *Mien*, and Face :  
But if that thee some Earthly Princefs bare,  
Ah ! then thrice happy thy relations are ;  
When thee 'mongst meaner Stars they see advance,  
Crowning each Figure in a Courtly Dance :  
But he's most happy who shall thee Eipouse,  
And conquer lead triumphing to his House ;  
Since I nere Beauty saw like thine before,  
Which I late more I view, admire the more :  
But late at *Delos* I a <sup>(f)</sup> Palm beheld,  
Next *Phœbus* <sup>(s)</sup> Altar, which like thee, excell'd

Wich

(f) There is frequent mention of this Palm, near the Altar of *Apollo* in the Island *Delos*, so admirable for its height and beauty. *Callimachus* in his Hymne upon *Apollo*, speaking of his return upon his anniversary festivals at *Delos*,  
 Κά: δ' ἴδμεν τὰ δ' ἱερὰ ἔσθ' ἡμῶν θεῶ: ἐς  
 ἑξέσθ'.

Ἐξάπτε, ὁ δὲ χέκον· ἐν ἧτι χαλὸν αἰείδω.  
Phaebus the door strikes with his beau-  
tiful foot,  
The *Delian* Palm tree nods, perceive

you not ?  
Mark how the Swan sings sweetly in  
the Aire.  
And Cicero saies, that in his time there  
was there to be seen a fair Palm, which

was there to be seen a fair Palm, which the Natives believ'd to be that here commended by *Ulysses*. *Aus quod Homericus Ulysses Deli se proceram & teneram Palmam vidisse dicit; hodie monstrant eandem.* At this Palm *Lato* brought forth *Apelle*, as *Homer* in

one of his Hymns delivers it,  
Χαῖρε μακάρι ὁ Αἰψὶ ἐνὶ τῷ αἵματι  
τίνα, Ἄπαιλλον τ' ἄνακτα, ὃν Ἀριστεύον ἐς ῥέματα  
Πῶς ὡς ἐν' Ὀλύμπῳ, ὅτι κεραυνοῖσι Διὸς  
Κεκλιμένη σπῆς μακρὸν οἶον ὃν Κνωβίον  
ἔχου

*Rejoyce O blest'd Latona that did'st bear  
 King Phœbus, and the beauteous For-  
 mester.  
 Her in Ortygia, in rough Delos him,  
 Learning 'gainst Cynthus Mountain  
 near the stream*

Of Inopus, under a spreading Palm.  
Which is signified too by Ovid in his  
*Metamorphosis*,  
*Illic inclinans cum Palladis arbore*  
*Palma,*  
*Edidit invita Geminis Latona noverca*

(g) This Altar of *Apollo* was built of the Horns of Goats which *Diana* slew in *Cynthus* a Mountain in the Island of *Delos*, according to *Callimachus*,  
 \* Ἀγλαῖα ἀγλαῖα κατὰ τὰ πτερὰ καὶ τὰ κέρατα

Κυβέβηλον σαρβέσκιν, ὁ δ' ἔπαλλε βοῶν  
 Ἀπείδων  
 Δαίματ' οὐ κατέσπι· ἰδὲ λίην, πῆχ' οὐ βοῶν  
 ἔα κατέων, κατὰς οὐ πῆχ' ὑπὸ πλάτῃ  
 πῆχε.  
*Horns of the Cynthian Goats Diana*  
*brought*

From hunting, Phœbus th' Altar built  
and wrought:  
With Horns the basis, and did Horns  
provide  
Fastning the Altars joints on every side.  
Whom Ovid follows in his Epistle of  
in this, and admires no less the

Cyprius, and admires no less the  
Structure of the Altar, then the Palm  
adjoining,  
*Miror & innumeris struclum de corni-  
bus arm,*  
*Et de qua pariens arbor nixa Dia-*  
*est.*

The Altar built with Horns my wonder bred,  
And Tree on which she lean'd when brought to Bed.

(b) As he went to *Troy*: for *Elysion* mentions the arrival of the *Grecian* Fleet there, in their passage thither, not at their return.

With a fair Train <sup>(a)</sup> I thither came, and such  
Our dangerous Voyage prov'd, I suffer'd much,  
Such and so great a maze curd'd my Blood,  
Viewing that Plant, the glory of the Wood;  
As now the strange Astonishment I meet,  
Fearing my self to prostrate at thy Feet;  
Last Night I landed here, twenty Days toft  
With Winds on Waves, from the *Ogygian* Coast.  
And now some God inforc'd me on this Shore,  
Perhaps to make my miseries the more:  
To see of woes a period I despair,  
Though great and many my past suff'rings are.  
Pity me, Madam, pity most accurst,  
One that hath felt of Fortunes spight the worst,  
Since first I thee implore: I know not one  
That tills these fields, or dwells within yon Town.  
Shew me the way, and if so well y' are stor'd,  
A Vest, though torn, to cover me afford,  
Which Heaven repay thee in a loving Spowfe,  
Obedient Servants, and well order'd Houfe;  
Which will displease thy enemies to hear,  
But Musick to thy Friends and Kindreds ear.

She thus reply'd; I should be, Stranger, loath  
To tax thy Folly, Cowardize, or Sloath;  
*Jove* where he pleaseth good or ill bestows,  
And now perhaps accumulates thy woes,  
Which will with patience thee become to bear:  
But since thou in this plight art landed here,  
A Vest thou shalt not, nor what ere else want,  
That may besëem a woful Suppliant:  
And I'll conduct thee to our Walls, and tell  
Who plant these Coasts; here the *Phœcians* dwell,  
*Alcinous* Daughter I, He who now reigns  
Absolute Monarch ore these fertile Plains.

This

This saying, thus she calls her Damfels! Stay,  
Why fly you frighted from a Man away?  
Suppose you him a Foe, no Mortal shall  
In hostile manner on these Confinés fall:  
Us far from all commerce the Gods maintain,  
Guarded with thundring Waves, amidst the Main.  
This a poor stranger, him it would behove  
To comfort; such beloved are of <sup>(c)</sup> *Jove*.  
Small gifts to them seem great, bring him some Food,  
And Bathe him shelter'd in the Crystal Flood.

Stop'd with these summons, they each other call,  
Then plac'd him warm against a sunnëy Wall,  
A Shirt, a Vest, and Coat, *Ulysses* brought,  
And with rich Oyl a golden Vyal fraught:  
Next, to the pleasant River him conduct;  
When his attendants thus did he instruct;

So favour me to walk aside a while,  
Till wash'd and sweet I am, with perfum'd <sup>(d)</sup> Oyl;  
Me to be naked 'mong so many Maids,  
Bathing my self, my modesty diswades.

Advised thus, they all withdraw abash'd;  
Whilst he his Neck and ample Shoulders wash'd  
From froathy Brine, which like dry Scurf lay spread:  
Cleansing from clotted Owsfe, his Hair and Head:  
When he had 'noynted with the rich Unguent,  
Put on those Garments fair *Nausicaa* sent,  
*Minerva* renders him more tall and fair,  
Curling in rings like Daffadills his Hair:  
So shews, bout Silver a gilt border, wrought  
By one whom *Vulcan* and *Minerva* taught:  
With so much beauty did the Goddess grace  
His spreading Shoulders and majestic Face.  
Who walking thence in comely Weeds arrai'd,  
The Queen admiring, to her Damfels said;

This

(c) Whence *Jupiter* had the Epithet of *Alivër*, and *Hospitalis*, as being the revenger of all wrongs done to strangers, and the protector of their safety. *Virgil Æneid*. 1.

*Jupiter, hospitibus nam te dare jura loquensur,*  
*Hæc lævum Tyrrhique diem Trojæque profectis*  
*Esse velit, nequæque laquei munialisse minores.*

O *Jove* (for thou protect'st all Guests they say)  
Make to both Nations this a happy day,  
Which always let posterity Record.

*Cicero* in his Oracion for *Dejotarus*,  
*Si veniente intercessisset, Jovis quidem*  
*illius HOSPITALIS nomen nunquam celere potuisset, homines fortasse celebrasset: Nam he perfusum fore,*  
*he might have purchas'd have conceal'd it from men, but he could never have hid it from the deity of Jupiter HOSPITALIS.*

(d) *Plutarch* in his Symposiack discourses makes this question, why the Poet, who gives peculiar Epithites to all other moist bodies, should particularly give that to Oyl which is common to all the rest, to wit, moist or liquid. To which is replied, That as that is most properly called white, which least partakes of any other Colour, so that is most properly called liquid or moist which doth least partake of any dry parts; which is the property of Oyl; as he there proves at large, *lib. 6. c. 9.*

This worthy Person sure at our aboads  
 Had nere arriv'd, contemn'd of all the Gods.  
 Mean seem'd he first when he himself addrest,  
 Resembling now one of the ever blest.  
 I well could be content to be his Bride,  
 If pleas'd he in our Palace would reside :  
 Some Food for him prepare. This said, they set  
 Before *Ulysses* Wine and sav'ry Meat :  
 And he who long had Fasted, highly Feasts,  
 Whilst they their Garments folding up, and Vests  
 Laid in their Chariot, and their <sup>(1)</sup> Mules put in

(1) Among the ancient *Greeks* and *Latins* there seem to have been a different use of Horses and Mules; the former were used in Chariots of War, as appears through the whole *Iliad*; and in public Races, as in the *Olympick* and *Nemean* games; the latter in Chariots for private use and Journeys. *Aeschines* in his Oration against *Ctesiphon* *ἰσχυμένῳ ἀδελφῷ ἑαίῳ* *ἀποφύγειν* he is said to them three Chariots of Mules: and *Symonius* in his third Epistle, *πρὸς Περικλέα* directs *Bacchus* to *horses*, ascending the *Clibanus* led by *Mules*.

Thus mounting, to *Ulysses* spake the Queen;  
 Now, Sir, be pleas'd to rise, nor time neglect,  
 And thee I'll to my Father's Court direct;  
 Where the *Pheacian* Princes thou shalt see :  
 And since thou prudent art, advis'd be ;  
 Follow the tracings of my Chariot Wheels,  
 Till we have past these cultivated Fields ;  
 And thou wilt soon unto the City reach,  
 With strong Tow'rs flanker'd, and a double Beach ;  
 Where narrow entrances on either side  
 Within enlarge, where Vessels Land-lock'd ride :  
 The *Forum* neer, and *Neptunes* Temple, all  
 Of Polish'd Stone, environ'd with a Wall.  
 There hath our Arsenal in several stores,  
 Magazind, Cordage, Canvase, Masts and Oars.  
 We Bows and Quivers mind not, but stout Ships,  
 Trusting in them, we plow the swelling Deep.  
 So shun asperision and the carping Croud,  
 They commonly uncivil are, and proud,  
 Who thus their Verdicts spending us would taunt ;  
 What Stranger's this, *Nausicaa's* Gallant ?  
 Where found she him ? Sure from another World  
 By Fate this Stranger on our Confincs hurld,

The

She means to Wed, none us inhabits nigh ;  
 Or else some God descended from the Sky,  
 And will at her request a Mortal Wed,  
 None but a Foreinaer must enjoy her Bed ;  
 She to our Primer Youth, and Nobles shy,  
 Returns for Love some scornful reperty.  
 Thus would they at my reputation strike ;  
 And I should spend my censure much alike  
 On any, Parents not consenting, dare  
 Be seen 'mongst Men, before they Wedded are :  
 Do thus, and soon my Father shall transport  
 Thee to thy long-wish'd home, and Native Port.  
 A Path to *Pallas* Grove and Fountain leads,  
 Close by the Road, guirt in with Flowry Meads,  
 My Father's Ground and Orchards there, so neer  
 The Town, that thence you may one hollowing hear :  
 There stay untill thou think'st we are at home,  
 Then with all speed up to the City come ;  
 And for the Royal Palace then enquire,  
 Whose Walls not like *Pheacian* Tow'rs aspire,  
 And the left Child will shew thee ; then walk in,  
 First making thy addressee to the Queen :  
 Leaning against a Column, by the Fire  
 She sits, and Purple spins, Attendants by her :  
 My Fathers Throne and hers almost conjoyn,  
 Who God-like feasting, drink delicious Wine :  
 There her Petition ; if she condescends,  
 Thou soon shalt see thy Native Soyl and Friends.

This said, she lash'd her Mules, and guides the Reins,  
 They Print with Iron-shod Hoofs the dusty Plains,  
 They soon *Ulysses* and her Maids out-strip,  
 She not till Night indulgent to the Whip :  
 When *Pallas* Fane they reach'd, *Ulysses* stay'd,  
 And thus devoutly to the Goddess Pray'd ;

N

Hear

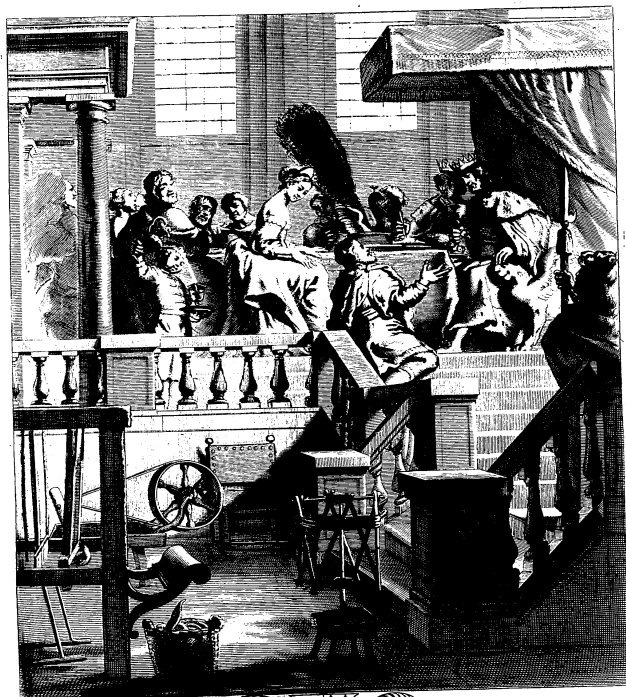
Hear me *Jove's* Daughter, to my Prayer ah ! lift,  
Who me so late 'gainst *Neptune* didst assist,  
And brought alive to the *Pheacian* Shore.

The Goddess heard her Suppliant implore,  
But yet for him not publicly appear'd,  
Because her Uncle's anger much she fear'd,  
Who raging would not be appeas'd, before  
*Ulysses* landed on his Native shore.

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HOMERS

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*Honoralissimo Domino*  
*Tabulam hanc*  *D<sup>o</sup> Johanni Boteler*  
*LMDDD I O L<sup>o</sup> 7*



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Alcinous Garden, Palace, where unseen  
Ulysses makes addresses to the Queen:  
The Cloud dispersing, he appears; all  
Are struck with admiration through the Hall.  
The pitying King barkens to his request:  
All promise fair; Arete knows his Vest.*



Hus to his Patroness *Ulysses*  
pray'd,  
Whilst to the Palace came the  
royal Maid.  
Ent'ring, her Brothers round a-  
bout her prest,

Took out her Mules, and carried in the Vest.  
She to her Chamber went, where her old Maid  
A fire, *Eurymedusa*, kindled had,  
Whom in her prime they from <sup>(a)</sup> *Apira* sent,  
And did t' *Alcinous* a choyce Guift present,

N 2

Born

(a) Though the Poet makes the  
Island of the *Phaenians* a kind of *Cy-  
prus*, yet from this place *Euryclides* ob-  
serves that the true position of it might  
be plac'd at *Apira* here being the  
proper name of the Country afterward  
call'd *Fthia*.



Born in a Vessel through the boyf'rous Main,  
Where, worship'd as a God, the King did Reign :  
She bred his daughter ; who her Chamber air'd,  
Nor to keep neat and handfom labour spar'd.

Whil'st on *Ulyses* going, *Pallas* shrouds  
Her Minion in a Cloak of Sable Clouds,  
Left the affronting <sup>(b)</sup> Rout should on him fet,  
Roughly examine, and as evilly treat.

No sooner he into the City gets,

But him *Minerva* like a Virgin meets,  
Bearing a Pitcher ; when *Ulyses* said ;

Direct me to the Palace, pretty Mayd,  
Where Reigns *Alcinous*, who these Realms commands ;  
I a poor Stranger come from forein Lands,  
Know none who in this Town or Country dwell.

Then said *Minerva* ; Sir, that can I well,  
My Father lives close by, but I desire  
For your own good, of none else to inquire ;  
Since we to Travellers that come from far,  
Uncivil and Inhospitable are :

For we boast Ships plow Brine, as Birds the Skies  
On Wings divide, or nimbler Fancie flies.

This said, away before he nimbly trips,  
He, following close, reprints the Goddess steps,  
And through the City went, unseen of proud  
*Phaeacians*, hid with an obfcur'd Cloud :  
Where he their Port and stately Ships admires,  
Their Forum, Bull-warks crown'd with lofty spires.  
But when they to the Royal Palace came,

This is the Court said the Celestial Dame,  
And thou shalt find our Princes Feasting there,  
Venture amongst them boldly, and not fear :  
Courage all bus'ness aids. When thou art in,  
Thou shalt behold *Arete* first, our Queen.

(b) The vulgar sort of People are prone to use opprobrious and contumacious words against strangers, as having no Commerce or Society with them : King *Danaus* tells his daughters, who fled with him out of *Aegypt* into *Creece*, among the rest of his instructions, *Exulytus Supplic.*

Πῶς δ' ἐν ὄμιλῳ γλῶττος ὀλέσῃς τῶν  
Καλῶν, οὐ γὰρ ἴσους δὲσφίσι πόσις καὶ ἄνθρωπος.

All men are ready Strangers to abuse :  
And easy we opprobrious language use.

Wherefore *Triam* shrouds the *Trojan*  
in a Cloud, as *Minerva* her *Ulyses*  
when they were to pass through *Carthage*, *Virgil.*

At Venus obsecro gradientes aere fissis,  
Et minto mbeula circum Dis fudit  
amilla :  
Certe ne quis eos, non quis contingere  
posset,  
Moluisse moram, aut venialit pascere  
causas.

But *Venus* with black Mists them walk-  
ing shrouds,  
And covers with a Cloak of Sable  
Clouds :  
I tell any should or touch them, or dis-  
cern,  
And by delays their craft of coming  
learn.

She and the King of one extraction are,  
To *Neptune*, *Peribea* *Nausibous* bare,  
*Eurymedon*'s youngest Child, who Gyants swai'd ;  
But he his People and himself destroy'd,  
*Rhexenor* and *Alcinous* he begot,  
*Rhexenor*, only Son, *Apollo* thot,  
Who left one Daughter in his royal House,

(c) *Arete*, whom her Uncle made his Spouse :

They both Admirers of each other are,  
Nere such a loving, nere a happier pair.  
Her Children with her are, and People took,  
And on the Queen, as if some Goddess, look.  
Who when she through the City drives her Coach,  
With joyful acclamations all approach,  
And their affections with loud shouts proclaim,  
Nor are her Virtues gloss'd by flatt'ring Fame ;  
She hears debates, their Causes too disputes,  
Chides the Litigious cuts of tedious suits.  
If her thou please, and once she condescends,  
Thou soon shalt see thy Country and thy Friends.

This said, the bright-ey'd Virgin thence departs,  
And fertile *Scheria*, crossing Seas, deserts,  
Flying to (d) *Marathon*'s *Athenian* Port,  
There entering (e) *Eretheus* royal Court.  
But on he going, stop'd with some Dispute,  
Ere he on Brazen Pavements set his Foot :  
For all the House shon like the radiant Moon,  
Or glorious lustre of the Sun at Noon.  
The inward Court conducting to the Hall,  
Inviron'd with a high and Brazen Wall,  
A Saphire Turret crown'd the Golden Doors,  
Which hung on Silver Jaumes o're Brazen Floors ;  
The Silver Threshold had a Golden edge,  
On each side Dogs, which *Vulcan* from the Wedge

(c) Out of this Genealogie it appears that *Arete*, was both the Wife and Niece of *Alcinous* : Which *Spoudonius* would have observ'd, he having no where else found mention of Marriages in those Relations. But whoever shall peruse the Orations of *Demosthenes*, and the rest of the *Greek* Orators, shall find such Marriages have been frequently practised by the *Grecians*.

(d) A Town in the district of *Athena*, celebrated for the famous Victory the *Athenians* obtain'd there over the *Medes* and *Perfians*.

(e) The King of *Athens*.



Next she sets Manchet, having spread the Board,  
Which she with store of various Dishes stor'd :  
Whilst Wine and Cates hunger and thirst allaid,  
Fill Bowls *Pontonus*, *Alcinous* said,  
That we to *Jove* may glad Libations pay\*,  
Who oft afflicts poor Pilgrims in their way :

This said, the Tables he with Wine supplies.  
When all had drank as much as might suffice,

*Alcinous* said ; You Princes, I'll impart  
The intimating dictates of my Heart ;  
Since it grows late, and we well Feasted are,  
Each to repose in his own House repair,  
And we to-morrow shall with more resort,  
Treat civilly this Stranger in our Court,  
And to the Gods larger Libations pay :  
Then We'll consult how we this Pilgrim may,  
Driven by cross Fortune on our happy Isle,  
Send home in safety to his Native Soyl :  
Then let the *Parce* do, when we have done,  
What, when his Mother brought him forth, they Spun.  
Most sure the Gods design some bus'ness here,  
For still before they accustom'd to appear,  
When Hecatombs we offer'd, as a Guest,  
They would with us sit down and freely Feast ;  
And if one met them Travelling alone,  
To him they alwaies would themselves make known,  
Because to them we are suppos'd as neer,  
As the proud *Cyclops* to the Gyants were.  
Then to the King *Ulysses* thus reply'd ;

Such cares *Alcinous*, please to lay aside.  
I am no God descended from the Sky,  
But such as you, a woful Mortal I :  
Only of Sorrows I much more have shar'd,  
All which the Gods for hapless me prepar'd.

And

And at convenient time I shall relate,  
But now, though grieving, suffer me to eat ;  
Nature's repair, the Bellies int'rest will  
Nere acquiesce, but calls and clamours still.  
Though now my Soul with sorrows is transpierc'd,  
Yet I must hunger satisfy, and thirst,  
And former Mis'ries in Oblivion drown.  
But would you please at leisure to propound,  
A means that me through Billows may transport,  
To my own Country and my Native Court,  
Where my dear friends my Dying Eyes might close,  
You make me blest'd after so many Woes.

His speech by them approved ; off they lay  
Farther inquiries till th' ensuing Day :  
When all with Wine well satisfied were,  
Each to repose in his own House repair ;  
And leave *Ulysses* in *Alcinous* Court,  
By the King sitting, and his dear Comfort :  
Whilst the Attendants thence the Boards convey'd,  
And routed Dishes, thus *Arete* said ;  
Knowing the Vest and Garment he had on,  
By her, and her fair Damsels Wove and Spun ;

Be pleas'd to satisfy me, noble Guest,  
From whence you came, and where you had that Vest,  
You said that you were driven on our Coast.

Then he reply'd ; Impossible almost,  
Great Queen, it is my sufferings to relate,  
So many were impos'd on me by Fate.  
Though my Soul shrink at what my Tongue must say,  
And flies the sad remembrance, I obey.

T' *Ogygia*, where no God nor Mortal else  
But *Atlas* Daughter, fair *Callyps* dwells,  
My Fortune drove me, that scarce ere indulg'd,  
When *Jove* my Ship with dreadful Thunder bulg'd :  
Where



When thus *Ulysses* pray'd; *Jove*, grant the King  
His good Design may to perfection bring,  
*Alcinous* grant immortal Fame, and me  
My dear Relations and my Home to see.

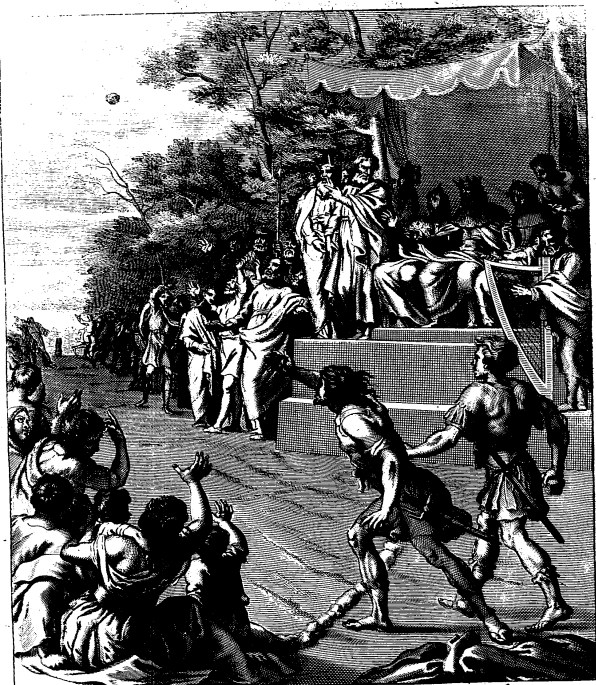
*Arete* then commands them make a Bed,  
And Purple ore and Royal Tap'stry spread.  
Damsels, with Tapers lighted, straight withdrew,  
And in the outward Porch her Bidding do:  
Returning they then to *Ulysses* said;

Sir, You may go to Rest, your Bed is made.  
He much desiring sleep gladly arose,  
And in resounding Portals took repose.  
*Alcinous* lay in Lodgings farther in,  
On a soft Couch prepared by his Queen.

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HOMERS

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Mobilissimo Domino D<sup>no</sup> Philippo Stanhop, Cruxi  
de Chesterfield Baroni Stanhop de Shelsford  
Tribulam hanc



MDCCCIO



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*A Counsel call'd, Alcinous moves the Court,  
That they the Stranger should safe home Transport.  
They Feast, then Sport, Ulysses all out flung.  
Their Bard the scapes of Mars and Venus Sung:  
The Grecian Steed. Ulysses Weeps: His name  
Then they desire to know, and whence he came.*



O sooner had the Daughter of  
the Dawn,  
With Rosie Fingers, Days Port-  
cullice drawn,  
But up *Alcinous* and *Ulysses*  
role:

Preceding all in state, *Alcinous* goes  
Then to the Guild, which rang'd before the Fleet;  
The Concourse there on polish'd Marble sit.  
Like the Kings Herald *Pallas* walks the Streets,  
And all concern'd, thus summons as she meets;

You

You Chiefs and Princes who these people sway,  
Haste to the Hall, to hear what he will say,  
Who to *Alcinous* Court so lately came,  
And like a God through swelling Billows swam.

Thus expectation heighten'd, Young and Old  
Filling their seats, with wonder him behold;  
Whilst on his head and shoulders *Pallas* sheds  
Celestial Raies; his ample Bosom spreads,  
Taller he grows, his Limbs more Brawny seem,  
A reverential awe and high esteem  
So to obtain, and better that he might  
Perform those Sports, to which they'd him invite.  
When all well fed and attentive were,

Thus said the King; You Chiefs and Princes here  
Assembled, thus on this occasion, list  
To softer dictates of my yielding breast;  
This Stranger here, who now your aid implores,  
If from the East he came, or Western Shores  
I'm not inform'd, but grant a Vessel may  
Him to his Native Soyl with speed convey:  
None, whoe'er my Court shall entertain,  
Shall long, for Transport waiting, here remain.  
Let straight a well Rigg'd Galley tight and staunch,  
Fifty two Youths, all primer Seamen, Launch,  
Oars, Sails prepare, strong Tackle and a Mast;  
Then at my Palace let them break their Fast:  
This for the Youth: But you our Princes shall  
Receive this Stranger in our royal Hall,  
Not any must refuse, and bring along  
*Demodocus*, whom with Celestial Song  
Some God inspir'd, who gains from all the Bays,  
For well-set Notes, and best compos'd Laics.

This said, he rising, forth the Princes leads,  
And for *Demodocus* the Herald speeds.

Twice

Twice twenty six, as he commanded, went  
To Margents of the barren Element:  
Soon as they were aboard they launch their Ship,  
Erect their Mast, and hoist their Yard a-trip;  
They thong their supple Oars, their Sails expand,  
Afloat their Vessel leaving, straight they Land,  
And to the Palace with great Concourse throng,  
The Gates and Waies were fill'd with old and young,  
For whom *Alcinous*, well-fed Bullocks two,  
Eight brawny Swine, and twelve fat Wethers, flew,  
Which neatly dress'd, a royal Treatment made:  
To Court *Demodocus* the Herald lead,  
On whom a Muse bestow'd both good and ill;  
Depriv'd of <sup>(a)</sup> Sight, but much improv'd his Skill.  
Him 'midst the Hall he gainst a Column plac'd,  
In a rich Chair with Silver Studds inach'd;  
Hung o're his head, his Golden Harp well strung,  
Upon a Pin, and shew'd him where it hung:  
Neer on a Table plac'd of antique Mould  
A brimming Bowl, to Drink when ere he would.  
Then all fell on, and plentifully fare:  
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
The Bard inspir'd, the acts of Heroes Sung,  
At whose resounding Fame Heav'n's Arches rung,  
*Ulysses* and *Achilles* <sup>(b)</sup> strife, when at  
A treatment of the Gods, they Feasting sat;  
But glad was *Agamemnon*, when he heard,  
How thus the Valiant'st of their Princes jar'd;  
*Phæbus* to him predicted so before,  
In *Pythia* vent'ring on his marble Floor,  
When two such Chiefs should at a Feast contend,  
Their tedious War and Miseries should end.  
This Story the inspired Poet Sung,  
But ore his Face, concern'd *Ulysses* flung

(a) The ancient Grammarians believe that the Poet doth describe himself here under the name of *Demodocus*, as *Didymus* and *Expanson* observe. For that himself was blind is generally deliver'd by Historians, particularly by *Hieronymus* in his life of *Homer*. The Acts of Heroes which *Demodocus* sung, they refer to *Homer's Iliad*.

(b) *Homer* doth in this Poem interweave several passages of the *Trojan War* which he omitted in his *Iliad*, whereof this is one, neither does he here tell us the subject of this strife between *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, which *Didymus* thus relates. At Table the question was started in what manner the City of *Troy* was to be taken, *Achilles* counsel'd to take it by storm, *Ulysses* by stratagem: This was the contention. But in *Quintus Smyrnaeus* this counsel is between *Ulysses* and *Nestor*, after the death of *Achilles*: in whom *Nestor* counsel'd to the proposition of *Ulysses*.

Ὁ Χάλκιος, ναυτοὶ μὲν ἴσθ' ἀνέστησαν ἀπὸ  
ἔργου  
Μέγας δ' ἄνδρ' ἰδὼς ἀνδρόντων ἀνδρῶν  
ἄριστον  
Ὀδυσσεὺς μάλιστα, τὸν οὖν ὅπως εἶπεν  
ἠέτι καὶ, &c.

O Chalcas, waitest men fight hand to hand,  
But wilt the foe from the walls withdraw,  
Shedd'st with fear, we justly may conclude.

Let us not think of Plot or Stratagem,  
Foremost let us with javelins try it out,  
They are the best in Battle are our stout.

His

His Purple Velt, veiling his honour'd Head,  
 Left they should spy those briny Tears he shed.  
 When the learn'd Bard clos'd with concluding Chords  
 Harmonious Notes set to Heroick words,  
 His face he shews, drying those trickling Floods,  
 And pours a frank Libation to the Gods.  
 But when the Chiefs desir'd, that he once more  
 Would Sing, what them delighted so before,  
 Again his manly Brow *Ulysses* veil'd,  
 And with his Mantle trickling Tears conceal'd :  
 Which straight *Alcinous* found, and sitting neer,  
 Thus said, whil't he his deep-fetch'd Sighs could hear ;  
     Renown'd *Pheacians*, who with Sails unfurl'd  
 Plow Azure Mountains through the watery World,  
 Since we are satisf'd with plenteous fare,  
 And Musick crowning Feasts, let us repair  
 Now to the Cirque, where all who boast, their Skill  
 And Strength may shew, that our brave Guest may tell  
 His Friends at home, none dare with us contest  
 At Running, Dauncing, Wrestling, and the <sup>(c)</sup> Cest :  
 The King, this said, leads through the yielding throng  
 The Princes, whil't the Harp *Pontoonus* hung  
 Upon a Pin, then guides the learned Bard  
 Forth to the *Forum*, where they all repair'd,  
 And sitting down, appointed places fill,  
 Whence many rose to shew their Strength and Skill,  
*Acroneus*, *Ocyall*, and *Elatrus* first ;  
*Nautus*, and *Prymneus*, from the Concourse burst ;  
*Anchialus*, *Eretnus*, *Ponteus* joyn,  
*Proteus*, bold *Thoon*, and *Anabafine* ;  
*Amphialus*, *Euryalus*, *Naubolides* the fair,  
 Whose Shape did with *Laodamas* compare :  
*Alcinous* Sons rose last to purchase Fame,  
*Halius*, *Clytonius*, and *Laodame*.

(c) The Cest is a piece of Brass tied about the hands of the Combatants with Leather thongs when they went to Cuffs. Several forms of them are to be seen in ancient Statues.

These

These run a Race ; they Start, and swift they fly,  
 Whil't Clouds of dusty Atomes dim the Sky :  
 And straight *Clytonius* got as far before,  
 As Mules will Oxen, plowing up twelve-score ;  
 Like winged Lightning he out-strip't the Wind,  
 And soon left all Competitors behind.  
 Others their skill in Wrestling put to test,  
 'Mongst whom *Euryalus* obtain'd the best.  
*Amphialus* at Leaping none out-goes :  
 The ponderous Quoit farthest *Elatrus* throws.  
 Not any could with *Laodame* compare  
 Wielding a Cestus. When they heated were,  
 Trying their Strength and Skill, the Prince thus said ;  
     Let us this noble Stranger, Sirs, persuade  
 To shew his Art, he hath been Courty bred :  
 His Thighs are brawny, well his Shoulders spread,  
 His Person well compact, and strongly Built :  
 But he who hath so many Sorrows felt,  
 May find impairs : not Sickness, Want, nor Age,  
 Impeach us more then Seas and Tempests rage ;  
 When they Dispute, the stoutest are convinc'd,  
 Then spake *Euryalus*, Brother well thou hint'st,  
 Try if thou can'st him to our Sports persuade.  
*Laodamas* then to *Ulysses* said ;  
     Come, Sir, be pleas'd to give a Tast of what  
 You in these Pastimes are most Skilful at ;  
 To have such parts a Traveller behoves ;  
 What more the growth of Spreading Fame improves,  
 Then Natures bounties polish'd with Art ;  
 Come shake off eating Sorrows from your Heart :  
 Not long will be your stay ; Launch'd is your Ship,  
 Ready your Men, and your fur'd Sails a-trip.  
 Why ask'st thou me, *Ulysses* then retorts,  
 Who more inur'd to Sorrow am then Sports ?

P

Much



Much I have suffer'd, and must more endure,  
But I, an humble Supplyant, would procure,  
To Wait me home, the King and People's said.  
To whom *Euryalus* then roughly said :

Thou hast no Courty qualities to spare,  
Nor gentle parts, though they so numerous are,  
But look'st like one who us'd to Travel, hast  
Preferment got, and rul'st before the Mast,  
Mak'st their accounts, and covetous keep'st short  
Their Meat and Pay ; sure thou no Horseman art.  
Whom frowning on, *Ulyses* thus did cool ;

What ere I am, thou bablest like a Fool,  
And do'st uncivilly a Stranger use :  
*Jove* not on all men equal Gifts bestows,  
That not so much we praise for outward parts,

As for his <sup>(d)</sup> Eloquence and nobler Arts ;  
Whom for his modest speaking, Rich and Poor,  
Love and admire, and as a God adore :  
The other, though his form Celestial seem,  
Prates like a Dunc, and looeth all esteem :  
So thou may'st Heaven for thy fair outside thank,  
Who art a scrib'd Volumn, or a Blanck :  
But since my Patience th' hast provok'd, and spake  
What ill becoms thee, and I worser take :  
I not so ill-bred am as now thou say'st,  
But stood amongst the primer Heroes plac'd,  
Whil'st in my Flow'r ; but Craz'd I'm now grown stiff,  
My Spirits with accumulated grief,  
And toyl, much wasted, where I oft engag'd,  
Whil'st bloody *Mars* or cruel *Neptune* rag'd ;  
And since thou hast provok'd me thus, I will  
Make tryal of my long neglected Skill.

Not casting off his Vest, this said, a Stone  
He flingeth up, a far more ponderous one,

Then

(d) That is, his deformity is recompens'd by his Eloquence and Grace in Speaking. So faith *Suppos* of her self in *Ovid*,

*Si mihi difficilis formam Natura negavit,  
Ingenuo forma damna rependo meo.*

If Nature hath deny'd me beauty, yet  
That want I shall supply with ready Wit.

Then the *Pheacians* use : The heavy Flint  
With violence went, as *Pluto* had been in't,  
And flying ore their Heads, They stoop, it goes,  
Then breaks new Ground beyond all former throws :  
When in a Humane shape th' illustrious Maid,  
Fixing a mark, thus to the Concourse said ;

A blind Man may discern how much thou hast  
Out-gon the rest, none here shall mend this Cast.

These words boy'd up *Ulyses* sinking Heart,  
Glad he had found a Friend would take his part :

And thus he mildly said ; My Masters throw,  
This I not question but I can out-go,  
And since I am provok'd, I dare the best  
To Wrattle, Run, or poise the ponderous Cest,  
Except *Laodamas* my dearest friend,  
I challenge all who will with such contend ;  
None but a fool, and such they are abuse,  
And thus uncivilly a Stranger use.

At any of your Exercises I  
Here challenge forth the proudest, and desie ;  
With skill and strength I draw an able Bow,  
To reach at randome the advancing Foe :  
When we at wary distance held dispute,  
Me onely <sup>(e)</sup> *Philotes* could out-shoot,  
And *Trojans* Gall ; let none with me compare,  
Who now tread Earth, and breath Etherial Aire.  
I'll not with ancient Heroes have to do,  
Such as *Alcides*, and <sup>(f)</sup> *Eurytus* ; who  
With Deities in shooting would contend :  
*Eurytus* so met his untimely end,  
And never in his Palace aged grew ;  
Him emulating vext *Apollo* flew.

As far as you can shoot I'll cast a Spear ;  
At running I may worsted be I fear,

P 2

But

(e) Of *Philotes*'s skill in Archery. as also of his Army, the Poet makes mention in his *Iliad*,

*Τὸν δ' ἀσπίδων ἄρ' ἔσθ' ἄλλος ἄνθρωπος,  
ἔσθ' ἄνθρωπος ἔσθ' ἄνθρωπος ἔσθ' ἄνθρωπος,  
ἔσθ' ἄνθρωπος ἔσθ' ἄνθρωπος ἔσθ' ἄνθρωπος.*

These *Philotes*, skilful at his Bow,  
Lead in seven Ships, each fifty Men  
did row :

These were good Archers, cunning,  
fast and strong.

When he was defec'd by the *Grecians* in the life of *Lemon*, by his Bow he found himself provision according to *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, lib. 13.

*Et nunc ille, eadem mihi juratus in arma,  
(Hic pars mea Ducum) quo successere  
satis  
Hiculis attinet, fractus morboque  
lameque,  
Vinciturque alitque acuit, volucresque  
quiescit,  
Dolus Trojans taceat, spicula satis,*

Now *Philotes* who in the same War Engag'd with us (oh unhappy Star!) Who us'd *Alcides* Bow, poor hungry Soul With sickness broken, lives by hunting fowl. To kill small Birds shot: Darts doth now employ, Which have been the destruction of *Troy*.

(f) King of *Orchalis*, in the Island of *Erebus*, who profer'd his beautiful Daughter *Pele* to any who could match him in the skill of Archery ; wherein being overcome by *Hercules*, and denying to stand to his proffer, was slain by him, the City raz'd, and his Daughter carried away Captive. This is the History of *Eurytus* according to the rest of the *Greek* Writers ; but which differs somewhat from this relation of *Homer*.

But still at Sea and alwaies under Sail,  
My limbs grow stiff, my Knees and Anckles fail.

This said, admiring all, none silence brake,  
When to *Ulysses* thus *Alcinous* spake;

Mov'd by that temper guards thy noble Breast  
Well, though provok'd, thou hast thy self exprest,  
That haft rude tears with modest glancings check'd;

None on thy parts will cast a mean respect,  
Who to good Breeding hath the least pretence.

Now, Sir, be pleas'd to give me Audience,

That thou to other Heroes may'st report,

When with thy Wife and Children, at thy Court

Feasting thou sit'st, What mighty *Jove* imparts,  
On us intailing Wealth and noble Arts.

We Waffle well, and strongly wield the Cest,  
At Running are, and Navigation best,

We always Treat; love dances and the Lyre,  
Soft Beds, warm Bathes, and change of rich Attire.

Our Dancers bid prepare, that he may tell  
His Friends at home, how much we all excell:

Let one straight for *Demodocus* repair,  
And bring his Harp, of which pray have a care.

This said, thence for the Lyre his Herald goes:  
Nine Masters of the Revels then arose,  
Who drove the People back, and more room made.

The Harp brought in, *Demodocus* not staid,  
But went into the mid't; prime Youth advance,  
And plac'd in Figures, round about him Dance.

*Ulysses* much their Movings did admire,  
Whist he sung sweetly to his charming Lyre  
The escapes of *Mars* and *Venus*, how he sped,  
When first he brought him to her Husbands Bed:  
How their stoll sports the Sun to him declar'd,  
And how the news the Jealous chafing heard;

(g) The Greek and Latin Poets do luxuriate in this theme of the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*: we shall only take notice of *Ovid's* description of it in his 2. Book *De arte amandi*;

*Fabula narratur tota notissima Cui,  
Atque liberos capiti Marique Venule  
dedit.*

*Mars poterat in Veneris turbari a-*  
*more.*

*De duce terribili saltus amator erat,*  
*&c.*

There is a Tale through all Heaven  
known well yet,

*Jove* took *Mars* and *Venus* in a Net:  
scorch'd with the Goddess flames, the  
God of War,

From a flout Leader, turns a soft A-  
mourer.

Nor sue, then whom no Goddess is  
more kind,

Prov'd coy or ill-bred, but affections  
joy'd.

How oft the giggling wanton merry  
made

At *Vulcan's* feet, and hands hard with  
his Trade?

To *Mars* walk'd limping in her Huf-  
band's shoes,

Each Beauty mingled with a several  
Grace.

At first their sweet Embraces were  
conceal'd,

And bashful modesty their Love-tricks  
veil'd.

But by the Sun (who can deceive the  
Sun?)

His Wives escapes were to her Huf-  
band known:

When round their amorous Bed lay  
*Vulcan's* feet,

Which no Eye could perceive, ingeni-  
ous Nets;

To *Lemnos* then a Journey feign'd:  
they met.

Both naked ly' infolded in the Net.  
*Vulcan* the Gods then summons to the  
sport,

*Venus* was weeping ripe, as they report.  
They could not hide their Faces, nor  
conceal

Parts with their hand, which Modesty  
would veil.

When *Hermes* smiling said, Stout  
*Mars* on me

Thy Fetters lay, if burthenome to  
thee.

He knee'd for thy sake, *Nepheus*, them  
unites:

When *Mars* to *Cretes*, *Venus* to *Pa-*  
*phos* flies.

Who at his Forge straight Anvil'd out a Chain,  
Whole Lincks not force nor cunning could constrain:

Then raging to his Chamber went; and spread  
The artificial Gin about his Bed:

The Cordage, like the threads that Spiders spin,  
Could not b' Immortals be, nor Mortals, feen.

Then feign'd to <sup>(h)</sup> *Lemnos* (which he most did love  
Of all his Seats) that streight he would remove.

*Mars* takes the hint, wounded by conquering Love,  
And went to *Venus*, new return'd from *Jove*:

Then by the fair Hand gently wringing, said;

Dear, let's repose now on our royal Bed,  
*Vulcan's* from home. She not repects, this said,

But *Mars* unto her Husbands Couch convey'd,  
From whence they could not stir, nor rise again:

Soon they perceive all struggling prov'd in vain.

The Sun told *Vulcan* they were in the toyl,  
Who never went unto the *Lemnian* Soyl:

He, stepping ore his Threshold, not contain'd  
His grief and rage, but thus aloud complain'd;

That all the Gods his hideous Cry might hear;

O *Jove*, and all you blessed pow'rs, draw near  
That you may see, how much I injur'd am,

Because I hate, thus indigent and lame,

By my lascivious Wife, who in my stead

With *Mars*, Ah me! contaminates my Bed,  
Because his Limbs are straight: nor is't my fault,

But those begot me, that I thus do hate.

See how they dallying ly, devoyd of shame,

Of which wrong'd I, a sad spectator am:

But I believe these Lovers I shall keep,

Longer then they would willing be a-sleep;

My Art secures them in a Brazen Chain,  
Till *Jove* repay me her vast Dow'r again;

(h) An Island near unto *Thrace*,  
where *Vulcan* was received when he  
was thrown down from Heaven, ac-  
cording to our Poet in his *Iliads*;

"ὅταν γὰρ πρὸς ἑσθλὴν ἀνδρὶ κενεῖται γυναῖκα  
ἔρως ἄνθρωπον ἄνθρωπον ἀνδρὶ ὁμοῖον  
ἴσας αἰσῶν ὁμοῖον, ἴσας αἰσῶν ὁμοῖον  
ἴσας αἰσῶν ὁμοῖον"

"ἵνα γὰρ πρὸς ἑσθλὴν ἀνδρὶ κενεῖται  
γυναῖκα ἄνθρωπον ὁμοῖον ἴσας  
αἰσῶν ὁμοῖον ἴσας αἰσῶν ὁμοῖον  
ἴσας αἰσῶν ὁμοῖον"

He once did take me by the foot, when I  
Came to thy aid, and threw me from the  
Sky:  
All day I was a falling, and at night  
Did slough out of breath in *Lemnos*  
light:  
There the kind Sinitians pitying took me  
up.

Whence ever after it was held Sacred  
to him: but the Mythologists rather  
think it, because there were frequent  
eruptions of Subterraneous fire in  
that Island, with many other Sym-  
ptoms of heat, amongst which is  
reckoned by the later Writers, that  
Earth vulgarly call'd *terra sigillata*  
fer'd it from thence, but which was not  
known in the time of our Poet.

Who

Which



And may the Gods thee, harra's'd with much toyl,  
To thy dear Wife return and Native Soyl.

*Ulysses* then reply'd; May the same Gods  
Grant thee all blessings in thy own Abode;  
And that this Sword no more thou shalt desire,  
Which thou bestow'lt, thus reconciling Ire.

This said, the Sword he 'thwart his Shoulders flings,  
And growing dark, rich presents from the Kings  
Their Heralds carried to *Alcinous* House,  
Which straight his Sons set by his beauteous Spouse:  
He leading, all the Chiefs in order fate,  
Then spake *Alcinous* to his Royal Mate;  
Rise straight my Dear, and choose a handfom Chest,  
In which first lay a Robe and curious Vest:  
And bid them for this Stranger get a Bath,  
Then let him all those costly Gifts he hath  
Receiv'd from us, see carefully put up;  
Then him we'll Feast, and I'll this golden Cup  
Present, that me he may to memory call,  
*Jove* and the Gods Libating in his Hall.

This said, *Arete* straight her Damsels did  
Command, to set a Trevet on with speed;  
On which the largest of her Caldrons fix,  
Then put in Water, and put under Sticks,  
Whilst from her chamber down she brought a Chest,  
In which the Princes Gifts, the Bowl, and Vest,  
*Alcinous* gave too, in the folding laid,  
And her own Presents adding, thus then said; (sleep

Now <sup>(m)</sup> Mail your Trunk, Sir, well, left whilst you  
Secure, transported through the swelling Deep,  
Something be lost. *Ulysses* straight obey'd,  
And up the Chest, as *Gree* taught him, made.  
Then to a Bath chaf Virgins him invite,  
Which he straight enter'd with no small delight:

For

(m) He bids him bind the cover of the Chest: for Keys were not in use in the time of our Poet, but were invented afterwards by the *Lacedaemonians*.

For never since he left the *Ogygian* Queen,  
Who Bath'd him oft, had he warm Water seen.  
When he had wash'd and 'noynted, him they dress'd,  
Put on his under Garments and his Vest:  
Then went he to the Feast. *Nauficaa*, by  
A Pillar standing, his approach did spy,  
Whom much admiring when she had survey'd,

Hail noble Stranger, hail dear Sir, she said;  
When thou behold'st thy Friends and dearest Wife,  
Remember me who first preserv'd thy life.

Then smoothly he reply'd; Best Princess, may  
So *Jove* me to my Native Soyl convey,  
Where I shall thee there as a <sup>(n)</sup> Goddess serve,  
Whilst Breath I draw, who did'st my Life preserve.

This said, he next *Alcinous* took his Seat,  
Whilst they rich Wine commix'd, and serv'd in Meat,  
The Herald in *Demodocus* convey'd,  
And 'gainst a Column plac'd; *Ulysses* said  
Then to *Pontonous* (Carving from the Chine,  
A savoury Morfel of a well-fed Swine)

This to *Demodocus* be pleas'd to bear,  
And tell him, though unfortunate we are,  
Yet I a Poet honour, and admire  
Their Raptures, since the *Muses* them inspire.

This said, the Herald brought him what he sent,  
Which he received with no small content.  
Then all fell on, and plentifully fare:  
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
*Ulysses*, to *Demodocus*, thus says;

Sir, You I must beyond all Mortals praise,  
Since *Pallas* you, or *Phaebus* taught so well  
Those Miseries, which the *Greeks* at *Troy* befall,  
To sing as if th'hadst been Spectator there;  
Of *Epeus* Horse could I now something hear,

Q

Which

(n) So saith *Virgil*, in the form of a Shepherd, of *Aeneas*:

— *Deus natus hoc esse fecit,  
Namque eris ille mihi semper Deus,  
illius aram  
Saepe tener vestris ab oculis instructus  
signis.*

This quiet, Shepherd, from a God we found;  
For he shall be my God: oft from the  
Dain  
I'll bath his Altars with a tender Lamb.

Which he by *Pallas* aid so rarely wrought,  
Which within Walls *Ulysses* cunning brought,  
Pregnant with *Grecian* arms, and *Trojan* Fate :  
If this thou truly could'st to me relate,  
I, through the World, should trumpet thy Deferts,  
Whom some kind power inspires with heavenly Arts.

This said, He sung, and in an *Epick* Strain,  
Told how the *Greeks* launch'd to the boy's rous Main ,  
Firing their Camp, and how they lurking hid,  
Throng'd round *Ulysses* in the mighty Steed,  
When that the *Trojans* had with all their pow'r,  
Drawn the stupendious Monster to the Tow'r,  
There they consulted if the hollow Oak  
Should be rip'd up, or tumbled ore the Rock,  
Or let him stand : on this they fix'd, since *Troy*  
Fate had decreed the *Greeks* should destroy :  
And how those Caverns leaving, down they came,  
And plunder'd *Ilium* fir'd with hostile flame :

Whil'st *Menelaus* and <sup>(c)</sup> *Ulysses* went  
Where lay *Deiphobus*, with dire intent.  
A dreadful conflict in his Court they had,  
But soon were Conquerors by *Pallas* aid.

Thus sung the Poet, whil'st *Ulysses* sleeps  
His Cheeks with tears, and as a Woman weeps,  
Her dearest Lord imbracing on the Plain,  
For's Country fighting, and his Children slain,  
Or seeing him in Deaths Convulsions ly,  
Falls on him groning with a doleful Cry ;  
But they strike on, and drag the Pris'ner, where  
If he survive, must feel more Toy and Care :  
So sad *Ulysses* briny tears distills,  
Perceived by *Alcinous*, and none else,  
Who sitting nearest heard him Sigh and Grone :  
Then to the Princes thus their King begun ;

You

You Peers and Princes now assembled here,  
Give order that *Demodocus* forbear :  
Perhaps his Notes not pleasing are to all  
The joyful Feasters in our royal Hall,  
Our Guest in sighs strikes Diapazons, such  
Are his regrets, he answers every touch,  
Lavishing Tears since he begun his Song ;  
The Laws of Hospitality not wrong ;  
And since this Banquet we for him prepar'd,  
Our Supplyant as a Brother let's regard.

Now, Sir, be pleas'd you would your self declare,  
Where you were born, and what your Parents are,  
And your Abroads, that so we may instruct  
Our Ship, you to your Country to conduct:  
We use nor Helm, nor Helm's-men ; our tall Ships  
Have Souls, and plow with reason up the Deeps ;  
All Cities, Countries, know, and where they list,  
Through Billows glide, veil'd in obscuring Mist:  
Nor fear they Rocks, nor danger in the way ;  
But once I heard my Sire *Nautilus* say,  
*Neptune* enrag'd, because we did transport  
So many People safe, from Port to Port,  
Returning he one Vessel sunk, which still  
Shadows our City like a mighty Hill.  
The Gods their pleasure do : But let me know,  
From whence thou cam'st, and whither you would go ;  
If amongst Rusticks, Impious and Poor,  
Or civil Nation who the Gods adore :  
You wept hearing *Demodocus* relate,  
In well-set Notes, the *Greeks* and *Trojan* Fate ;  
These are the Gods designs, and all must dy,  
And make bold Tales for their Posterity :  
But tell me, have you in the *Grecian* Hoast  
At *Troy*, a Kinsman, Friend, or Brother lost ?

Q 2

Though

(c) *Deiphobus* had married *Helén* after the death of his Brother *Paris*, which exasperated *Menelaus* so far, that he seems to have desired his slaughter beforehand : but that *Ulysses* accompanied him in this encounter, is not related by *Quintus Smyrnaeus*, who delivers it thus,

Καὶ τότε δὲ Μενελάου καὶ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι  
ἀντιθέσθαι ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύος ἀντιθέσθαι

*Deiphobus* then *Menelaus* sp'd,  
Who found him flaming in fair *Helén*'s  
Bed,  
Who frighted thence did in the Palace  
lie,  
But he rejoys to see his Foe's fall dy'd.

Though oft a dear Companion's loss we more,  
Then our own Blood or neer Allies, deplore.

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HOMERS

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# HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

## THE NINTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

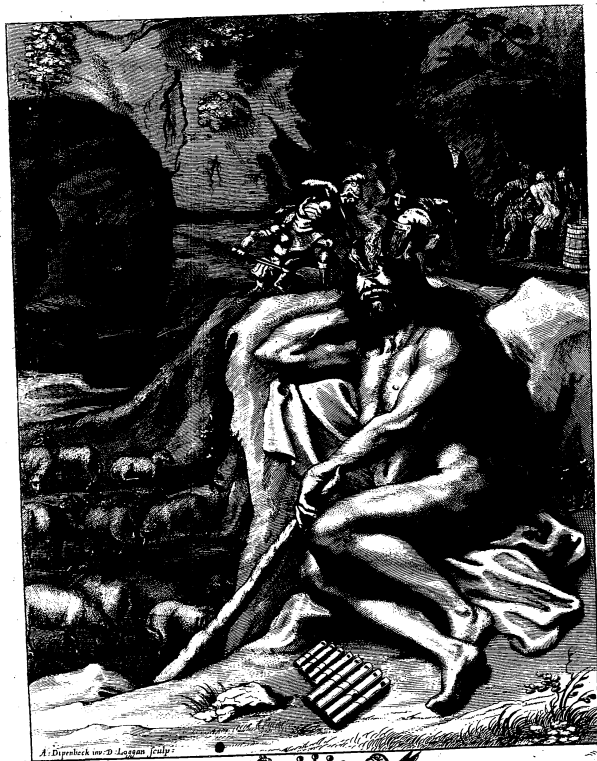
*His tedious wandering, and his various Fates,  
Ulysses to th' Assembled Peers relates;  
Ciconians, Lotophagie, and how soft  
By Storms, he fell on the Cyclopien Coast.  
Huge Polyphemus eats six Men, he burns  
His Eye out, escapes, and thence reveng'd returns.*



**H**EN said Ulysses; Most re-  
nowned King,  
To hear a Poet his own raptures  
Sing,  
With such a ravishing and Hea-  
venly Voice,

As would both Mortals and the Gods rejoice,  
Heightens your Entertainment, and our Souls  
Cheers, more then laden Boards, or flowing Bowls.  
But since you'd rather hear my woful Tale,  
And me afresh past Miseries bewail,

Al,



*Nobilissima Domina D<sup>ca</sup>  
de Chesterfield Tabulam*



*Elizabetha Comitissa  
hanc MDCCLIO est g.*

Ah, how shall I begin! what first relate!  
How toft and harras'd by relentless Fate:  
*Laertes* Of-fpring I, *Ulysses* am,  
My Person you preserv'd, the Stars my Fame;  
My Kingdom *Ithaca*, *Xeritos* Hill,  
Checker'd with Groves, I Pasture on and Till.  
Many rich Isles ly scatter'd therè 'mong Floods,  
(4) *Dulichium*, (5) *Samos*, (6) *Zanbus*, crown'd with Woods,  
Which Barren, yet breeds hardy Youth and bold,  
Then which, no Land I rather would behold;  
Though fair *Calypso* I, and *Circes* Bed  
Enjoy'd, both Amorous, courting me to Wed:  
Whofe Wealth, nor Charms, nor flatt'ries wrought on  
I long'd my Native Country more to fee, (me;  
My Parents and relations to behold,  
Then Riches to enjoy, and Roofs though Gold.  
But I shall now difcoursè what little joy  
The Gods prepar'd for us, launch'd off from *Troy*.

First we *Ciconia* reach'd with prosperous Gales,  
Where *Ismarus* took, we put to Sword the Males,  
Our Prize their Riches, Wives, and Daughter made:  
Then I bid haft aboard, they not obey'd,  
But Sheep and Cattel slaughtering on the Shore,  
Heighten'd with Wine their high diftemper more.  
Mean while the fleet *Ciconians* gave th' Alarm,  
And fuddenly the neighbouring Confines Arm,  
Far more and better Souldiers; who put to't,  
Would quit well mannag'd Steeds and fight on Foot:  
Early on us they fall; nor could the Spring,  
Must'ring her Leaves and Flow'rs, fuch numbers bring.  
Then *Jove* declar'd, what he design'd before;  
Who much had suffer'd, now muft fuffer more.  
They March to us in Bodies deep and large,  
And with sharp Spears, on th' Ocean's Margents charge.

Whilft

(4) One of the *Echinades*, afterwards call'd *Dulichis*, as we have already prov'd out of *Strabo*.

(5) A City in *Cerchallania*, under whose name the Poet here denotes the whole Island.

(6) A fruitful Island, now call'd *Zani*.

(4) A City of *Thrace*, inhabited by the *Ciconians*, who came to the fuccour of the *Trojans*, as appears in the fecond of the *Iliad*, where among the reft of the *Trojan* Auxiliaries,

*Εὐφύμιος δ' ἄλκιβητος Κίρκης ἰσχυροῦ,*  
*Τὴν Τροίηνος δὲ Κίρκης ἰσχυροῦ.*

*Euphemus led the valiant Ciconians on,*  
*Grand-child to glorious Ceres, Tro-*  
*zens Son.*

Whilft Mörning grew, and facred Day arofe,  
So long we match'd our overpowering Foes:  
But when the Sun declin'd into the West,  
The desperate Enemy had much the best;  
And fix from every Vessel there were slain,  
The rest got off, and plow'd the boyfterous Main.  
But ere we ply'd our Oars, or Canvafs spread,  
We thrice (7) invok'd the *Mænæ*s of the Dead,  
When *Jove* a Tempest rais'd, and in a trice,  
Muff'd with Clouds both Earth, the Sea, and Skies,  
And we dispers'd, off from our Course were born,  
Our Mafts were shatter'd, Sails and Tackle torn,  
Our fripery up we hurl'd, and fearing Death,  
Draw near the Shore, there toying out of Breath  
Two Nights and Days we lay; th' ensuing Dawn  
Again we rais'd our Mafts, clapt Canvafs on,  
And then the prosp'rous Winds our Fleet had bore,  
Perhaps in safety to my native Shore,  
But doubling (7) *Mæne*s poynt a Tempest bare  
Us from (8) *Cythera* back: nine days we were  
Toft with cold Winds upon the raging Main,  
The tenth, the (9) *Lotophagian* Coasts we gain,  
Who feed on Flow'rs; we din'd, and water'd there:  
When Thirst and Hunger fatisfied were,  
Two then, to make Discovery, I fent,  
Of our prime Men, with them a Herald went;  
Who found the *Lotophagi* plant'd there,  
They pleafant *Lotus* did for them prepare,  
Not meaning harm; for they who *Lotus* eat  
Nere mind returning to their native Seat:  
These, whil't they threek, acting diftracted Franks,  
I forc'd aboard, and fasten'd to their Banks;  
Then shipt I all the rest, lest they should eat  
Sweet *Lotus*, and their Native Soyl forget.

Who

(7) It was the opinion of the ancient *Grecians*, that the Souls of thofe who were unburi'd, were not admitted into the common Reception, until the Funerall Rites were perform'd. We have an example of this, *Il. 23*, in *Petrus*, *Odysseus* *τὴν μέγα μῆκος δίδω μῆκος*, *ὅστις ἐν ὁπότερ' ἔσται, αὐτὸν ἐκταῖ*, *ὅστις ἐν αὐτῇ αὐτὸν ἐκταῖ*, *ὅστις ἐν αὐτῇ αὐτὸν ἐκταῖ*, *ὅστις ἐν αὐτῇ αὐτὸν ἐκταῖ*.

(8) *Cythera*, *Virgil* also *Æneid. 6*, *Hæc omnia quæ cernis superhumata*, *quæ turbas*, *(Epitaph)*, *Positis the Chæron, hæc quæ vult unda*, *Næ ripas dætor horrendas, nec rursus*, *(Epitaph)*, *Transportare prius, quam scilicet ossa*, *Centum erant annis, voluntarius hæc*, *littora circum*.

Thofe woful Souls (thou seest, are not Inter'd) (scoldier), Thats Chæron, thofe he wasts, a few None are transported ore thesè torrid Waves, (Graves), Until their bones find quiet there: A hundred years they on the Coasts remain,

At last a long expected passage gain. Wherefore, when any were thus in a foreign Country, when their Friends had not opportunity of performing the Funerall solemnities, they call'd over the names of the Dead, inviting them, as it were, to return with them, where they had an honorary Monument, and all Rights perform'd as if the bodies of the Dead were there present. *Pindar*, *Pyth. Od. 4*, *— δῖον δ' ἀνέστη*, *ἵκεν ἄνδρ' ὅστις δὲ δὴν ἔσται*, *ἵκεν ἄνδρ' ὅστις δὲ δὴν ἔσται*.

(9) *Lotus*, *Virgil* also *Æneid. 6*, *Thos magis præpærat mensis*, *For Phænxus he commands to the aboard Of King *Æneas* to bring home his Soul.* Where the *Scholiast* says, that *Æneas* the *Confem* of the *Grecians*, change they procur'd not the bodies of the dead, yet by certain Circumstances to recall their Souls, who dy'd in camp, and to transport them into their own Country along with them. *Æschylus* also observes upon this place, that the *Lotophagi*, whenever they lost any men at Sea, went presently to the shore, call'd thence the names of the slain, and rais'd a *Lotophagium*, where they made them the *Parastasis*.

(7) A Promontory in the *Adria*, where Navigation was so dangerous, that it became a Proverb,

*Μακρὸν ἰσχυρὸν, ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ ἑσπέρῃ,*  
*ὅστις γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ ἑσπέρῃ*.

(g) The nearest Island to *Ætolia*, in which there was a secure Port, and a City of the same name with the Isle.

(h) The Ancients agree not in the fear of these *Lotophagi*. *Arimandrus* says that they induced the Officers of *Africa*, South of *Amarantia*, from the *Atlantic* Ocean even to *Cyrenæ*. Others say, that it is the Island *Ætolia*, which lies before the *Hellespontus*, which is here denoted: because there is abundance of those *Lotus* trees in that Island, which bear a very pleafant fruit; and an Altar of *Opifis* is still remaining.



(i) The Cyclops inhabited the Mountain of *Ætna*, and the Country of the *Leontini* in Sicily. So *Eurypides* understood it, in whole Cyclops (speaking of the approach of *Ulysses*, and his Followers, to the Den of *Polyphemus*) *Silvanus* thus complains,

These men shall be soon dæmoniac  
 Πανόρμος οὐκ ἴδω, ἔκτανος ἔκτανος  
 Τὴν δ' ἑλπίδιον, ὁ δὲ δαίμονος ἄνθρωπος  
 Τὴν δ' ἑλπίδιον, ὁ δὲ δαίμονος ἄνθρωπος  
 Ἄνδρες, ὅπως γινώσκω τὴν ἐκείνων  
 ἵδωσι μὲν ἄλλοις ἄλλοις ἄνθρωποις.

Unhappy Strangers! they are who ever come,  
 Not knowing what a Master's Poly-  
 theme,  
 Arriving at this insupportable Cave,  
 Whose raging Gorge must be the wretches' Grave.

But quiet be, that they may give account  
 From whence they came to the Sicilian Mount.

They were to call'd, because they had  
 a round eye in the middle of their fore-  
 heads, according to Hesiod,

Ὀφθαλμοὶ δ' ὅσους ἴσως ἄνθρωποι ἔσονται  
 ὅσους ἄνθρωποι ἔσονται ὅσους ἄνθρωποι ἔσονται

The name of Cyclops was on them be-  
 flow'd,  
 From our round eye, which in their fore-  
 head shew'd.

Who fettered, brush'd the briny deep with Oars :  
 At last, we sad reach the <sup>(i)</sup> Cyclopi<sup>a</sup>n Shores,  
 Who the Gods trusting neither Plant nor Sow,  
 Where all things without human Labour grow,  
 Wheat, Barly, Vines, whose Clusters fill the Prefs,  
 And timely Show'rs from Jove give large increase.  
 These by no supreme Pow'r, or Laws, are ty'd,  
 But in vast Caves on Mountain tops reside :  
 And their own Courts, and Wives, and Children sway,  
 Not minding Kings, nor Parlements obey.

An Isle, this lay distant amidst the Floods,  
 Stor'd with fat Goats, and Cloath'd with shady Woods  
 By Swains untracked, and fierce Hunters, who  
 Through Forests, Hills, and Dales, their Game pursue.  
 This Ground no fleecy Flocks, nor Cattel feeds,  
 Nor Plow breaks up, but fattens wanton Kids ;  
 They build no Ships, who plow with sails unfurl'd  
 The briny Ocean round about the World :  
 Their own they keep, nor seek to people more,  
 Nor want they have, verging with Meads the Shore ;  
 So light the unforc'd Soyl, so fat the Ground,  
 It would with Vines, and purest Wheat, abound :  
 Land lock the Bay, where Ships might safely Ride,  
 Without an Anchor, or a Cable ty'd :

Just in the Harbours mouth a Fountain flows,  
 Shaded with *Aldar* : ere the Moon arose,  
 Hither VVe came, some God did us asfist,  
 Obscur'd with Night, and cover'd with a Mist,  
 Ere well aware by a swollen Billovv hurl'd  
 Upon the Shore, straight vve our Sails unfurl'd,  
 Then landing, on the Oceans margents lay,  
 In sweet Repose, expecting blessed Day.  
 No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,  
 With rose Fingers days Portulicce drawn,

But

But we admiring walk along the Shore,  
 Whil'st kinder *Nymphes* put mountain Goats up store  
 Us to refresh ; for Bows, and Spears we sent,  
 And in three Companies divid'd went :  
 Venon we slew ; Twelve Ships our Fleet, they Nine  
 On each bestow'd, and Ten fat Goats on mine.  
 Till Night we feasting fat, and rich Wine dranc ;  
 And though our full Borachios were grown land,  
 Some yet remain'd which we at *Ismar* had :  
 Wee drawing nigh the Cyclops Isle furvaid,  
 Hearing their Goats, and Sheep, grown Night we lay  
 Upon the Shore expecting blessed Day.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn  
 With rose fingers Days Portulicce drawn,  
 When to the rest I said ; Stay on this Shore  
 Till with my Vessel, I yon Isle explore,  
 If Rusticks dwell there, Cruel, and Unjust,  
 Or Civil People who in Gods do trust.

Aboard we go, and weigh, in order'd Ranks  
 Brushing the briny Spry upon their Banks.  
 Drawn neer the Shore, a Cavern we furvaid,  
 Which Laurel cover'd with a pleasant Shade,  
 Where Sheep, and fat Goats lay : cut from the Rocks  
 Appear'd a Court built high with Pines, and Oaks.  
 Here a Huge Gyant dwelt, who kept alone  
 His Flocks, a Monster that convers'd with None :  
 Who a prodigious size shew'd when he stood,  
 Like a tall Mountain crown'd with stately Wood.  
 Then twelve stout Men along with me I took,  
 The rest commanding to the Vessel look,  
 And a Borachio full of mighty Wine,  
 Which <sup>(k)</sup> *Maron* gave me who kept *Phæbus* Shrine ;  
 Who dwelt neer *Ismarus* ; because his life  
 We had preserv'd his Children and his Wife :

R Fearing

(k) It seems that the City of *Marone* in *Thrace*, near adjoyning to *Ismarus*, receiv'd its name from this *Maron*.



Of us like Whelps, and dash'd against the floor,  
 Sprinkling the ground with reeking Brains, and Gore;  
 And like a Lyon, them in piece-meal tears,  
 And eating, nor their Bones, nor Bowels spares;  
 Whil'ft weeping, we the woful Sight beheld:  
 Soon as the Monster had his Belly fill'd  
 With human flesh, and stuff'd with Milk, and Whey,  
 Amidst his Flocks, stretch'd on the floor he lay:  
 I drawing near, resolv'd to act my part,  
 Whip out my Sword to run him through the Heart:  
 When I bethought, should we the Monster kill,  
 We not the Stone, with all the strength, and skill,  
 Which barr'd the Gate could stir; Sighing, we stay,  
 Th' event expecting of the blessed Day.  
 No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,  
 With rosie fingers days Portcullice drawn,

But straight he makes a fire, and milks the Dams,  
 Next, turning loose to them their Kids, and Lambs;  
 His work being finish'd, up he takes two <sup>(\*)</sup> more  
 Of us, and eats them, as he did before:

Thus having Break-fast, out he drives his Flock,  
 With ease removing from the pass, the Rock,  
 Which close again with as small pain he puts,  
 As one the cover of his Quiver shuts:  
 And whistling, to the Mountain goes, and me  
 Leaving unpinion'd: studying how to be  
 Reveng'd, imploring *Pallas* to assist.

'Mongst many Plots I laid, this seem'd the best;  
 Close by his Stall, a Pole a drying laid,  
 Which for the length, and fize, when we survey'd,  
 We to the main-mast of a stately Ship  
 Compar'd, that plow'd with twenty Oars the Deep;  
 From this I cut an Ell, which straight I gave  
 My Friends to pollish down, and neatly shave,

Whose

(\*) There were six of *Odysseus*'s  
 Companions devoured by *Polyphemos*,  
 according to our Poet, yet *Euripides*,  
 and *Virgil*, who have transcrib'd the  
 Story out of him, mention but two;  
 the one in his Satyr call'd *Cyclops*,

'Οὐδ' ἄν τις ἄνθρωπος οὐδ' ἀνέστην  
 ἄλλ' ἀνέστη, ὅστις ἐκείνου τὸν πόλιν  
 ἔρεος ἔκλειψεν, οὐκ ἴσμεν ποῦ ποῦ.

When all things ready were for *Pluto's*  
 Cook,

Two of my men for slaughter up he took;  
 The other in the third of his *Amids*,

*Udi egomet duo de numero quum corpora*  
*misro*

*Frangere ad saxum, sanique aspera*  
*natant*

*Elimas: uidi atro quum membra flu-*  
*entia tako*

*Mandret, & tepidi tremere sub den-*  
*tibus aris.*

I saw, when he two of our stoutest men  
 Seiz'd in his mighty hand, and midst  
 his Den

Laid on his back, against a Pillar  
 brain'd

And with foul gear, the sprinkl'd Pave-  
 ment stain'd.

He would devour Mens bloody quar-  
 ters raw,  
 In his teeth the warm flesh trembling  
 saw.

VVhose Point I harden'd in the Fire, then thrust,  
 Of which his Cave had store, amidst the dust,  
 Then we drew *Lois*, who should with me draw nigh,  
 And when he slept, with this to pierce his Eie;  
 It fell to four, and I the fifth Man made;  
 At Night, his Flocks he to his Cave convey'd,  
 And put up all his Bleaters in the Coat,  
 Either suspecting, or some heavenly Plot,  
 Then shuts his Gates, and milks his Kids, and Lambs,  
 Next, turns them loose to their unburthen'd Dams.  
 His business done, resolv'd on them to sup,  
 Two more of us he snatch'd; when with a Cup  
 Of mighty VVine, towards him I drawing, said;

VVhen you have fed, tast this; let me persuade,  
 That you what drink we had aboard may know.  
 This I present, that you may pity shew,  
 And us dismiss: if thus you cruel prove,  
 VVho will address to you, or offer Love?  
 This said, the Bowl he takes, up all he Quaff,

And pleas'd, thus spake; Give me another Draught,  
 Then let me know thy Name, that straight I may  
 Thee vvith some Hospitable Gift repay.  
 Cherish'd with shows, we have rich vvine, and pure;  
 But this is Nectar, and Ambrosia fure.

Three times this said, I swell'd his empty Cup,  
 As oft he turns th'exhausted Bottom up.  
 VVhen I perceiv'd the VVine begin to take;  
 And He grew mellow, thus I mildly spake;

Thou ask'dst my Name, which I shall let thee know,  
 Keep Promise, and some Gift on me bestow:  
 My Name is *Nemo*, so my Parents all,  
 My Kindred, me, and best Relations call.

Then He reply'd; Thee I shall kindly treat;  
 Thou shalt good *Nemo*, be the last I'll eat.

Of

Of all thy Friends ; my Promise I will keep.  
 This said, surpris'd with all-conquering Sleep,  
 Bending his Neck, he lay upright, and cast  
 Goblets of Fleth and Wine ; then I made haft,  
 And in the Fire the Stake sharp-poynted put ;  
 My Friends then cheering, took it out Red hot,  
 We drawing near, inspired by some God,  
 With wondrous Courage round about him flood,  
 They thrust it in his Eye, which deep I gor'd,  
 And skrewing in, as with an Augre bor'd ;  
 Like one that works upon a Naval Keel,  
 And with a Thong, and Wimble, shews his Skill ;  
 So in his Eye the blazing Bar we turn'd,  
 Blood gushing out his singed Eye-brows burn'd,  
 The Crystalline, that guards his Eye-balls, hift,  
 Dark Smoke arose, and an unsavory Mist ;  
 And as a Black-Smith in the Water slacks,  
 Then takes out hissing his edge harden'd Ax ;  
 So sung the Olive-stake fix'd in his Eye :  
 He roars, the Cave resounds, we frighted fly ;  
 He plucks it bloody out, and gainst the Walls  
 Tormented throws, and Neighb'ring Cyclops calls ;  
 Who neer in Caves, on Mountain tops did dwell,  
 They gather straight, Alarum'd at the Yell ;  
 And round about his Gates inquire what made  
 Him roar so loud, who thus then troubled, said ;  
 Why shriek'st thou Polyphemus, thus, in deep  
 Of silent Night, and hindrest us from Sleep ?  
 Hath any forc'd from thee thy Flocks, or laid  
 To take thy Life some Plot, or Ambuscade ?  
 Then He reply'd ; Ah ! Nemo me hath Slain.  
 Then they ; if Nemo hurts thee ne'r complain.  
 If Jove on Thee some heavy Sickness lay,  
 The Burthen bear, and to great Neptune pray.

(4) His Father whom he begot on  
 the Nymph Thoosa, as we have already  
 seen in the first of the *Odyssey*.

And therefore saying to his child

Thus

Thus they departing said ; and pleas'd smil'd  
 That the dull Cyclops thus my Name beguil'd,  
 But he with trembling Hands, and many a Grono  
 From the Caves entrance mov'd the ponderous Stone :  
 Then fate with palms extended 'midst the Gap,  
 Left any of us 'mongst his Sheep should scape.  
 He thought me shallow sure, whilst I contriv'd  
 From Danger how my Friends might be repriv'd  
 Life at the Stake, our Danger great, and neer.  
 At last this quaint Designment seem'd most cleer.  
 He stately Rams had, large, well fed, and full,  
 Kings of the Flock, and clad in purple Wool :  
 These silently I bound with Osiers strip'd  
 (On which well twisted the dire Monster slep'd,)  
 Three in a breast, he in the mid'st bore one,  
 The other two on each side guard their Man,  
 The greatest of these Breeders forth I cull,  
 And at his Belly hanging grasp the Wool,  
 In this sad Posture we much sighing stay,  
 And holding fast, expect the blessed Day.  
 No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,  
 With rose Fingers Days Portcullice drawn,  
 But to their Pastures forth he drove the Males,  
 Eating the Ews swollen Teats in frothy Pails,  
 He all their Backs, though pain'd extremely, felt,  
 But that we kept their Bellics warm, ne'r felt ;  
 When the last Ram, loaden with Me, and Wool,  
 March'd forth, stroking his Back ; why art so Dull,  
 Now to be last, he said : still us'd to lead,  
 With pace majestic, to the flow'ry Mead,  
 And far before selected tender Buds,  
 The Van conducting to the Crystall Floods ;  
 And always first repairing home at Night :  
 Now thou art Lag, would'st thou I had my Sight,

Which

Which *Nemo*, and his Complices put out  
 When he with Wine surpriz'd me, who no doubt  
 Shall ne'r escape; would thou could'st speak, and tell  
 Where the Wretch skulks, and Him to me reveal:  
 His Brains my Floor should sprinkle e're we part,  
 VVhich would remove some Sorrow from my Heart:

This said; He let him pass; and I with speed  
 Loosing my self, next my Associates free'd;  
 And to the Ship our fleecy Prey we drive,  
 Our Friends joyc'd that we return'd alive,  
 Yet wept for those were lost: then I bid staunch  
 Their tears, and with our Prize to th' Ocean launch:  
 All go aboard, and sitting on their Banks,  
 Sweep up the briny waves in order'd Ranks.  
 VVhen we were off so far as one might hear,  
 A loud Voice call, thus I begin to jeer;  
*Cyclops*, not well thou did'st a Stranger treat,  
 VVho kindly made address, his Friends to eat,  
 Thou that devour'd'st thy Guests, this falls on thee,  
 On whom the Gods, and *Jove*, revenged be.  
 Raging at this, He a torn Mountains top  
 Threw at our Ship, and aim'd it at the Poop,  
 The mighty Stone close by the Rudder fell,  
 And VVaves percuft in briny Billows swell,  
 VVhich back to land our Vessel almost bore;  
 VVith a long Pole I forc'd her off from Shore,  
 Commanding them to Shove; no Toyl they spare,  
 VVhen to the *Offine* we were twice as far,  
 I would have spoke, but mee m' Associates did  
 Perswade with winning Language, and forbid,  
 Vex him no more; if the great Stone had hit,  
 VVhich forc'd us on the Shore, we had been split:  
 If thou should'st speak again we ruin'd are,  
 Such is his Strength, and he can throw so far,

Yet

Yet all their Rhetorick could not me dissuade,  
 But to him raging, thus I boldly said;

If how thou lost thy Eye th' art question'd, say  
*Ulysses* did it, King of *Ithaca*.

Then thus he braid; <sup>(p)</sup> *Telemus* me foretold,  
 Who 'mongst the *Cyclops* prophesi'd of Old,  
 By one *Ulysses* I should lose my Sight;  
 Him some Gyganick Prince of matchless Might  
 Then I suppos'd to be; but now I find,  
 An Elf, a Coward, Dwarf, hath made me Blind.  
 But land again *Ulysses*, that I may  
 To thee an hospitable Gift repay;  
 And my Father *Neptune* will implore  
 To fend thy safe unto thy Native Shore,  
 And heal my wounded Eye, which none else can  
 Of Heavenly Extract, or the feed of Man.

Then I reply'd; Would I Commission had  
 To fend thy Soul to the Infernal Shade:  
 Then *Neptune* should not thy lost Eye restore.

This said, His Father thus did he implore;  
 Great *Neptune* hear thy Of-springs earnest Pray'r,  
 Let not *Ulysses* ever Home repair:  
 But if the Fates resolve his Country He,  
 His Court, and Friends, shall view, Late let it be:  
 Drownd his Companions first, then let him come  
 In a strange Vessel, to more Mischief Home.  
 Thus *Cyclops* pray'd, and *Neptune* heard his Pray'r:  
 Then up he takes a Stone, greater by far  
 Than first he threw, and whirling round, lets slip  
 With mighty Force, and aim'd it at the Ship,  
 Which like a Rock close by the Rudder fell,  
 And Waves percuft in briny Mountains swell,  
 Which from those Confin's Us to th' Ocean beat:  
 But when we reach'd the Isle, where lay our Fleet,

S

Where

(p) *Telemus* the son of *Eurymer*, according to *Dion*, who mentions this prophetic of our Poet. lib. 13. *Ad metamorph.*

*Telemus interea Siculum delatus in aequor*, *Telemus* *Eurymeris*, quem nulla fistiterat alio *Terribilem Polyphemum addit, lumineque quod naum* *Fronte feris media rapuit tibi, dixit, Ulysses.*

*Telemus sailing the Sicilian Sea, Eurymer's Son, well skill'd in Augury, Told Polyphemus, one Ulysses should Put out that eye which 'midst his forehead flood.*

The same Prophecy is mention'd too by *Euripides*, but he conceals the Author of it.

*'Ανδ' μεναιδε γυγανωι κρηνην εβλεψεν* *Τυφλοιοι παρ' ελπε το σελων σελων μ' εην* *Τυφλοιοι εβλεπον εβλεπον.*

*And the antient Prophecy, which said that you Coming from Troy should put my Eye out: is true.*

Where sate our Friends expecting on the Strand,  
We run our Vessel in, and joyful Land,  
And *Polyphemus* Flock by Divident  
The people shar'd; the Ram they me present,  
Which I to *Jove*, who rules both Earth, and Skies,  
Offer'd, but he contemn'd our Sacrifice;  
Who then contriv'd how to destroy our Fleet,  
And all my Friends: There sat we till Sun-set  
Feasting, and drinking Wine; but when the Day  
Nights Curtains clos'd, down on the Shore we lay  
In sweet Repose: No sooner had the Dawn  
With rosie Fingers Lights Portcullice drawn,  
Then I commanded them without Delay,  
To go aboard, they went, and Anchors weigh:  
Then plac'd in order on their Bancks, they sweep  
The briny Surface of the foamy Deep,  
And with sad Hearts for our Companions lost  
We take the *Offine*, and forsake the Coast.

HOMERS



Honoratissimo Domino D.  
Baroni Cauendish  
Tabulam hanc.



*Guilielmo Cauendish*  
*de Hardwick*  
 L M D D D I O Lib in Geo



# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE TENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*A Fælion ; They unrip Ulysses Sack ;  
Imprison'd Winds burst forth, and drive them back.  
Læstrygon Giants ; The Circæan Shores  
Ulysses spies, th' Inchantress turns to Boars.  
He threats to kill her, Love the Quarrel ends,  
Twelve days She Feasts him, then t' Elizium sends.*

[illegible]

N D came to th'<sup>(a)</sup> *Æolian* Isle,  
where *Æolus* dwelt,  
A floating Isle guirt in a brazen  
Belt,  
With Walls inviron'd of Sea-pol-  
lish'd Stones :

Twelve his fair Race; <sup>(b)</sup> six Daughters, and six Sons,  
He at his Court in Nuptial Rites conjoyn'd,  
Who with their royal Parents sup'd, and din'd,  
With various Dishes feasted to the height :  
Their perfum'd Roofs all Day refund, at Night

**§ 2**

### Sleeping

(b) *Dionysus Siculus* mentions not any Daughters of *Æolus*, but has recorded the names of his Sons, here omitted, viz. *Aphyochus*, *Xuthus*, *Androcles*, *Pharamen*, *Jocastes*, and *Agathyrnus*.

Sleeping on Tap'stry-Quilts, in Beds of Gold,  
 Their Wives in sweet embraces they infold.  
 We to the City, and the Court repaire,  
 A Month with him we entertained were,  
 Whil't he inquires of *Troy*, and our Retreat,  
 Our tedious Siege, and Voyage, I relate :  
 But when I beg'd his Licence to depart,  
 He granting gave me, fow'd with wondrous Art,  
 A stuff'd up <sup>(c)</sup> Bag, a nine years Oxes Hide,  
 In which were Storms, and struggling Tempests ty'd.  
 Impow'd by *Jove*, the Winds King *Æolus* swaies,  
 Provokes their Fury, or their Wrath alliaies.  
 This on our Deck he bound with silver Wire,  
 So that no Breath could issue, nor respire ;  
 And sent fair Gales to give our Vessel speed,  
 But by our Folly we our selves undid :  
 Our Voyage lost, nine Days, and Nights, we steer'd,  
 When on the Tenth, our Native Coasts appear'd ;  
 And we, drawn neer, beheld the smoke arise :  
 There lulling sleep clos'd up my weary Eys,  
 For still I steer'd, nor would the Helm forsake,  
 That we the sooner might our Voyage make.

When thus one murmuring spake ; Silver, and Gold,  
 This Bull-skin-Cloak-bag fardled up must hold :  
 No meaner Present *Æolus* ever made.

'Gainst me another frowning, then inveigh'd ;  
 Ah how our Cheife They prize ; of what Renown  
 VWhere e're he comes, in Country, Court, or Town ;  
 What Pillage fell at *Ilium* to his share,  
 When we return as poor as e're we were :  
 This *Æolus* gave in Friendship to conjoyn :  
 Come let us search this Gold and Silver Mine.

Th' unhappy Counsel takes, and they accurst  
 Unloose the Bag, and forth loud Tempests burst ;

(c) It was the fying of *Erasthene*, that we should then know where *Æolus* reign'd, when we found out the Coblers name that fitch'd up this Bottle, in which the Winds were contain'd. It was his opinion, that the whole relation concerning the *Cyclops*, *Leſtygon*, *Phaenians*, &c. and this of *Æolus*, was merely a fignment of the Poets : but they that have examin'd it more accurately, do find a real History, though obscurely, intimated in the Romance. *Dionysius Siculus* fays that *Æolus* married *Cyane* the Daughter of *Liparus*, whom he succeeded in his Dominion ; a Proud, full, and Hospitable Prince, he by observing the driving of the Smoke which ascended out of the fiery Caverns, with which the Island *Lipara* abounds, could foretell the eruption of the Winds, according to *Strabo* and *Pliny*, from whence he is feign'd by the Poet to have the dominion of them. Him *Virgil* follows, *Æneid*. 1.

— hic effu Rex *Æolus* auro  
 Inflantes ventos, tempeſtateque ſoveas  
 Imperia premis, & vinculis ac carcere  
 frenat.

— here King *Æolus* reigos,  
 And the rebellious Winds in Prison  
 chain.

And *Dionysius* in his *Periegesis*,

' *Æolus* de *Samis* port' ad *Ægeum* *Vulcan* dicit  
*Keſoglu* *Æſſion* *Æneides* & *Virgil* &c.

Great was the Great to *Æolus* offer'd,  
 To rule the gentle, and the boisterous  
 Wind.

A cross-wind plows the Main, and with strange force  
 Them weeping drove from their intended Course ;  
 When I awak'd, alarm'd from my Dream,  
 Considering whether I in this extream  
 Should drown my self, or silent yet survive,  
 Till Waves had swallow'd me with them alive :  
 But patient I endur'd, and cover'd lay,  
 Till we were driven to th' *Æolian* Bay.  
 Whil't their loud Sighs out-voyc'd the mouthing wind:  
 There landing, we a Crystal Fountain find,  
 And straight repast they for themselves prepare :  
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
 I with a Herald and one more address  
 My self to *Æolus*, sitting at a Feast,  
 Then with his Sons, and Daughters, and fair Queen :  
 All were amaz'd beholding us come in,  
 And stopping at the Door admiring, spake ;  
 What evil Spirit drove *Ulyſſes* back ?

Whence com'st thou? We dismiss thee with great Care,  
 That thou might'st to thy dearest Home repaire.  
 Then sadly I reply'd ; Back through the Deep,  
 Wrong'd by my Friends, and overpowr'd by Sleep,  
 I am forc'd once more to beg your Aid :  
 I in such melting Language did perfwade.  
 All silent were, when th' angry King thus spake ;

Be gon thou worst of Men, this Isle forsake,  
 I must not aid, nor harbour, one whom Fate,  
 And all the Court of just Celestials hate :  
 In an ill Hour thou hither cam'st, Depart.  
 Thus he dismiss'd me with a broken Heart ;  
 And we from thence in sad Condition sail,  
 No hopes of our Return, our Spirits fail.  
 Six Days, and Nights, through briny Waves we steer,  
 The seventh, to us King <sup>(d)</sup> *Lamius* Walls appear,

And

(d) King of *Fernie*, a City of *Campania*, from whom the *Ælii*, a Senatorian Family in *Rome* were descended, and received the Sur-name of *Lamii*, as *Horace* testifies *Carm. lib. 1. Od. 17.*

*Æli* vestigio militis ab *Lamo*,  
*Quando* & *præter* hinc *Lamii* fuerunt  
*Dominantes*, et *neptem*  
*Per memores* *ignis* *omnes* *festos*,  
*Quare* ab *istis* *duci* *originem*  
*Qui* *Formarum* *manus* *dicunt*  
*Præcipue*, et *insentem* *Marica*  
*Litoribus* *transiit* *Lycum*,  
*Lato* *tyr* *navant*.

Brave *Ælii* from *Lamus* King a stem  
 Our Anceals say, thy house defends  
 from him,  
 From him deriv'd thou thy Originals,  
 Who first built *Fernie*, with such lofty  
 Walls,  
 And *Lycus* rul'd, that wast'd *Ægyptia*  
 Straits  
 With Silver Waves, who there had  
 large Commands.





The struck Deer falling, grovels on the Ground,  
Whil't I my Lance draw from the deadly Wound;  
The Quarry left, I Branches pluck'd, and hard  
With winding stretch'd to a sufficient Cord,  
Which on my Neck ty'd by the Feet I bore,  
Leaning upon my Spear, down to the shore;  
Well on my shoulder him I could not get  
With th' other hand, the Monster was so great:  
Before the Ship my heavy load I laid,  
And my Associates comforting, thus said;

To *Pluto's* Court, dear Friends, we shall not yet  
Be summon'd, nor to Nature pay our Debt,  
Let's now be merry, now let's eat, and drink,  
No more of Want, nor our Misfortune think:  
There needs small invitation to a Feast,  
They all appear, nor wanted I a Guest:  
Th' admire the Stag, so fat, and fair a prize.  
When they enough had banqueted their Eyes,  
They wash their Hands, and Dinner ready get,  
Then fast we feasting, till bright *Phæbus* set,  
With richest Wine, with well-fed Venison store;  
And growing dark, we quarter'd on the Shore.  
But when the rose-finger'd Morn arose,  
I to my Friends refresh'd, did thus propose;

My fellow-sufferers, you who undergo  
With me, and bravely too, *Wo* heap'd on *Wo*;  
Since we no certain <sup>(i)</sup> North, nor South have found,  
Nor where th' enlightning Sun posits under Ground,  
Nor where his Rise; yet our own Interest  
Let us with Care pursue, and Cast the best.  
I saw, when I on yonder Prospect stood,  
A little Isle environ'd with a Wood,  
And through a shady Grove, ascending Smoke.  
This said; they tremble with fresh Terror struck,

And

And to their minds the *Læstrygons* recall,  
And *Polyphemus* that huge *Cannibal*,  
Whil't down their Cheeks tears in a Deluge glide:  
Yet I in two my Company divide;  
*Eurylochus* had half, the rest I take;  
And Lots we cast, the brazen Helmet shake:  
*Eurylochus* the Country must explore  
With Twenty two, they weeping leave the Shore,  
And *Greece's* Palace found, where *Lyons* storm'd,  
And *Wolves* about the gates, from <sup>(k)</sup> Men transform'd:  
These Monsters set not on them though, but Tame,  
Wagging their Tails, on fauning gently came:  
Like vanting Hounds, who leap about their King,  
Who from a Feast doth them sweet Morfels bring:  
About them so huge *Wolves*, and *Lyons* leap'd:  
They frighted at the horrid Monsters, step'd  
Into the beauteous Goddesses Portal, where,  
Her at her Web they sweetly fingering hear  
Notes so delicious, to a Thred so fine,  
That we may call both Song, and Web, divine.  
*Polytes* <sup>(\*)</sup> then, one whom I dearest lov'd,  
And most esteem'd, thus his Associates mov'd;  
Some Goddesses, Sirs, within, or Woman sings,  
Plying her Loom, how the arch'd Pavement rings!  
Let's make Address: this said, aloud they call,  
The Gates the opening, leads into the Hall;  
They rashly following, on th' Inchantress wait,  
*Eurylochus* staid, expecting some Deceit,  
Whil't she the Strangers sets in stately Chairs,  
And Cheefe, Flowre, Hony mix'd with Wine prepares:  
Before them Bread steep'd with dire Drugs she set,  
That they their Native Country might forget:  
When well th' had fed, oft ebb'd the sparkling Cup,  
Whisking her Wand, in Stys she pens them up,

T

Transform'd

(k) In this story of *Circæ*, the Poet delivers the opinion of the ancient concerning Witches, and Incantments, viz. that they had power to transform the bodies of men into other Animals. *Hesiodus* writes thus of the *Næstæ*, or *Læstrygones*, These may be supposed to be wizards: for the *Scythians*, and these *Greeks* that live in *Scythia*, report that once a year, for some few days, they are all transform'd into Wolves, and afterwards return to their own shape. They persuade not me to believe what they say; nevertheless they do both affirm it and swear to it. So *Virgil* in his *Thémis*.

*Hæc herbas atque hæc Fontem mihi tellus  
Putea  
Ipse dedit Mæris: nascuntur plurima  
Putei.  
Hic ego sæpe liquor fieri, & se condere  
Mæris*

For me these Herbs in *Puteus Mæris* chole,  
There every powerful Drug in plenty grows  
Transform'd it's a Wolf I often *Mæris* saw,  
Then into shady Woods himself withdrew.

Several modern examples of this nature are to be found in *Baldians*, *Petrus Mamarius*, and *Henricus Colonius*. But *Pliny* not unjustly imputes it to the credulity of the *Greeks*, amongst whom there could no Lie be so impudent as to want a Witness.

(\*) *Homæ* mentions but one of them who were transform'd, *Polytes*, but *Orid* has prefer'd the names of two more, in whole *Atamorus*, *Polus Achæmides* thus speaks;  
*Siste famas telli, fers me fidemque  
Totum  
Eurylochumque suum, nunciusque Elpenora vini.  
Disque novum factis Circæa ad mania missi.*

To me *Polytes* and *Eurylochus* join,  
By Lot chole, and *Elpeur* giv'n to Wine,  
With eighteen more to *Circæ's* Palace sent.

(i) The vulgar interpretation of this place, amongst the ancient Grammarians, supposed two parts of the heavens only to be here signified, the East, and West, but *Sirako* has confuted that opinion out of several places of our Poet, whom we have chose here to follow, *Iliad* 12. 246. or darkness is taken

'Ei π' (oi) δὲ / τοῖς, πλεῖ ὅτ' ἤδιστον  
'Ei π' (oi) δὲ / τοῖς, πλεῖ ὅτ' ἤδιστον

If they to th' Sun the right hand take  
their flight,  
Or to the left, the seat of *Leifth Night*.





Thou know'st that I have sworn the mighty Oath.

Then I reply'd ; What Man would not be loath,  
Madam, that Common sense hath, or a Soul,  
To touch these Meats, or lift that golden Bowl,  
Before he see his dear Relations freed,  
Set them at Liberty, then bid me feed :  
When They appear on then I'll boldly fall.

This said, She takes her Wand, and leaves the Hall,  
Opens their Styes, where straight we might behold  
Huge Boars, who seem'd at least full nine years old,  
With counter Charms th' Inchantress 'aoints them all ;  
Straight their rough Hair, and horrid Brisles fall,  
And they their Shapes resume, more young, and fair,  
Plumper their Cheeks, their Limbs more Brauny were ;  
They knowing mee, by each hand grasping clung,  
Whil'st with loud Joy the arched Ceilings rung.  
Then mov'd b' indulging pity *Circe* spake ;

Now of thy Ship some care *Ulysses* take,  
First, draw her up, and freed from boyf'rous Storms,  
In neighbouring Caves thy Tackle stow, and Arms,  
Then straight return, and bring those left behind :  
All doubts, and fears, thus banish'd from my mind,  
Straight went I to my Vessel, where I found  
My woful Friends in Tears and Sorrow drown'd ;  
As well-fed Heifers play at Prison-Bale,  
About their Mothers coming home from Grass,  
Lowing they frisk, their Stals the Wantons shun ;  
Weeping with Joy, so they about me run ;  
As glad as if their Voyage they had made,  
And landed were at Home, when thus they said ;

So much we joy to see Thee now return,  
As if arriv'd we were, where we were born ;  
But where, and how our dear Associates dy'd,  
Ah tell us, Sir : I cheerfully reply'd ;

First

First draw our Vessel up from Winds and Waves,  
Our Arms and Tackle stow, in neighb'ring Caves,  
Then follow me where you in *Circe's* Court,  
Shall to your Friends, and plenteous Boards resort.  
Straight all prepare, *Eurylochus* dismay'd,  
Refus'd to go, and thus to stop them said ;

Ah hapless Friends have you not Woes enough,  
But you'll adventure under *Circe's* Roof !  
She will transform you all to salvage Boars,  
Fierce Wolves, or Lyons, so to guard her Doors :  
As *Cyclops* when *Ulysses* in a Brave  
With Twelve of us adventur'd in his Cave,  
Half perish'd there by his wild Plot forsooth.

My Reason then almost orepow'r'd my Wrath :  
Though my dear <sup>(\*)</sup> Kinsman, I without remorse  
Had left him there a decollated Coarse :  
But they with mild persuasions press'd me hard  
To leave him there, let him the Vessel guard,  
And lead us on to sacred *Circe's* Court.

This said, we leave the Vessel, and the Port,  
Neither *Eurylochus* behind us staid,  
But fearing my Displeasure, he obey'd.  
Those whom I left in *Circe's* Court, mean while  
She bath'd and 'noyated with delicious Oyl,  
Cloathing in comely Habits, whom we found  
Set at a Feast ; the arched Roofs resound.  
With joyful Tears, when they their Friends forvaid  
In such a Posture, Thus then *Circe* said ;

No more Renown'd *Ulysses* now complain,  
I know your sufferings on the boyf'rous Main,  
And what by Men more rough, you felt a-Shore :  
Now eat, and drink, and wasted Spirits restore ;  
Be as you were, when first your native Soyl,  
Rough *Ithaca*, you left ; nor your Exile

To

(\*) According to *Eustathius* he had married *Circe* the Sister of *Ulysses*.

To memory more, nor tedious Travels call,  
What e're, be merry, and forget them all.  
Encourag'd thus the Goddess I obey'd,  
And a whole year there banqueting we staid,  
At various Dishes, and delicious Wines;  
But when the Sun had posted through twelve Signs,  
His annual Progress through the Zodiack,  
Thus then my Friends, their minds imparting, spake;

Your Country, Sir, 'tis now ah more then time  
To call to mind, if e're your native Clime  
And lofty Palace you to see intend :  
This said, I to the Motion confend.  
Then all the Day we Feasted; but when Night  
With dusky Troops had put days beams to flight,  
They to their Chambers went, and I repair  
To *Circé's* Lodgings : Her then finding there,  
I kneeling as an humble Suppliant, said ;

Goddeſs, make good the Promise thou haſt made,  
Me to diſmiſs when willing to depart ;

And now my Friends, when e're thou absent a  
Importune me with Tears thy Court to leave.

She kindly to my Sute this Answer gave;

Renown'd *Ulyſſes*, dear as if my Spoule,  
Thou ſhalt no longer tarry in my Houſe

Then thy own pleasure thee inclines, but know,  
Thou first thou must another Voyage go

That first thou must another Voyage go,  
Where *Proserpine*, and *Pluto*, keep their Court,

And there to blind *Tiresias* Ghost resort :  
Hell's Empress gave his Shade a <sup>(c)</sup> solid Mind.

Whilſt others fleet like Waves, or empty Wind.

Buc

But when a briny Deluge I had fled,  
And wearied groveling postures on her Bed,  
I faintly thus; But who shall shew the Way?  
Does any to the Devil go by Sea?

Then she reply'd; Dear be n't so much agast,  
Take thou no Care, only erect thy Mast,  
Unfurle thy Sails, and *Boreas* shall transport  
Thee, with fair Winds, to the Infernal Port.  
But when sometime th' haift plow'd the foamy Brine,  
And leest a Grove sacred to *Proserpine*,  
Of Poplars, and of Sallowes, there abide,  
And on that Gulphy Oceans Bosom ride,  
And walk thy self to *Pluto's* dismal Court,  
Where *Acheron* and *Phlegeton* confort,  
Where black *Cocytus* and the *Stygian* Wave,  
Beating the Rocks, with mingled Billows rave:

Here when thou com'st a <sup>9</sup>) Hole dig deep and wide,  
Then a Libation, for the Dead provide,  
With Hony, and Wine, cast water in, and mix  
Pure flour, imploring waisted Souls ore Styx:

But when thou shalt to *Ithaca* return,  
With richer Presents, a Chaff Heifer burn.

With richer Presents, a Chaff Heifer burn ;  
Yet with a Ram *Tiresias* Ghost invoke,

A black Ram, King, and Father of the Flock :  
But after thou hast pray'd to the Renown'd

But after thou halt pray d to the Renown d  
Nations of Pale Shades wandring under Ground,

A Ram, and black Ewe, sacrifice to them,  
And backwards go to the Infernal Stream.

There wander many Souls of those are dead :

Then call on those attend thee, and with speed  
Command them flee those slaughter'd Sheep lie dead

U

The

(P) Pliny takes notice, that there is not the least footstep of *Magick* in the whole *History of Homer*, but that his *Olymp* consists almost of nothing else. He seems to have learnt it in *Egypt*, for he says, that the *Magicians* were there carried into *Chaldea*, and afterwards into *Perſia*: where it flouriſh'd, 6000 years before the Death of *Plato*, and 5000 according to *Herodotus*, no credulous Author, before the *Trojan War*, 5000 according to *Hermippus*. Offends the Magician, accompanying *Xerxes* in his Expedition against the *Greeks*, for his too portentous arts: And it is certain, that *Pliny*, that he not only kindled a fire of this Art in the *Greeks*, but made them make use of it. *Æschylus*, who lived at that time, raises the *Phrygians* in his Tragedy call'd, *The Persians*: there he describes the p.e. ending Sacrifice very agreeable to the story of our Poet, I suppose taken from thence, thus,

Βοῖς τ' ἀρ' ὀργῆς ἀποκνέει πλὴν γὰρ αἰς,  
 Τῆς τ' ἀδελφεῶν γένους συμμοῖς μέλ-  
 λιβασίης ὑδραῖος παρθεῖν παλιν μετὰ  
 Ἀδελφότητος τε καὶ ἀφ' ἀφ' ἑαυτοῦ  
 Πότιν τελευτᾷ ἀμύλην γὰρ τὸ πᾶν  
 Τῆς τ' αὖτε τὸ φύλλονος θαλάσσης βίον  
 καὶ οὗτος ἐλαῖος ἑκατέρωθεν ἐκείνου  
 Ἀνὰ τὴν αἰσῶν, συμμοῖς γὰρ τῆς αἰσῶν.

*Milk of a Virgin Heifer bring With thee,  
And Honey cleer dropt from the Bee,  
A maiden Fountains Cryſtal tears, and*

With drink of an old Vine unmixt,  
And of the golden Olive-tree the fruit,  
Whose branches still with Summer

And folded Flowers, the beauteous birth  
Of the all-producing Earth.

There follows also the Hymn with which the Ghost is evoked, but too large to be here transcribed.

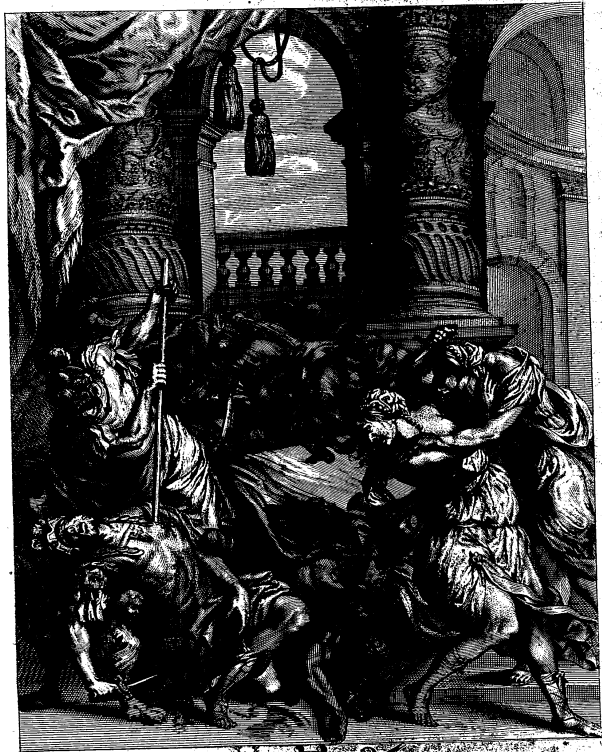
The pressing shadows of pale Ghosts draw neer  
To tast sweet blood e're thou *Tiresia* hear,  
Who straight appearing then will thee instruct,  
How Home thy Ship in safety to conduct.

Now rose *Aurora* in her golden Throne,  
When *Circe* put my Vest, and Habit, on ;  
She a White Gown guirds round her slender Waist  
With a bright Zone, her Brows a Fillet grac'd.  
Then went I forth, thus calling One by One ;

No more now sleep indulge, Let us be gon,  
*Circe* consents. All muster in a Thought,  
And them I off in Health, and Safety brought,  
Except *Elpenor*, who the youngest there  
Had little Courage, and as little Care ;  
Who lying by himself, after a Cup,  
In sweet Repose, suddainly starting Up,  
Hearing the Noyse of those who ready were,  
Hardly awake drop'd backwards ore the Stair,  
And broke his Neck : when to the rest I spake ;

We must dear Friends another Voyage make  
E're we unto our Native Country sail ;  
*Circe* commands me, and I must not fail :  
To *Pluto*, and dire *Proserpine*, we must,  
There to consult *Theban Tiresias* Duft.

This broke their Hearts hearing me thus declare,  
And weeping down they fate, and tore their Hair.  
But Grief n'er Voyage help'd, no time let slip,  
Down we lamenting go unto our Ship.  
Mean while fair *Circe* to our Vessel came,  
Leaving a Black-Ewe bound up with a Ram,  
Unseen of any : What Celestial would,  
That their Addressees Mortals should behold ?



Honoratissimæ Domini  
Tabulam hanc  
Deo Maximo Capadocæ  
J. M. D. D. C. L. X. X. X. X.



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

## THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses falls to the Infernal Coast.*

*A Stygian Sacrifice, Tiresias Ghost*

*First warm blood drinks, and thence directs him Home.*

*Male, Female shades about him thronging come,*

*Their Stories tell; Souls tortur'd; Gorgon's Head*

*Fearing to see, he hasts to Sea, and fled.*



SOON as we reach'd the strand,  
we lanch our Ship,  
Erect our Mast, and hoys'd our  
Sails a-trip,  
Aboard the Cattel putting, we  
deplore

Our sad Misfortune, and forsake the Shore:  
When Circe lent us straight our promis'd Gale,  
A Constant Friend impregnating the Sail.  
Whil't we our stations keep, and banks design'd,  
Trusting the Steers-man, and so fair a Wind,



(c) The Cimmerians were a miserable people, inhabiting the *Scythian Bosphorus*, living in caves in the rocks, the air ever dull and obscure by reason of the distant Sun, and high-hanging Mountains, whence sprung the Proverb of Cimmerian darkness. Their our Poet has transported into the furthestmost Northern parts bordering on the Ocean, and fully out of relation to their obscure condition made them the inhabitants of those parts where the descent is into the dark regions of Hell: perhaps out of a Poetical revenge; for *Strabo* observes that those *Barbarians* had made an irruption into *Æolia*, and *Ionia*, the Country of *Homer*, about that time. From hence *Ovid* feigns the Mansion of Sleep among the Cimmerians.

*Est præ Cimmerio luge splendor æ-*  
*celi.*

*Monte caute, ignavi domus et penetra-*  
*lia somni,*

*Quæ neminem radiis orientis, medius æ-*  
*ther, cadente*

*Phœbus adire potest, nebula caligine*  
*notæ.*

*Exhalantur hinc dubia et æspersa lucis*  
Near the Cimmerians lurks a Cave, in

sleep  
And hollow Hills, the Mansion of dull

sleep:  
Not seen by *Phœbus* when he mounts

the Skies,  
At height, nor stooping; gloomy mists

arise  
From humid earth, which fill a twi-

light make.

(d) That this Magical art of evoca-

tion of the infernal Ghosts, was in use an-

ciently among the *Grecians*, and in re-

pute, we have already shown: we

shall only now take notice of the

means they used to raise them: among

which, there was constantly effusion of

blood. *Ovid*, in his *Metamorphosis*, l. 7.

*Hand præcal æquilæ feribibus tellure di-*  
*abæ.*

*Sæva facit, cultusque in vetula gutta-*  
*rit aræ.*

*Coniicit, & patulas profundis sanguine*  
*effusa, &c.*

Out of the Earth, *Ætæa* two Pits

Then forthwith digg, and fastening

flits

The throats of Black-steed'd Rams:

With reeking Blood

The Ditches fill, and pours thereon a

Flood

Of Honey and new Milk, from turn'd-

up Bowls.

*Pæpino Statius* in the fourth Book

of his *Thëbais*,

*Præcipit largis vocis tellure cavata*

*Incinctæ Bacchi latice, et munera vorni*

*Lactis, et Alæa imbrete, fœdumque*

*æmorum:*

*Mendubæ argitur quantum ce-*  
*pit arida tellus,*

But what Credit the more judicious gave to this Black-art, may be seen in these words of *Pliny* in his *Natural History*, l. 2. *Amidst*

this, manifestly, *once whereas the Emperor Nero had betaken, and sold himself, a principal desire he had to have the Gods (perform)*

and familiar Spirits at his Command: thinking that if he could once have obtained to that, he had then climbed up to the highest point

of Magnanimity. *Nero* was three times that kind of hardy, and followed away are more carefully, than he did *Magic*. *Riches* he had enough

to purchase his hands, and yet he wanted out to exercise what he would, yet he gave it over in the end without effect: an undoubted, and pre-

ponder Argument to convince the vanity of this Art, when such an one as *Nero* forsak it.

All Day we went till Night her Flag unfurl'd  
Spreading her sable Ensign o're the World,

And Waves, we to the Oceans Confin'd wold.

(a) *Cimmerians* here, absconded with a Cloud,

And gloomy Mists reside, which not the Sun

With piercing Rays could dissipate at Noon;

Nor rising, nor when He arch'd Heaven forsakes,

But still hung round, in everlasting Blacks.

Arriving here, our Vessel we put in,

Our Cattel eas'd, then lanch'd to Sea again,

And so that Coast *Greece* directed bore;

*Eurylochus* there, and *Perimæd*, a shore

The Offerings brought, I drawing from my side

My Falchion, dig'd a Pit four Cubits wide:

Then round about I empti'd brimming Bowls,

Libations to all departed Souls.

First Wine, and Hony, next pure Wine I pour'd,

And Water after, mix'd with finest Flour;

Then all the Nations haunt the *Seggian* shore,

With franck Libations humbly I implore,

Aduring Them, at my returning Home,

A Virgin Heifer, and a Hecatomb.

But with a Ram *Tiresias* I invoke,

A Black one, King, and Father of the Flock.

Then ore the Pit the Sacrifice I slew; (drew:

Warm (b) blood gush'd forth, and round pale shadows

There Boys, and Girls, and Old Folks I discern'd,

And Infants still with Trifling Grievs concern'd;

And Valiant Heroes, slain in Battel, view'd,

Their Arms transpierc'd, with recent Blood imbrow'd.

First in the Trench he pours in Wine, and next

With flowing Bowls, Milk, blood, and Hony mix'd.

So much he pours into the dig'd-up holes,

As they command an Offering to all Souls.

About

About the Pit They throng, when doleful Cries  
Elfe-where I heard, pale Fear did me surprize.

Then Those attended on me straight I had

To flea the Cattel which They slaughter'd had,

And throw in flames, to prosper my Design,

Imploping *Phæto*, and fair *Proserpine*:

But I with drawn Sword sat, nor would permit

Shades for Blood thirsting, once to touch the Pit,

Until *Tiresias* I consulted had:

When first drew near *Elpenor*'s woful shade,

Whom uninterr'd we left in *Greece*'s Court,

His Rites neglecting, hastning to the Port.

I weeping, thus to poor *Elpenor* said;

Cam'lt thou a Foot unto this dismal shade?

Sooner then I could here at Anchor ride?

To me his state deploping, he reply'd;

Renow'd *Ulysses*, this unhappy Soul,

My sad Fate hither sent, and th' other Bowl

In *Greece*'s Court; I starting from my Bed,

Going down the Ladder with a giddy Head

Dropt'd backward ore, my Neck broke as I fell,

There lay my Corps, my shadow flew to Hell.

By those far distant are I Thee require,

By thy dear Wife, thy Son, and aged Sire,

Since well I know Thou with a leading Gale

Must back to the *Ææan* Confin'd sail,

There I conjure Thee me to mind recal,

Nor leave me there without a (c) Funeral,

Left Thou incense some of the pow'rs Divine:

With me my arms burn, and what e're was mine,

My Tomb upon the Oceans margents rear,

That after-times of my sad Fate may hear;

And fix upon it my (d) Sepulchral Oar,

With which so oft I tug'd from Shore to Shore:

There

(c) For it was the opinion of the *Grecians* that the Soul was not receiv'd into the place of its repose, before the body obtain'd its funeral solemnities, as hath been already observ'd.

(d) It was an ancient Custom to leave some memory of the life of the deceased upon the Tomb: *Archimedes*, an eminent Mathematician, had a sphere and Cylinder inscrib'd upon his Sepulchral Stone, of which he had written such excellent Speculations in his life time. *Virgil*, of *Mænæ*.

*At prius Æneæ ingenti mole sepulchrum*  
*Imposit, hæcque arma, vires, remumque*  
*subiungat.*  
*Mons sub ævis, qui nunc Nilæus ab*  
*illis.*

But *Prince Æneas* a huge Tomb did raise  
On which his Arms, his Oar, and  
Trumpet lay  
Under a mighty Hill, which now they call  
From him *Mænæ*, and for ever shall.

These his Requests I answer'd thus ; Thy Will,  
Ah hapless Wretch ! I'll punctually fulfil :  
Thus sitting we each others Fate deplor'd,  
Whil'st ore the Blood I flourish'd my Sword.  
On th' other side *Elpenor* muttering staid ;  
When straight appear'd my Mothers woful shade,  
*Autolychus* Daughter, *Autoclea*, whom  
I left alive, sailing for *Ilium*.

Her I beholding wept, and pited much,  
But would not suffer sacred Blood to touch  
Before *Tiresias* came, whose honour'd Shade,  
Appearing with a golden Scepter, said ;

Why com'st thou hither, and forsak'st the Day,  
Pale Ghosts, and dismal Regions, to survey ?  
Lay by thy Weapon, and the Pit forsake,  
That I warm Blood may drink, then Truth I'll speak.  
I heath'd my Sword, and drawing off, obey'd ; (said ;  
Who when warm Draughts his Thirst had quenched

How to sail home in safety thou'd'st inquire,  
Which *Jove* may easie make, but *Neptune's* Ire,  
His (1) Son by thee struck blind, may much obstruct ;  
Patience thy Ship, and Men, shall home conduct :  
You and your Friends must your desires contain,  
Soon as you land, (and leave the gloomy Main)

On the (2) *Trinacrian* Isle, you'll see there run  
Herds (3) consecrated to th' all-seeing Sun :  
If them you spare, and thy Return regard,  
Safe shall your Voyage be, though long, and hard :  
Which if you kill, you all shall be destroy'd,  
But if thou Death by Miracle dost avoyd,  
In a strange Ship, all lost ; Thou late may'st come,  
Where greater Mis'ries thee attend at Home :  
There proud Corrivals revelling in thy Houle,  
Wasting thy Wealth, to marry with thy Spouse,

Presenting

(1) Polyphemus, whose Eye Ulysses struck out with a Fire-brand.

(2) Sicily, so call'd from its triangular figure, whose Ensign in the ancient Coyns was three Legs triangle ways, as may be seen in *Gallius's* Medals of Sicily.

(3) Of which he speaks more at large in the following Book.

Presenting gifts, Her courting Day, and Night,  
But Thou shalt be revenged to the height ;  
And after that, by subtilty or steel ;  
Th' haft made the Sutors thy just Vengeance feel,  
Then thou must fail where thou a Nation shalt  
Find, who not knows the use of seasoning Salt,  
Nor (4) Seas e're saw, nor Ships with painted Proes,  
Nor sails expanded, nor well polish'd Oars :  
And this will be the sign ; when on the Way  
Thou one Incount'er'st travelling that shall say,  
A Winnower he upon his shoulder hath,  
There fix thy broken Oar, and *Neptune's* wrath  
With a fat Ram appease, a Bull, and Boar,  
Then home returning all the Gods implore.  
Then fear not, till from Sea (5) Death thee arrest,  
When thou grown old hast made thy people blest :  
These Fortunes Thee will certainly betide.  
Thus said *Tiresias* ; and I thus reply'd ;

These, Heaven decrees, and ever fixed Fate,  
But say blest Prophet, and the Truth relate ;  
I see my Mothers Shade, who not her Son  
Will speak to, nor so much as look upon :  
Silent she sits by sacred Blood ; ah, how  
May she poor shadow her dear Of-spring know !

Then He reply'd ; take this from me, who e're  
Of Shades thou sufferst to the Blood draw near,  
They will to what so e're thou asks, reply,  
Or far from thee, if thou withstand'st them, fly.

This said, *Tiresias* vanish'd from my Sight  
To *Phlois* Court, and Seats of lasting Night :  
But I that Posture kept in which I stood,  
Until my Mother tasted sacred Blood ;  
Who straight her Of-spring knew, and weeping, said ;  
How alive cam'st Thou to this dismal Shade ?

To

(4) *Tiresias* very obscurely describes the Country whither *Ulysses* was to travel after his return : but find that the ancients generally interpreted it of *Epirus*, not far distant from *Thrace*. *Pausanias* in his description of *Attica*, equivalent to *Italy*, says *Agamemnon* is *Demetrius* who was *Agamemnon* ; &c. *Pyrrhus* being highly conceited of his strength, encountered the *Carthaginians* (the most experienced of all the Barbarians in the Sea, being descended from the *Phenicians*) in a Naval fight, his armada consisting only of *Epiros*, who, when *Troy* was taken, knew not the Sea, nor use of Sails, as *Homer* testifies. These that knew not the Sea, were ignorant of the use of Sails, according to our Poet ; whence it may be conjectured that *Homer* knew of no other Sails, but what was made out of Sea water. The other token of their ignorance of the Sea was, that they should not know an Oar, but call it by the name of an instrument with which they winnowed Corn.

(5) According to this Prophet is the Story of *Ulysses's* death related by *Diogenes Laertius*, the Son of *Ulysses* by *Circe*, had a Spear made by *Peleus*, which was the bone of a Sea-bird call'd in Latin *Peleusina Maris*, with which he slew his Father unknown to him. Not unlike was the Prophecy concerning the Emperor *Tiberius*, that his Death should come from the Sea, who was poison'd by a Sea-bird.

To see Dark Kingdoms is for mortals hard,  
 With mighty Rivers, and the Ocean barr'd;  
 Which none on Foot will suffer; sure Thou hast  
 Hither by Sea, through raging Billows, past.  
 Wandring from *Troy*, why didst thou hither come,  
 So much time spent, and hast not been at Home,  
 Nor seen thy Wife, who lives as if Divorc'd.

Invincible Necessity inforc'd  
 Me, dearest Mother, to these parts, I said;  
 And to consult *Theban Tiresias* shade.  
 I ne'er reach'd *Greece*, nor touch'd my native Coast,  
 But always wandred with Afflictions crost,  
 Since I to *Troy* with *Agamemnon* went,  
 And there our time in restless Leagure spent:  
 But dearest Mother say, and truth relate,  
 How can'st thou hither? by what cruel Fate?  
 By sickness, or the Quiver bearing Maid  
 Sent with her Shafts Thee to this Dismal shade?  
 Next tell me of my Son, and Father's Fate:  
 Keep they in their Possession my Estate,  
 Or swallow'd up by some encroaching Lord,  
 Who think, I'm drown'd, or perish'd by the Sword?  
 How stands th' Affection of my dearest Spouse?  
 Remains she with my Boy, and keeps my House,  
 Or else become some other Prince's Bride?  
 I strictly thus inquiring, she reply'd;

Thy Wife keeps home, afflicting still her mind,  
 And hath perpetual Grief her self design'd,  
 Consuming Night and Day in Tears for thee:  
 Thy Goods, and House as yet in safety be:  
*Telemachus* in quiet governs all,  
 And oft makes Princely treatments in thy Hall:  
 Thy Father in the Country still remains,  
 And Royal Weeds, and Furniture disdains;

In

In fordid Rags when Winter chills the Skies,  
 He on the Hearth, as Slaves, 'mongst ashes lies:  
 But when grown warm, he in his Vineyard strows  
 Leaves for his Couch, there taking sad Repose,  
 Mourning thy Fate till aged grown: but I  
 By neither of these Casualties did dy:  
 Skilful *Diana* with her gentle Dart,  
 Not, in her Progress, struck me to the Heart;  
 Nor Sickness brought me to that low Estate,  
 My Soul, and Body thus to separate;  
 But the great Care, and Love of thee, and thine,  
 Cost me my life, for I away did <sup>(4)</sup> pine.

Stirr'd by Affection when she thus had said,  
 I step'd in to embrace my Mother's shade:  
 Thrice I attempted, and as often fail,  
 She fled me like a Dream, or nimble Gale.  
 Orepowr'd with Grief, whilst thus I strove, in vain,  
 Of her Unkindness thus did I complain;  
 Why meet'st thou not, dear Mother, my embrace,  
 That here we may in this most dismal place  
 A Comfort find, and in the midst of Grief  
 Conjoyning hands, though small, get some Relief?  
 This all the Favour *Proserpine* bestows,  
 To shew thee only to augment my Woes?

Then thus to give me ease, she seem'd to strive;  
 Oh thou th' unhappiest of all men alive!  
 Hell's Queen not Thee deludes, but 'tis the sad  
 Condition of all Mortals, once being dead,  
 Bodies no more t' assume, when on the Pyre  
 Their Corps are Ashes turn'd in funeral Fire;  
 When breath no more refrigerates our Hearts,  
 Like a swift Dream our fleeting Soul departs:  
 But haste thou to the Living, and the Light,  
 And these bold stories to thy Wife recite.

X

Thus

(4) The later Poets say, that out of excessive grief she strangled her self, when she heard that *Ulysses* was destroy'd by *Neoptolimus*, *Ennius*.

Thus we discours'd whilst Heroins drew near,  
That Wives, and Daughters of great Princes were,  
About the blood they gather, driven on  
By *Proserpine*, whom I then one by one  
Resolv'd to question, then before the Pit  
With my drawn sword, them singly I admit;  
Who after they had drank, it was their task,  
To tell me what so ere I pleas'd to ask.  
First I to *Tyro* spake, who answer'd, thus;  
I'th eldest Daughter of <sup>(1)</sup> *Salmonius*,  
*Cretheus* Spouse; once with <sup>(2)</sup> *Enipeus* took,  
To whom all Rivers seem a shallow Brook:  
Sporting on margents of his pleasant Stream,  
*Neptune* his shape assuming, turn'd to him,  
Comprest her midst the Edies of the Sound,  
Like a Hill, curtain'd with a Billow round,  
Who there conceal'd lay, by a God imbrac'd,  
Whose Virgin Zone dissolv'd in sleep he cast,  
When he well-pleas'd had all his Love-tricks play'd,  
He by the Hand her taking, kindly said;

Rejoyce in my Affection, ere a year  
Fills up his Periods, Thou two Sons shalt bear;  
These breed up well, and now go Home, my Name  
To none disclose, Know thou I *Neptune* am.

This said, He dives, and breaking Billows rore;  
To whom the *Pelias*, and *Nelus* bore,  
*Jove's* Champions both, *Pelias* himself did style  
<sup>(3)</sup> *Iolus* Prince, the other govern'd <sup>(4)</sup> *Pyle*.

But she to *Cretheus* other Children bare,  
*Æson*, and *Pheres*, *Amathion* the fair.  
Next her I saw *Antiope*, *Alope* Race,  
*Jove* himself prided in her sweet embrace.  
He *Zetbur*, and <sup>(5)</sup> *Amphion* had by Her,  
Who with seven Gates the Walls of *Thebes* did rear,

And

(1) A River in the *Africa* descending from a mountain call'd *Salmon*, which seems to have borrow'd its name from *Salomon* King of that place.

(2) This is he who was thunder-fluck by *Jupiter* according to *Virgil* in the sixth of his *Æneid*; because out of a desire to assume to himself divine honour, he had with *Mediæ* and *Fire-works* endeavour'd to imitate Thunder and Lightning.

I saw *Salmonius* as he torur'd sit,  
Who Lightning could, and it thunder imitate,  
Burning flames he in a Chariot rode,  
Through *Greece* in triumph honour'd  
like a God,  
And did imitable Fire and Rain  
With staff and speed of horn'd boott  
Horselike gallop  
But through the Clouds at him great  
Thunder did am  
A thunder-bolt poynted with piercing  
flame  
Not with slight Squibs or Crickets on  
him kill  
But with a Wind wind comb'd him  
to Hell.

(3) A City in *Thessaly*.

(4) Being driven by his Brother from *Iolus* he planted a Colony here.

(5) They first liv'd in a small Town call'd *Eurya*, afterwards remov'd to *Thebes*, which they were forc'd to build, as a reward for fear of the *Phæacians* potent enemies nee hand. The poets generally say that *Amphion* plac'd to Jewels on his Harp, that the very Stones and Trees spontaneously followed it to the building of the Walls of *Thebes*. *Horace* in his Art of Poetry.

*Dittus* & *Amphion* Thebanæ conditor  
Orbit  
Sæva merenti fons effundit, & præce  
lunda  
Ducere quo vellet

*Amphion*, who built *Thebes* made lions advance,  
As they report, and to his' usick dance  
And lead them where he pleas'd with  
moving Strains.

By which they signified that he by the sweetness of his discourse, and carriage had mov'd the more fierce and barbarous people, and persuad'd them to a virtuous society.

And fortifi'd with Bul-warks round about,  
Although the people were both strong, and stout.  
I saw *Amphitryo's* Spouse, *Alcmena*, there,  
Whom *Jove* impregnating, *Alcides* bare;  
And *Creon's* daughter, I *Megara* spy'd,  
Who had been stout *Amphitryo's* Of-spring's Bride.  
I *Oedipus* Mother *Epicasta* saw,  
She spous'd her Son, gainst Nature, and all Law:  
He kills his <sup>(6)</sup> Father, and his Mother Weds,  
Fame of th' incestuous Marriage each where spreads:  
He in sad Posture ore the *Thebans* reign'd,  
His Conscience touch'd, his Reputation stain'd:  
She with a Cord, and lofty Beam, her Fates  
And Grief concluding, enter'd *Pluto's* Gates:  
But Him she left 'midst sorrows uncontrol'd,  
And all the Woes a Mother's *Furies* could.  
Next, I fair *Chloris* saw, whom *Nelus* Wed,  
Paying dearly for th' enjoyments of her Bed,  
*Amphion's* daughter, who *Orchomen* sway'd,  
Whom *Minyos*, and sandy *Pile* obey'd,  
To him the *Nestor*, *Chromius*, *Pericles* bare,  
And beauteous *Pero*, one so wondrous fair:  
Whom all the neighbouring Princes came to Woo;  
But He not her on any would bestow,  
Could not to him <sup>(7)</sup> *Iphiclus* Castel drive;  
Which once a Prophet promis'd to contrive;  
But him a woful Faic, a cruel Chain,  
And Rusticks more unmerciful detain:  
But when the ever circonvolving Sphere,  
Months, Days, and Hours had wound up in one Year,  
Then *Iphiclus* freed him (*Jove* would have it so)  
After he did, what he desired, know.  
Next, saw I *Leda*, *Tyndarus* Spouse, the bare  
*Castor*, and *Pollux*, who such Champions were:

X 2

These

(6) *Linceus*, being inform'd by the Oracle of *Apollon* that he should be slain by his own Son, caus'd *Oedipus*, as soon as he was born, to be expos'd to be destroyed, either by wild Beasts, or Famine: but the Shepherds taking pity on him, caus'd him to be educated: who being arriv'd to maturity of age went to *Thebes* to inquire after his Father, whom he met by the way, and in a quarrel, being ignorant who it was, slew him: and afterwards married his Mother *Epicasta* (so call'd by *Hom.*, by the later Poets *Penelope*.) This story was the subject of two Tragedies of *Sophocles*.

(7) This story of *Nelus*, and *Pero*, is very obscurely deliver'd by our Poets, which was thus: *Iphiclus* had seiz'd upon the goods of *Tys*, the Mother of *Nelus*, among which were many beautiful Oxen, which *Nelus* afterwards demand'd of him, but could not obtain them. His daughter *Pero*, being a Lady of great beauty, was courted by all the neighbouring Princes, but he refus'd to elope her to any one, unless he could recover those Oxen detain'd by *Iphiclus*. *Bus* persuades his brother *Sticampus*, a Prophet, to undertake the business for him, who in the enterprise was taken, and imprison'd, but after some distance there, having discover'd to *Iphiclus* how he might have children by his Wife, who had till then been barren, recover'd the Oxen for his reward.

(c) When *Cæstor* was slain by *Lyncæus*, his brother *Pollux* petition'd *Jupiter* to grant him immortality: which when he could not obtain, he imparted to him an equal share of his own. *Purg. Æneid* l. 6.

*Si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redimit,*  
*hunc redempte vitam totius—*

If *Pollux* could by an alternate death  
His Brother ease, and tread to out one path.

(d) The attempt the rebellious *Cyans* made upon Heaven, has been the subject of whole Poems: but these are distant from them, as appears by *Virgil* in the 6 of his *Æneids*, though some late writers do confound them.

*Hic genus antiquum Terræ, Titania puer,*  
*Fulmine dejecti funder volucrem in ima.*  
*Hic & Aloadas gemmas, immensa vidi*  
*Corpora qui manibus magnæum rescindere caelum*  
*Aggredi, superisque Jovem detruere regem.*

Here Young *Titanians* be, *Eurus* ancient east,  
With thunder struck down to the low-est place.

Here I the two *Aloadæ* behold,  
Whose mighty size all fictions far exceed;  
These, though but Mortals, storm'd high Heaven, and strove  
To drive from his Celestial Kingdoms *Jove*.

(e) An Island near unto *Crete*: but the Expositors generally take it to be the Isle *Naxos*, antiently call'd *Dia*, as *Pliny* testifies. Here *Phædra* died suddenly (for that the Poet means by her being slain by *Diana*) in her passage to *Athens*.

These by *Jove's* will<sup>(c)</sup> alternate live, and dy,  
This lies inhum'd, whilst that ascends the Sky.  
At once they rise and set, this under ground  
Whilst that in heaven remains, with glory crown'd.  
Next saw I *Iphimedia*, who confess,  
Though *Alces* Wife, that *Neptune* her compress:  
Two Sons she bore him; *Otus*, and the fair  
*Ephialtes*, with whom none could compare  
Except *Orion*; both were Gyants vast,  
In nine years grown, nine Cubits in the Waist,  
And nine Ells tall, these fell with Heaven at Odds,  
And a Rebellion rais'd against the Gods:  
*Ossa* they on *Olympus* strove to lay,  
*Pelion* on<sup>(d)</sup> *Ossa*, so to make their Way,  
Which had they been of age, and fuller growth,  
Heaven they had took, but *Phebus* slew them both,  
Before the callow Down upon their Chin,  
Or marks of Manhood on their Cheeks were seen.  
*Phædra*, and *Procris*; *Ariadne* there,  
I *Minos* Daughter spy'd, whom *Theseus* bare  
From her own *Crete* towards *Athens* fertile Soyl,  
But could not her obtain in<sup>(e)</sup> *Dia's* Isle:  
*Diana* her with Virgin Darts did kill,  
Since *Bacchus* charg'd her with th' attainting Bill.  
I *Mæra*, *Clymen* saw, *Eriphyla*,  
Who her dear Husband did for gold betray.  
Their names, nor Character I can't recite  
Of all those Ladies in a Winters Night.  
But since for my Return you take such Care,  
Grown late let me down to your Ship repair.  
This said, all silent sate, extremely took  
With this Discourse, when thus *Arête* spoke;  
His Person and his Mind you may compare,  
And though our Guest, yet you the Honour share

In

In his Acquaintance; therefore if you please;  
Send him not home with trifles, such as these;  
Dispatch'd in haste, since you in your Abodes  
Have riches store by favour of the Gods.  
This said, the eldest of the Princes there,  
*Ecbeuius*, his Judgment did declare;

Not fondly, nor with Fancy indigest,  
The Prudent Queen hath now her self express;  
Follow her Counsel, and the King obey,  
Do as he doth, and say as he shall say.

Then thus *Alcinous* answer'd; Let it be,  
And what you have propounded I'll Decree.  
If I'm your King, and you my People sway,  
Our Guest with us shall till to morrow stay,  
Though he'd be gon, till we a Present make,  
Fit for Us to bestow, and Him to take.  
Then Home dispatch him with all special Care,  
Of which, your King the greatest part shall share.

When thus *Ulysses* did his Mind impart;  
Thou who the glory of thy People art,  
Shouldst thou command me here a Year remain,  
Rich gifts receiving, sure I'll not complain;  
I rather would, and better much for me,  
With Coffers full my Native Country see,  
Then they would all me love, and honour more,  
Subjects condemn their Princes when grown Poor.

When thus renown'd *Alcinous* replies;  
We not on Thee, as one that carries Lies,  
*Ulysses*, look, though there be many such,  
Who wandering tell what scarce induces the Touch,  
And are believ'd, but you your Story cloath  
In Language that speaks Truth, and Musick both;  
For with that Emphasis Thou dost relate  
The *Greeks* Fortune, and Thy own sad Fate.

But

But pray go on, saw you not any there,  
Who in the *Trojan* League slaughter'd were :  
'Tis early yet, and tedious is the Night,  
More of the wondrous Passages recite ;  
I could with Patience hear Thee till the Dawn,  
Then with Thy own sad story pray go on.

*Ulysses* then reply'd ; Thou, who as far  
Out-shines thy People, as the Sun a Star,  
Times for Discourses are, time to forbear ;  
But if that you desire the rest to hear,  
I should be much unwilling to deny ;  
Therefore our miserable Misfortunes I  
Shall reckon up, and who escap'd the Main,  
And *Trojan* Wars, were by th' <sup>(1)</sup> Adultress slain.  
Soon as the Female shades dispers'd were,  
The Ghost of *Agamemnon* did appear,  
And others throng'd about me of his Train,  
That by *Aegisthus* in his Court were slain :  
Soon as He blood had tasted, me he knows,  
When from his Eys a briny River flows,  
And forth he kindly stretch'd to me his Hands,  
Which Nervels fail'd, nor answer'd such commands ;  
I, as I saw him, wept, and much dismaid,  
Pitying our Valiant General, thus said ;

Renowned *Agamemnon*, ah ! what Fate  
Brought thee to this Condition, this sad State ?  
Was it by *Neptune*, He who curbs the Main,  
And checks like gentle Gales a Heurican ?  
Or by Prophane at th' Altars lost your Lives ?  
Or fighting for your Country, and your Wives ?  
Thus question'd I, and thus the shade replies ;

Renown'd *Ulysses*, *Lærtiades*,  
*Neptune* not me subdu'd, who curbs the Main,  
And checks at pleasure a fierce Heurican,

Nor

Nor fighting for my Country lost my Life,  
But fly *Aegisthus*, and my cruel Wife,  
Inviting to a Banquet, on they fall,  
And slew me like a Bullock at the Stall.  
And my Attendants, full of Cates, and Wine,  
Together slaughter'd, fell like fatted Swine,  
For some great Person that keeps solemn Feasts,  
Or else at Nuptials highly treats his Guests.  
Thou often hast great Execution seen,  
In many Fights, and bloody Battels been ;  
This had'st thou seen thou would'st have fetch'd a groan ;  
Cups, Goblets lay, and Tables overthrow'n,  
The marble Pavement all with gore besmear'd ;  
I *Priamus* Daughter, poor *Cassandra* heard,  
Whom neer me cruel *Clytemnestra* slew,  
Dying my hands upon my Sword I threw,  
Whil'st my stern Wife from me, disdainingly flies,  
Nor would in Deaths Convulsions close my Eys.  
What can more odious be, what more abhor'd,  
Then she that plots the Murder of her Lord ?  
I thought glad well-come to have found at Home,  
T' have seen my Children, Friends, and Servants, come  
Thronging about me, but this Crime will blast,  
And an Aspersion on all Women cast.  
To *Atreus* Offspring, I replying, said ;  
Great Mischiefs *fore* by treacherous Wives has laid :  
Many for *Helen* were in Battel slain,  
But thou by *Clytemnestra*'s subtil Train.  
This said, He gave me this short Reply ;  
Ah, never, never too Uxorious be,  
Nor to thy Wife thy Secrets e're reveal,  
Feed her with Tales, but thy Concern conceal :  
But yet Thy Spouse, *Ulysses*, I except,  
She hath a Breast, where Counsels may be kept.

We

(1) *Clytemnestra*, the Wife of *Agamemnon*, but others understand it either of *Helen*, or *Cassandra*.

We left her newly married, going to War,  
 She her dear Offspring at her Bosom bare ;  
 Who now grown Man, mongst Princes takes his place  
 Whom Thou shalt see, and be in thy embrace :  
 But my fine Wife, my Son not let me see,  
 E're she presented my own Tragedy.  
 Yet one thing I'll advise thee, which thou must  
 Lock in thy Bosom up ; No Woman trust :  
 Surprize her Unexpected, that you may  
 E're look'd for land in your own *Ithaca*.  
 But now be pleas'd, me some Account to give ;  
 Hear'st Thou if still my dear *Orestes* live  
 With *Menelaus* in the *Spartan* Soyl ?  
 Or else at <sup>(a)</sup> *Orcomen*, or sandy <sup>(b)</sup> *Pyle* ?

For yet he musters not among the Dead.

Thus He inquir'd, and I, replying, said ;

Why ask'st thou me, I no account can make,  
 What happen'd him, nor will on hear-say speake.

Thus in sad Language, sadly we discours'd,

And mutual Sorrows, Tears on Tears inforc'd,  
 When up to me *Achilles* shadow drew,

*Antyloebus*, and pale *Patroclus* too,

And *Ajax*, who in person all excell'd,

Unles *Pelides*, the unparallel'd ;

Who knew me straight, and thus lamenting, said ;

Why comes *Ulysses* to th' infernal shade ?

Ah, what misfortune brought thee to these Coasts,

'Mongst fleeting shades, and miserable Ghosts ?

Then I reply'd ; Oh thou, greatest in Fame

Of all the *Greeks*, I to *Tiresias* came

Consulting him to know, how best I may,

A Passage gain to my own *Ithaca* :

I ne're found *Greece*, nor reach'd my Native Soyl,

But always wandering through a World of Toyl ;

But

But no Age did or shall produce one more  
 Happy then you, whom we did all adore,  
 Like the Gods living ; nor need'st thou complain,  
 Who after Death in dismal shades dost reign.  
 When thus the Prince me interrupting, spake ;

Thou of the Dead a weak Discourse dost make ;

I rather would a Rustick be, and serve

A Swain for Hire, ready almost to sterve,

And living, be 'mongst all misfortunes hurl'd,

Then Dead, an Emperour in this shady World.

But of my Son I fain would something know,

Came he to th' *Ilian* Liegure ? yea, or no.

Of my dear Father's Fortunes something say,

If yet the *Myrmidons* his power obey,

Or have they shook his Scepter off, and hold

Unfit to govern, now grown Weak and Old.

I am not now as when I fought at *Troy*,

And Regiments could in my Rage destroy.

Ah ! would I were at Home a while, his Crown

I should restore, and beat proud Rebels down.

Then what I knew, I thus to him declar'd ;

I of thy Father *Pelexus* have not heard,

But I of *Pyrrhus* shall such truths recount,

That Miracles, and Fiction far surmount.

Him I attended from the <sup>(a)</sup> *Scyrian* Coast,

In a stout Vessel to the *Grecian* Host,

And him unto our Counsel did admit,

Where well he spake, and shew'd his forward Wit.

*Nestor* and I could seldom Him confute :

And when drawn forth, we were in hot Dispute,

He lag'd not 'midst the Ranks, but forth alone

Still charg'd the *Trojans*, giving place to none.

He many Heroes slew in bloody Fight ;

I cannot them, nor all their Names recite,

Y

Which

(a) A City in *Bœotia*, which according to *Ennius* was an *Asylum* and therefore a proper place of refuge for *Orestes*. It was also a place of great strength, where the neighbouring Cities deposited their Treasures for security, *Strabo*.

(b) The feat of *Nestor* in *Antyloebus*, the great lover of *Agamemnon*, who he thought might entertain his Son in his Exile.

(c) Though it might not unjustly be suppos'd that there is nothing further meant here than the reasonable fiction of *Achilles*; yet it appears that the true story of *Peleus* is here delivered : for he was deposed from his Crown by *Achilles*, but afterwards restored to it again by his Grand-child *Scyrius*, (or *Pyrrhus*) according to *Dionysius Cretensis* lib. 6.

(d) An Island not far distant from the Coasts of *Thessaly*, where *Pyrrhus* was born, and educated with *Lycander*, a Kinsman of *Achilles*'s. So *Sophocles* and *Strabo*. They err who take *Syprus* for an in-land Town of the *Delphes* in *Thessaly*.





There *Sisyphus* I cast my Eye upon,  
 In cruel torture lugging a huge Stone,  
 Struggling with all his strength, his Hands, and Feet,  
 Up a steep Hill endeavouring to get ;  
 But soon as he attains the Mountains Crown,  
 It, with a Vengeance hurri'd, tumbles down :  
 Then from the Plain his task he doth repeat,  
 Smoke hides his Head, all over in a Sweat.  
 Next him I saw the great *Herculean* Shade,  
 But he himself in Heaven *Jove's* Daughter had,  
 Bright *Hebe*, and now feasts 'mongst Deities :  
 About him Ghosts now clamour'd, like the Cries  
 Of frightened Fowl ; He like the Night march'd on,  
 His Bow bent, to the Head his Arrow drawn,  
 Frowning, as if his Shafts he would have delt,  
 Athwart his Shoulders hung his golden Belt ;  
 Which Lyons, Bears, Battels, and slaughter fill,  
 The like was never wrought, nor ever will.  
 He knew me straight, and having well survaied  
 The gentle shadow, pitying me, thus said ;  
 Poor Prince *Ulysses*, Thou like me wert born  
 The mocking stock of Fate, and Fortune's scorn.  
 I, though *Jove's* Son, much Misery indur'd,  
 By one much meaner than my self procur'd :  
 'Mongst many toyls which my strong Nerves did stretch  
 He sent me hither, *Cerberus* to fetch :  
 This was the greatest task he put me too,  
 Yet from th' infernal Gates the Dog I drew,  
 By *Hermes*, and the bright *Minerva's* Aid :  
 Thus saying, he retired to the Shade.  
 I firmly kept my Station to behold,  
 Some antient Heroes who had dy'd of Old,  
*Troilus*, *Pirithous*, Sons of Gods I saw,  
 Who neer with Concourse, and huge Clamor draw :

I sat surpris'd then with trembling fear,  
 Suspecting that the <sup>(1)</sup> *Gorgons* Head was there,  
 Thence straight my Friends I call'd, our selves bestirr'd,  
 We loofe our Cables, and straight got aboard :  
 Plac'd on our Banks, we down the River glide,  
 Fair Winds attending, and a nimble Tyde.

(1) At whose sight the Spectators  
 were struck dead. *Achylus*.

*Πάντας δ' Ἀχαιοὶ τῶνδε τοῖσι νεκροῖσι  
 ὄψαντο θανάτου Τυφίπλοος Ἰφιδάμανος  
 Ἄνδρα καὶ Ἰφιδάμανος Ἰφιδάμανος*

*Neer these three winged Sisters sat,  
 Whole jolly troffes Mortals hat:  
 Which who ere see concludes their Fate.*

## HOMERS



*General Dom. No. Ruggieri*  
*Barony de Brignol*  
*Taculam hanc*



*Comiti de Orrozy*  
*Regi a Sacris Consiliis*  
*EMDD: EO. Lib. 12*



# HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE TWELFTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Sirens: Ulysses stops his Peoples Ears ;  
 Ty'd to the Mast their charming Song he hears.  
 Escap'd Charybdis, He on Scylla fell,  
 Who sweeps ore six. The Sun's fat Beeves they kill,  
 Then put to Sea : a Storm his Men all drown'd ;  
 Afride his Keel Calypso's Isle he found.*

**S** O O N as our Vessel the  
 Lands end had cleer'd,  
 For Circe's Isle, we to the Offine  
 steer'd,  
 And plowing Waves through the  
 broad Ocean run

To Mansions of the Day and rising Sun :  
 Our Voyage finish'd, straight on softer Sand  
 We bed our Ship, and nimbly leap to Land ;  
 Where on the plufhy Margents we repose.  
 Soon as the rose-finger'd Morn arofe,

A Party I to *Cree's* Palace send,  
That down might poor *Elpenor's* Corps attend :  
Wood freight being cut, his Funeral Pyle we rear,  
At the sad Office shedding many a Tear :  
Soon as his Corps and Arms confum'd were,  
On a rais'd Hillock we a Column rear,  
And over that fix'd his Sepulchral Oar,  
Finish'd his Rites. But *Cree* knew before  
We had our Voyage made, down in a thought  
She, with her Virgin Train attended, brought  
Store of fresh Viands, Wine, and purest Bread,  
And cheerfully amidst them standing, said ;

You living enter'd the dark Court of *Dis*,  
All else but once, you Dead will enter twice ;  
Now eat and drink rich Wine, feast this whole Day,  
And with the early Dawn you shall away,  
And I will so direct you, so instruct,  
That shall through Sea and Land you safe conduct,  
Unless your evil Counsels you dissuade :  
We take the gentle Offer that she made,  
And there sate feasting, and carousing Wine.  
But when the Sun did towards the *West* decline,  
They on the Decks grown sleepy, took Repose,  
She leading me by th' hand, in private goes ;  
Of all my Observations then inquires ;  
I satisfaction gave to Her Desires.

Then the reply'd ; You have perform'd your Part,  
But what thou now hear'st, Cabin in thy Heart.

First thou the *Sirens* shalt discover, which  
All Comers with inticing Notes bewitch :  
Who their sweet Voyces hear, remind no more  
Their Wives, their Children, nor their Native Shore :  
In Meadows chanting, they mongst dead Mens Bones  
Crown rotten Skins, and heap up Skeletons.

But

But when thou failest by them, look that There  
Thy Followers Ears Thou stop, that none may hear,  
With yielding Wax : but if Thou hast a mind  
To hear enchanting Ditties, let them bind  
Thee Hand and Foot, and with strong Cordage fast  
About Thy middle tie unto the Mast :  
So thou may'st hear the <sup>(a)</sup> *Sirens* melting strains :  
But if Thou should'st command them lose Thy Chains,  
And set Thee free, then bid them harder tie.  
But when these dire Enchanters are fail'd by,  
Then thee I shall not punctually instruct  
In th' other Course Thou may'st thy Self conduct,  
By little Hints, how Thou may'st find the way.

Two lofty Rocks stand jutting to the Sea,  
Beaten with Billows groning in their fall,  
Which *Revers* the immortal Deities call ;  
Ore which no Bird e're flew, nor swiftest Dove  
That bears <sup>(b)</sup> Ambrosia to immortal *Jove*.  
But when a Pigeon falls upon that Rock,  
He sends another to supply the Flock.  
None ever escap'd this place ; who e're drew near,  
Both Ship and Men by storms ft e'ft swallow'd were.  
Only the *Argo* which to *Aetia* fail'd,  
'Gainst mouthing Winds, and roaring waves, prevail'd,  
And she had prov'd to those dire Rocks a Scoff,  
But *Juno* kind to *Jason* brought Her off.  
Here two steep Cliffs ; one scales the Skie, and shrouds  
His spiry Forehead in a Shafh of Clouds ;  
Where, nor in Spring, nor Autumn, e're is seen  
A gentle Season, nor the left Serene.  
This place no Mortal e're ascended yet,  
Nor shall, though they had twenty Hands and Feet.  
This Rock more smooth then Touch, or polish'd  
Hath a deep Cave that views the setting Sun, (Stone,

(a) The *Sirens* were Queens of those Islands, which lie in the bay of *Pollux*, not far distant from *Cyrene*, who held many places on the neighbouring Continent, especially the Promontory of *Aetna* ; so call'd, because during their Reign an Academy was there erected for the propagation of Learning, which became so famous for Eloquence and all liberal Sciences, that it gave an invention to this Fable of the sweeten'd Voice, and attracting Songs of the *Sirens*. But *Strabo*, tells of a certain Bay contracted within winding Streights, and broken Cliffs, which by the ringing of the Winds, and beating of the Billows, report a delightful harmony, alluring those who sail by to approach, when forthwith, thrown against the Rocks by the Waves, they are swallowed in the violent Eddies.

(b) There was a long controversy among the ancients about the fence of this place, till they agreed in the Exposition of *Maro* of *Dynamis*, who by the word *mandata* will not have *Pigeons* here signified, but the *Pleiades*. And that the *Pleiades* were so call'd by the ancients of the Greek Poets, appears out of some Fragments preserv'd by *Athenaeus* : *Sinuides*.

*ἡ δὲ πρὸς τὴν Ἀργεὶν τὴν ἑλπίδα*

*ὅτι πρὸς τὴν Ἀργεὶν τὴν ἑλπίδα*

*ἡ δὲ πρὸς τὴν Ἀργεὶν τὴν ἑλπίδα*

And *Aschylus* the Tragedian,

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To which no neerer fail then one may shoot  
 At Random height, and reach her Sea-wash'd Foot.  
 Here *Scylla* lurks, and direly yawning yelps,  
 Like a whole Litter of stern Lyons Whelps.  
 This horrid Monster (no inviting sight)  
 Would Mortals, nay the Gods themselves, affright.  
 She Twelve mishapen feet wide splaying spreads,  
 Six Necks extending, arm'd with horrid Heads:  
 Three set of grinding Teeth her gullets gard,  
 On each of them sits purple Death prepar'd.  
 She lying in her Cave prodigious Snouts  
 Shoots forth, and round the Rock for Filthes scouts,  
 Dolphins, and Dog-fish, she on any falls,  
 And oft light Breakfasts makes on mighty Whales.  
 None e're fail'd by her that so well could watch,  
 But from the Stern she one at least would catch.  
 Neer this a lower Rock Thou shalt behold,  
 Which Fig-trees with their spreading Leaves infold.  
 There dire *Charybdis* briny Billows sups,  
 Thrice disembogues, as oft redrinks her Cups.  
 Then come not neer, for in that long-breath'd Quaff,  
*Neptune* not with his Trident gets Thee off.  
 But Thou more safety may'st neer *Scylla* find,  
 Thy Bark with full Sails, and a Favouring Wind,  
 With loss of six at most, gain Passage shall,  
 But this sad Monster swallows ship and all.  
 Thus she advising, gently I reply'd;

Best Goddess tell me how may I avoid  
 This dangerous Hagg, and be reveng'd, if she  
 Should injure any that relates to me.

Then she reply'd; Thou talk'st as if thou wert  
 In Battels, or else storming of some Fort:  
 None could revenge, e're of immortals brag,  
 She Deathless is, an everliving Hag,

Invulnerable:

Invulnerable: you Fool your self to try  
 Your strength 'gainst hers, 'tis the best course to fly.  
 Her if you'll charge she'll muster all her Power,  
 And Thee, and Thine in guzzling Throats devour.  
 Sail thou from thence, and *Crates* implore,  
 Who that accursed Monster *Scylla* bore;  
 And she will her in all her Fury stop.  
 But when at *Sicily* you Anchors drop,  
 The Sun's seven Flocks, seven Herds, a goodly breed,  
 (Fifty in each there in fresh Pastures feed)  
 These never pregnant are, nor ever die.  
 Two Nymphs *Phaenusa*, and bright *Lampety*,  
 Whom to the Sun divine *Neaera* bare  
 In *Sicily*, and educated there,  
 And Shepherdesses, order'd them to keep  
 Their Father's Herds, and silver-flaeced Sheep;  
 If them you spare, and your return regard,  
 Your Voyage shall be safe, though long and hard;  
 But if thou any of these Cattel kill,  
 Thy Ship, Thy Friends, Thy Ruin I foretel:  
 And if thou scap'st thy Self, Thy Native Coast  
 Late thou shalt reach, All thy Associates lost.

Whilst thus she said, *Aurora* made Approach,  
*Eastern-Hills* guilding with her golden Coach:  
 Thence to her Pallace then the Goddess bends,  
 I to my Ship; There I exhort my Friends  
 To go Aboard, and Cables lose; They straight  
 Entering, upon their Banks in order fare,  
 Brushing the briny Spry; a prosperous Gale  
 The Goddess sent, a Friend that did not fail,  
 Whilst we our Stations keep, and Banks design'd;  
 Trusting the Helms-man, and so fair a Wind.  
 When thus I told them with a heavy Heart;  
 Sirs, not to one, or two, must I impart

Z 2

But

But unto all, what *Circe* doth advise ;  
Which if you follow, grown by knowledge Wise,  
We shall escape, or else are all undone.

First, you the *Sirens* flow'ry Meads must shun,  
She us commands ; Next, You must shut your Ear,  
Lest their bewitching Voices you should hear:  
But me in Cordage you must fetter fast,  
And firmly fixing, bind unto the Mast,  
Then if I beg to lole me, harder bind :

Thus I declar'd to them the Goddess Mind.  
Mean while, we to the *Siren's* <sup>(\*)</sup> Confines fail,  
Plowing up Billows with a handsome Gale,  
When a flat Calm smooth'd ore the glassy Deep,  
The Winds all hush'd, the Ocean fell a sleep :  
They rising furl their Sails, next them safe stow  
Betwixt dry Hatches, then sit down and row.  
A mighty Ball I cut of yielding Wax  
In Pellets, which I kneading found relax  
In my warm Hands, and ready now to run,  
Help'd with the radiance of the warmer Sun;  
With which their Ears I luted up ; me fast  
They fetter'd up, and ty'd unto the Mast.  
Then row'd they on as far as you might hear  
One shout aloud, they hearing us, draw neer :  
Impulsive Oars beating the silent Main,  
Thus they inviting me, did entertain ;

*Ulysses*, glory of the *Greeks*, draw neer,  
Thy Vessel stay, and our sweet Voices hear ;  
None ever past this way, and went from hence,  
Ere they had feasted their Auricular Sense :  
Then they departed pleas'd, and wisest too,  
We know what *Trojans* suffer'd, and what you,  
Which Fate in ten years Siege on each side hurl'd,  
And all Transactions of the busie World.

This

This Song so much transported me, that I  
Commanded straight they should my Cords untie :  
*Eurylochus* and *Perimedes* rise,  
And bind me faster ; on our Vessel flies  
Till their Noies losing, I my Senses found ;  
Then they their ears unstopp'd, and me unbound.  
This Isle thus left, I saw a hazy Smoke,  
And a swollen Sea, and heard rough Waves that broke:  
They frighted, leave their Oars, the Vessel stopt,  
Wanting th' impulse, as if w' had Anchor dropt :  
Then I bestir'd my self, and did persuade,  
And kindly to encourage them thus said ;

Good skill in Danger, Friends, you well may own.  
This is not greater then when with a Stone  
Up *Cyclops* pen'd you in his dismal Cave :  
Take my Advice, this Danger too we'll wave,  
And make of it for after-times a Tale,  
Now mark my words ; and all at once, not fail,  
Sit on your Banks with plyant Oars to sweep,  
As if one man, the surface of the Deep :  
Then if *fove* please we soon shall safety find :  
But Helms-man, hoe ! this charge bear in thy mind,  
Because thy care the Vessel must protect ;  
Without yon Smoke, and Waves, thy course direct,  
Nor too neer to that Rock, lest there we hit,  
And on her skirts, hid under Water, split.  
Thus up I cheer'd them, and they straight obey'd,  
But I no mention of dire *Scylla* made,  
Left by additional fears surpris'd, they  
Should slack their Oars, and hinder the ships way.  
*Greeks* commands, I in this Puzzel had  
Forgotten too, who me to arme forbad :  
I guirt on steel, in each hand took a spear,  
And leap'd up to the Prow, supposing there

The

(\*) Two small Isles between *Italy*  
and *Sicily*, from them call'd *Sirenes*.

The Craggy *Scylla* to behold (which cost  
Me after dear, when my best Men I lost)  
But none I saw, though round my Eys I cast;  
So onwards to the narrow Straight we past.

*Scylla* on this side briny Seas doth quaff,  
On that *Charybdis* drinks the Ocean off;  
Which when she Vomits up, she murmurs more  
Then Liquor, in a Chaldron boyling ore,  
Laving the lofty Rocks with frothy Suds:  
But when she guzzles up the swelling Floods,  
All shakes within, Rocks thunder, and drawn neer,  
The Earth beneath, and glittering Sands appear.  
This dreadful sight did much my Friends amate;  
For there they saw, expected there their Fate.  
Mean while dire *Scylla* fix of them, unmatch'd  
For gallant Parts, quite ore the Hatches snatch'd.  
I from the Prow beheld them, where I stood,  
Turn'd topsie-turvy, tumbling in the Flood,  
With Feet above, now hands; They call'd to me,  
Which I ready to burst with Grief did see.  
As when a Fisher standing on a Rock,  
The scaly Fry takes with his baited Hook;  
In goes the Horn, up comes the struggling Fish,  
Which panting he casts by to be his Dish;  
So up she whips them whilst they loud implore,  
With rear'd up Hands, and eats them at her Door.  
At Sea, and Land, 'mongst Woes unparallel'd,  
This was the saddest sight I e'er beheld.  
From *Scylla* and *Charybdis* swift We fly,  
And straight unto that famous Isle drew nigh,  
Where *Phæbus* fleecy Sheep, and Cattel were,  
Whose Bleats and Bellowing out at Sea, we hear.  
*Tiresia* and *Circe*, I remind,  
Who with so many Cautions me enjoyn'd.

To

To wave that Coast belonging to the Sun:  
Then with sad Heart, thus I to them begun;

Now hear me, Sirs, You who have suffer'd much,  
On *Phæbus* Isle we must not dare to touch;  
Hence Us *Tiresias* bad, and *Circe*, fly;  
For here attends our greatest Misery,  
And utter Ruine; Steer from hence I said:  
They at these words extreemly seem'd dismay'd,  
When roughly thus *Eurylochus* breaks out;

*Ulysses*, You that are so strong, and stout,  
Who indefatigable wilt ne'r tyre,  
Thy Body Adamant, thy Sinews Wire,  
Yet suffer us, consum'd with Care, and Toyl,  
To sup, and sleep in this delightful Isle,  
And not all Night to lie at Sea, advise,  
When darkning Clouds, and bitter storms arise.  
What if the Winds conspire against us, must  
Thus we our selves t' unruly Elements trust?  
Lets here refresh, and Nights good Laws obey,  
And when the Dawn appears our Anchors weigh:  
His words Th' approve, and straight cry One and All;  
Then I perceiv'd some God contriv'd their Fall:  
And thus I to the Company begun;

You may compel me, since I am but One,  
Therefore I'll swear you, sacred Vows should bind,  
If any of their Herds, or Flocks, you find,  
Not one to kill, but quietly that Meat,  
With which fair *Circe* victual'd us, to eat.  
This said, as I commanded them, they swore,  
Then to the bottom of the Harbor bore,  
And neer a pleasant Fountain leap'd to Land,  
Their Supper straight preparing on the Strand.  
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
They play'd a sad Game, vicing many a Tear

For

For their dear Friends alive snatch'd from their Ship  
By *Scylla*, till orepowr'd by conquering sleep.  
But when the third part of the Night was spent,  
The Stars descending, *Jove* a Tempest sent,  
Which Earth and Sea with muster'd Vapours shrouds,  
Hanging Heavens Arches round with sable Clouds.  
But when the rose-finger'd Morning rose,  
Our ship drawn up, we in a Cave dispose,  
In which the *Nymphs* their fair Recesses had,  
When thus to my Associates I said ;

Our Ship dear Friends hath yet Provision store,  
Forbear these Bees, lest we too great a Score  
Pay to exacting Gods, they'll cost us dear ;  
They are the Suns, who all doth see and hear.  
Thus I advis'd them, and perswaded too,  
When a whole month *South* and *South-East* winds blew.  
So long as any Bread or Wine remain'd,  
So long from Sheep and Bullocks they abstain'd :  
And when they had all their Provision spent,  
They both a Hunting, and a Fishing, went,  
A Birding too ; No means they did neglect :  
Dire Hunger much the Belly did afflict.  
Then I apart implor'd the Gods, that they  
Would Passage grant, nor more prolong our stay :  
Whil'st thus I pray'd, well shelter'd from all Winds,  
Me gentle sleep in silken Fetters binds.  
*Eurylochus*, who still to Mischief led,

Dear Fellow-sufferers, hear me, then said ;  
All Deaths to Mortals bitter are, like Gall,  
But starving, that's the bitterest of all.  
The fattest of these Bullocks let us sell,  
And offer to the Gods in high Heaven dwell ;  
And when our Native Country we obtain,  
Lets promise to the Sun a stately Fane,

And

And to adorn it richly be engag'd :  
But if he, for their slaughter much enrag'd,  
Will grant no pardon, but our Vessel bulge,  
Nor any other Gods will us indulge :  
How e're 'mongst Waves better at once be lost,  
Then longer languish on a desert Coast.

The Counsel takes, They all applaud th' advice,  
The primest of the Cattel in a trice  
They fell upon, then grazing neer their Ship ;  
They stand about, and sacrificing, strip  
Soft oaken leaves, for they no Barly had,  
Then kill, and flea ; and after they had pray'd,  
They to the brawny Thighs lop'd off affix  
A double Cawl, and Lean with Fat commix ;  
And Water, since they had no Wine, they threw  
On burning Altars, as Libations due.  
The Houghs consum'd, They th' inwards eat, then cut  
The rest in pieces, which on Spits they put.

When Sleep to freedom did my Sense restore,  
I hasten'd to my Vessel neer the shore :  
But when that I drew neer, the Wind from thence  
A Steam brought pleasant to th' famelick fence :  
Then to the Gods I thus complain'd ; Oh ! *Jove*,  
And all you happy Powers that dwell above,  
My People whil'st I slept have done a Deed,  
A Villany that doth all Crimes exceed.  
*Lampete* brought this Tidings to the *S U N*,  
And told him the strange mischief they had done :  
Who much incens'd thus implor'd the Gods ;

Oh *Jove*, and all who dwell in blest Abods,  
Revenge me on *Ulysses* cursed Train,  
Who impious, have my primest Cattel slain ;  
Whose sight more pleas'd me in my Progress hurl'd,  
Then all the Pomp, and Glory of the World :

A a

Right

(f) We have already taken notice that *Homer* has indistinctly mentioned all the more abstruse Arts, and Sciences which were believed in his time, as Necromancy, Witchery, Natural Portents, and the like: so in this place he gives an instance of predictive Prodigies, in which the ancients were superstitiously credulous. When *Pyræus* King of *Macedonia* waged War with the *Romans*, in the fleet which he sacrificed, the Heave, the principle of Life was wanting: by which the Priests foretold the ill success of that undertaking, and *Pyræus* accordingly was expelled out of *Italy*. With the like relations the *Greek* and *Roman* History abound, collected together by *Cowley* in his Book of Prodigies: we shall only take notice of those which foretold the death of *Cæsar*, as recorded by *Virgil*, who enumerates two and twenty in the first of his *Cicero* books,

—ille (Sul) etiam caecos inflare tu-  
multus  
Sæpe monit, frandemque & apertum  
misere bella.  
Ite etiam extincto miseratus Cæsar  
Roman  
Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine  
tuit,  
Impaque æternam timerant secula  
nollem.

Clandestine tumults he doth oft fore-  
show,  
And open War from secret Plots to  
grow.  
He, pitying *Rome* and *Cæsar's* funeral,  
spread  
A mourning Veil o'er his illustrious  
Head,  
That th'impious age eternal darkness  
feard.  
At Sea and Land what wonders then  
appear'd?  
Both howling Dogs and fatal Fowl  
presag'd.  
How oft we smoking *Ætæa* saw in-  
rag'd,  
Who from dire breaches the *Cyclops*  
grounds  
With Fire-balls, and a Pumice-Deluge,  
drown'd  
Germany heard from Heaven a  
found of Arms,  
And the *Alps* trembled at unu'd A-  
larms.

A mighty voice in silent Groves was heard,  
And giddy Spirits wondrous pale appear'd,  
Before dark night obscuring shades did make,  
And Omen then (who will believe it?) spake,  
Earth gap'd, swift Rivers flood, Ætæa Status swer,  
And weeping Ivory the Temples wet,  
Evident, the Vnarch of the Floods,  
Tears down, and drowns in violent Edies, Woods.

The Prodigy which comes nearest to this of our Poet is that mention'd by *Herodotus*, the leaping and cætering of dried Salt-fish, as if they had been with newly taken; by which they on the place did conjecture, that *Proteus*, though dead, should notwithstanding revenge himself on those that murder'd him.

Right me with speed, or else these glorious Beams  
Shall gild Hell's Mansions, and the *Stygian* Streams.

Then *Jove* reply'd; Thou still must Mortals light,  
And still beat up all quarters of the Night:  
They shall with red-hot Thunder-bolts be slain,  
Their Ship I'll burn it in the middle of the Main.  
This bright *Calypso* did to me unfold,  
Which she assur'd me *Hermes* Her had told.  
When I drew near, I blam'd them One by One,  
But found no Cure 't undo what hath been done.  
The Beasts were slaughter'd by their joyn't-consent,  
When straight the Gods held forth a dire Offent:  
Their Skins did creep, their Flesh on Spits did low,  
And roasting, bellow'd like an Ox or Cow:  
Yet six whole days my Men there feasting fat,  
Those Cattel slaughter'd, tenderest were, and fat;  
But the sev'nth Morning, *Jove* the Wind asswag'd,  
Calming cross Tempests that so long had rag'd:  
When straight we went aboard, we launch our Ship,  
Erect our Masts, and hoise our Sail a-trip,  
Leaving that hapless Isle: No land now nigh,  
Nothing in Ken but the broad Sea, and Skie:  
With Tempest big, *Jove* musters sable Clouds,  
And with strange Darkness, Air, and Water, shrouds;  
Nor long the Clouds, imprison'd Winds contain,  
But straight breaks forth a dreadful Hurrican.

Then Beasts inspected entrails threats forethow'd,  
And purple blood from silver Fountains flow'd.  
And then the populous Cities did resound  
With howling Wolves which walk'd their nightly round.  
From ferce Skies is never lightened more,  
Nor such dire Comets e're were seen before.  
Again, *Philip's* *Roman* Squadrons saw,  
With equal Arms, for dreadful Batel draw.

The

The Whirling-gust our shrouds and tackle rends,  
Sweeps down our arms, and oars, our Main-mast spends;  
Which on the Helms-man lighting, hit so full  
Him on the Head, it shatter'd all his Skull,  
Down from his Seat he like a Diver sunk,  
And his Soul flying, leaves a senseless Trunk.  
Then on our Ship *Jove* dreadful Lightning threw,  
Which twirl'd her round, and up our Hatches blew,  
All places fill'd with Sulphur, out they leap  
Swimming, transform'd to Mews about the Ship:  
A God stop'd their return, but I did sit,  
Until her Keel the dreadful Tempest split,  
And from the bottom tore the broken Mast,  
Which, belted with a lusty Thong, hung fast,  
Which binding on the turn'd-up Keel, I rod,  
Born with rough Winds upon the boyf'rous Flood.  
When *Western* Winds their Fury had asswag'd,  
Arose a *Southern* Tempest, more enrag'd,  
Which back again me overpow'r'd with Woes,  
On swelling Waves to dire *Charybdis* blows.  
All Night I floated, with the rising Sun  
I did to *Scylla*, and *Charybdis* run,  
Who briny Billows in Potations sup;  
But a tall Fig-tree reaching, I got up,  
And Bat-like clung by Branches which did bend,  
Nor could firm footing gain, nor yet ascend:  
The Roots were deep, and spreading Branches made  
A Curtain which did dire *Charybdis* shade:  
Here did I hang until my Keel, and Mast,  
She, to my wish, up disemboing, cast.  
But when to Supper joyful home doth trudge,  
After long Causes heard, the weary Judge;  
Then gladly I, the Mast, and Keel, esp'y'd,  
And slipping down the middle, got aftride;

A a 2

Then



Then row'd off with my hands, when *Jove* took care  
That I should scape, nor *Scylla* spie me there.  
Nine days I floated, on the Tenth at Night;  
On the Nymphs Isle, *Ogygia* I did light,  
Who kindly entertain'd me in her Cave,  
Of which last Night a large Account I gave;  
Which to your Queen, and You, would tedious be,  
Once more to hear, and small Content to me.

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HOMERS

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Honoratiss. Domina  
de Orrory Tabulam

Margaritæ Comitissæ  
hanc LMDDIO Lib. 75



# HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Pheacians land Ulysses in his sleep  
With all his Gifts. Neptune transforms their Ship.  
He his own Home not knows. Pallas appears,  
And Him with Counsel, and kind Language cheers,  
Conceals his Wealth, and carrying on their Plot,  
Gives him a Hoary-Beard, and tberd-bare Coat.*



HIS said, they silent on each  
other look,  
Extreamly with his wondrous  
Story took.  
Then spake the King; *Ulyses*,  
since the Fates

Brought Thee a Stranger thus within our Gates,  
Through sad Adventures both by Sea, and Land,  
We'll not return thee like a Vagabond.  
You, who so'er that's here, I All enjoyn,  
That feast with me, and drink delicious Wine,

And

And hear our Poet sing, what more y' intend  
 This Stranger to present, in Coffers send.  
 Refined Gold he hath, and presents store  
 By us presented unto him before,  
 Each in a Tripode, now and Charger lay;  
 Which set's d upon the People, let them Pay:  
 Easie are Burthens when on many laid.  
 All condescend to what *Alcinous* said,  
 Then to their Houses went to their Repose.  
 Soon as the rosc-finger'd Dawn arofe,  
 Loaden with treasure to the Ship they hast;  
 Which straight *Alcinous* saw in order plac'd  
 Beneath the Banks; with such Convenience stow'd,  
 It could not hinder any whil't they row'd.  
 Thence to *Alcinous* Treatment all withdrew,  
 Who to great *Jove* a well-fed Bullock slew;  
 And highly feasted there both Old and Young,  
 Whil't their sweet Poet heavenly Raptures sung.  
 But to *Ulysses*, earnest to be gon,  
 The Sun seem'd tedious, and the Day too long.  
 His Supper so expects the hungry Swain,  
 Who Furroughs ploughs, to propagate sown Grain;  
 And for the World's bright Torch descending waits,  
 Then weary, gladly falls on courtest Cates:  
*Ulysses* so at the Sun-setting glad,  
 Thus to the King, hem'd in with Princes, said;  
 Thou, who the Glory of thy People art,  
 Since 'tis your will such kindness to impart,  
 Dismiss me with those Gifts you'r pleas'd bestow,  
 Which to your Bounty, and the Gods, I owe,  
 A fair return for, since you'll Me transport  
 In safety to my Wife, and Native Port.  
 Ah! may you here in Plenty spend your Lives,  
 Your Sons, and Daughters, and your dearest Wives;  
 Whil't

Whil't Heaven on them all Virtues showres at Home,  
 And no misfortune on the Publick come.  
 This Speech th' approve, and straight an Order made  
 Him to dismiss who could so well perswade.  
 Then thus *Alcinous* to the Herald spake;  
*Pontonous*, a Goblet ready make,  
 Fill'd with rich Wine, that we may *Jove* implore,  
 Our Guest to Convoy to his Native shore.  
 This said, full Bowls he dealt about the Hall,  
 Who on the Gods, they thus libating, call.  
 Then from his Seat *Ulysses* started up,  
 Presents *Arete* with a flowing Cup;  
 And complementing highly, thus begins;  
 May'st thou bealwaies Happy, best of Queens,  
 Till Age and Death comes, incident to all:  
 But I returning, at your Foot-stool fall,  
 Kissing your Hands; Oh, may you to your King,  
 Children, and People, dayly Comfort bring.

This said, *Ulysses* to the Vessel went,  
 His Herald him r attend, *Alcinous* sent,  
*Arete* Damsels; This a curious Vest,  
 And Waistcoat carries, That a Carved Chest,  
 The third brings Wine, and Manchet, to the Ship;  
 The joyful Company no time let slip,  
 But set the good Provision up, then spread  
 Clean sheets and Blankets ore a well-made Bed:  
 No sooner entred but he takes Repose,  
 They settle to their Banks, and Cables lose.  
 But he, whil't Oars the briny Billows swept,  
 Like one in Death's eternal Slumber slept.  
 Not swifter Charioteers their Chariots work,  
 Lashing their lose-rein'd Horses through the Cirque;  
 Who with long stretches soon devour the Plain,  
 Then they were carri'd p'oughing up the Main.

Steady

(a) The whole Allegory of this Poem of our Poet is this; *Ulysses* in quest of true felicity, the *libera* and *Pandora* here signified, labours under many and grievous calamities. He has several Comparisons, who through Lust, Luxury, and other Vices, miscarry in the Enterprize; himself alone escapes, and by the assistance of the *Phæacians* is transported by Sea in his sleep to his long'd-for Country. The *Phæacians*, which signify black, sail, are the Mourners which attend at his funeral; the ship his Grave, which is afterwards converted into a Rock, his Funeral Stone, his sleep decyphers Death, through which alone Man arrives at his eternal Repose.

Steady and swift as long-wing'd Falcons flie,  
That seize all Birds that cut the yielding Skie,  
Bearing a Heroe through the foamy Floods,  
Able to sit in Counsel mongst the Gods;  
Who had so many hard Adventures past,  
In bloody Battels, or by Tempests tost,  
Now soundly slept, forgetting former Woes:  
But when the glorious Morning-star arose,  
The glittering Harbinger, which tells th' Approach  
Of bright *Aurora* in her golden Coach,  
Then drew they neer *Ulysses* Native Soyl,  
And Port, they <sup>(b)</sup> *Phorcus* from the Sea-God style,  
This two broad sides extends, and opening doth,  
Though rough the Margents, make the Water smoth:  
There without Cable, tall Ships land-lock'd lie,  
And highest Springs, and loudest Winds defie.  
But in the bottom of the Bay, they had  
An Olive, casting ore a Cave, a shade,  
In which the Nymphs, stil'd *Naiades*, reside:  
Within stood Bowls, and Goblets petrif'd,  
And there whil'st humming Bees fil'd all the Rooms,  
They marble Shuttles ply'd in rocky Looms,  
Where, wondrous to behold, they purple wove:  
Fountains within two Portals were above,  
That towards the *North* still Mortals entred at:  
Egrefs and Regrefs through the Southern-Gate  
Gods always had, and ne'r by Men prophan'd.  
Here up they run their Vessel on the Strand,  
And leave with plyant Oars half-drie, their Ship,  
Then to the shore from well laid Hatches leap.  
They first *Ulysses* from his Cabin bore  
In Quilts, and purest linen cover'd ore,  
And fast a sleep on Sea-wash'd Margents laid,  
And all those Gifts which the *Pheacians* had

(b) *Phorcus* was the Son of *Pontus* and *Terra*, according to *Hesiod* in his Genealogy of the Gods,

\* *ἄλκις δ' αἰὲν ἐπαινεῖται πόδας δ' ἀνέστηκε*  
*ἰσχυρὸς*  
*Τὸν μὲν γὰρ ἴσμεν, δὲ Κρόνῳ γενναῖον υἱόν,*  
*Ἐπὶ Κλυτῷ δ' ἀδελφεῷ ἔστι σπυαὶ Διὸς αἰσῶν.*

He was one of the Rulers of the Seas, and had his Temple in this Haven, from whence it receiv'd its appellation

Presented

Presented him on *Pallas* score, they put  
Out of the Way, under an <sup>(c)</sup> Olive Root,  
Left any should before *Ulysses* wake,  
Stumbling on them by Fortune, Notice take.  
This done, their Sails they for *Pheacia* set:  
But *Neptune* old piques not forgotten yet,

Thus to the Thund'r'er said; Oh! *Jove*, no more  
Amongst the Gods will Mortals me adore,  
When the <sup>(d)</sup> *Pheacians* mind me not at all,  
Who from my Stock had their Original.  
I thought *Ulysses* plagu'd with Woe, and Want,  
Should hardly e're return, such was your grant:  
They him in sleep on's Native shore have left  
With Gold, rich Vests, and many a costly gift  
By them presented, which he doth enjoy,  
More then his wealthy share of plunder'd *Troy*.  
When the Clouds Muster-master thus reply'd;

On this account, me *Neptune* dost thou chide:  
No God shall thee despise, 'tis more then hard  
To throw Aspersions on so great a Lord:  
But if that any Mortal thee shall slight,  
I will revenge thy Cause, and do thee Right.  
Thee these I leave to pardon, or chastize.  
When thus the shaker of the Earth replies;

Then by your Leave, a tempest raise I will;  
But Brother, under your Correction still;  
And their fair Ship returning Home with Joy,  
Entering their Land-lock'd Harbour I'll destroy:  
That they no more shall Mortals thence transport,  
Shee like a Mountain shall choke up their Port.

Then *Jove* reply'd; Do *Neptune* what you list,  
I shall be more then Neuter, and assise:  
I'll bring forth all the Town, as lookers on,  
To see a Ship transform'd into a Stone.

B b

They

(c) The Olive-tree was sacred to *Minerva*, the Patroness of *Ulysses*, and therefore aptly leagu'd by our Poet to keep his deposited Treasure.

(d) For *Pheax*, King of the Island, from whom they were called *Pheacians*, was Son of *Neptune*, and *Coryra* the Daughter of *Aegyptus*.

(c) The Island inhabited by the *Pheacians*, afterward call'd *Cercyra*, now *Cerfu* in the *Ionian* Gulf.

(f) *Euphatus* notes that the ancients report there lay a Rock near unto the life, representing the form of a Ship, which occasion'd the fignment of our foot: but certainly by this transfiguration he has deliver'd his opinion concerning that secret of Nature, the transmuting of one species into another: Wood into Stone, by Water, signified here by *Neptune*. For this kind of transmutation is not lately discover'd, but was known unto the ancients. *Quid in his Ad metamorphosis* says that among the *Cicænes*, a people of *Thrace*, there was a River that congeal'd the bowels of those who drank thereof, and converted whatsoever it receiv'd, into stone.

*Flumen habuit Ciccones quid potum ferax redidit*  
*Viscera, quid intus indocuit marmora ribui.*

*Cicconian* streams congeal his Guts to Stone  
That thereof drinks, and what therein is thrown.

It seems to have had a flime of that nature which unites, and indurates, so the dull of *Pheacians*, being touch'd by water, is presently petrified.

They shall admire how such a mighty Fort,  
Rais'd like a Mountain, should besiege the Port.  
Thus order'd *Neptune*, thence with high Content,  
To *Scheria*, and <sup>(c)</sup> *Pheacian* Bulwarks went;  
And there remain'd until the well-trim'd Ship  
Drew neer the Harbour, with all Sails a-trip:  
Then in a trice transform'd her into <sup>(d)</sup> Stone,  
And fixing there, went off when he had done.  
When the *Pheacians* this strange Sight survey'd,  
They sadly viewing one another, said;

Ah! who hath fix'd this Vessel in the Main,  
The cause not knowing, Thus they all complain;

Then said *Aleinous*; This Chance of Old  
My inspir'd Father oft to me foretold,  
That *Neptune* angry, that we did transport  
A foreign Prince unto his Native Court,

Would change the Ship return'd, into a Hill.  
These his Predictions, thus the Fates fulfil.

This Prodigy must us instruct, no more  
Strangers to waite to any other Shore:  
And twelve fat Bullocks to great *Neptune* kill,  
That pitying, he remove this mighty Hill,  
As he advis'd, to him they Offerings made,  
And all the Princes, and the People, pray'd.

But when *Ulysses* wak'd, long absent he,  
Not his own Country knew, nor well could see:  
With groffer mists *Pallas* so dim'd the Air,  
That things refracted, seem'd not what they were,  
Left that his Wife, or Friends, should find him, e're  
He made the Sutors reckon for their Cheer.  
The Pile and Prospect of the place seem chang'd;  
The Harbour, Ways, the Rocks, and Trees estrang'd.  
Whil'st He his Native Country thus beheld,  
His Thighs He beating, briny Tears distill'd,

Lifting

Lifting his Hands to Heaven, aloud complain'd;

Where am I now? what place is this? what Land?  
Fallen once more am I 'mongst a Race unjust,  
Stern, and injurious, only rul'd by Lust?  
Or pious Souls that Hospitable are?  
Where shall I hide these Riches? whither bear?  
Where go my self? would I had still remain'd  
'mongst the *Pheacians*, or been entertain'd  
By some kind Prince, who pitying, me from Toyl  
Had lent attended to my Native Soyl:

I know not what to do, nor this great deal  
Of Wealth, from greedy persons to conceal.  
I will no more, You Gods, my Judgment trust,  
These lie *Pheacians* false are, and unjust,  
Who leave me on an unknown Coast, whom they  
To his own Country promis'd to convey.

Revenge me *Jove* on them, Thou, who dost all  
Such cheating Sycophants to strict Audits call.  
But I will see what Goods I lack, well may  
Such Sharks themselves, for me transporting, pay.  
His Tripods, and his Chargers, ore he told,  
Vests, and rich Mantles, Silver, Bras, and Gold:  
All found he there, then creeping neer the Shore,  
Whil'st his misfortunes thus he did deplore,  
*Pallas* drew nigh him, like a Youthful Swain,  
Such Sons of Kings keep Flocks upon the Plain:  
His Vest well lin'd, his Sandals neatly ty'd,  
Arm'd with a Spear; whom when *Ulysses* spy'd,

He joyfully thus said; Your Servant, Sir;  
You being the first that I encountred here,  
No Look, no Posture of an Enemy, have;  
Preserve this Treasure, and me also save;  
Since as a God, or Genius of the place,  
I supplicate Thee, and thy Knees embrace:

B b 2

And

And I befecch you, Sir, inform me well,  
What Land, what People in this Country dwell;  
Whether this be *Peninsula* or *Isle*,  
Or, neer the Sea, the Main-lands gleby soyl.

Then she reply'd; Th' art in Experience Young,  
Or else some Stranger, haft not here been long,  
That ask'st what Country's this; 'tis not so poor,  
But 'tis well known to every Neighb'ring Shore,  
Nay, where so e're the Sun, in progress hurl'd,  
Gilds with Day-beams the North, and Southern World.  
Our Grounds are Rocky, we have little Plain,  
But that well cloath'd with Vines, and golden Grain:  
This Country dews, and frequent showres not wants,  
Feeds Goats, and Cattel well; all sorts of Plants  
Cast pleasant shades, where they to watering come:  
*Ithaca's* name hath, Friend, reach'd *Ilium*,  
Which they report far distant from this Isle.  
Glad he had landed on his Native Soyl,  
His Joy dissembling though, he thus reply'd;  
And spake at random things both ore, and wide,  
Still acting subtle parts; Beyond the Sea,  
Sir, I in *Crete* much heard of *Ithaca*,  
And now brought hither with my whole Estate,

My Children left, since I unfortunate  
(g) *Orsilocheus* slew, *Idomeneus* his Son,  
Who all their swiftest Youth could far out-run;  
Who would have forc'd from me my *Trojan* share,  
Purchas'd in War with so much Toyl, and Care,  
And miseries upon the boyf't'rous Main,  
Because his Father on the *Trojan* Plain  
I did not serve, others commanding there.  
In the Field with a sharp-poynted Spear,  
Way laying him, with one Companion, flew,  
When Night ore Heaven her fable Mantle threw.

My

(g) It is observ'd by *Eustathius* that this relation is not consonant to the ancient Histories, but on purpose invented to make him more acceptable to the Sutors, having slain the Son of *Odysseus's* Friend: but something of History is contain'd in it: for *Idomeneus*, King of *Crete*, was Commander of some Forces in the *Trojan* Expedition, as appears in the second book of the *Iliad*.

*Κρηται δ' Ἰδαμενὸν Πύρρον δ' ἑταίρους*  
"Of *Kretans* & *Pyrron*, & *Pyrron's* friends."

*Idomeneus* rul'd the *Cretan* Bands,  
From *Gortyns* Bulwarks, and the  
Gnosian Strands.

and, though the antients have not recorded it, yet from hence I conjecture that *Orsilocheus* was slain according to this relation, though not by *Odysseus*.

My suddain Flight, and his sad Fortune hid,  
None of my going knew, nor his being Dead:  
I got aboard in a *Pheacian* Ship,  
With this you see, of which they had a snip;  
Who promis'd to transport me through the Main  
To *Pyle*, or *Elis*, where th' (h) *Epeians* reign;  
Up to a Harbour which they not desig'n'd  
They run their Vessel, forc'd by adverse Wind  
Against their Wills, intending no Detect;  
At Night there landing, neither drink, nor meat;  
Once thought upon, though we had fasted long,  
But weary on the shore themselves they flung,  
Where me they left, surpriz'd in charming Sleep,  
With all my Goods, and lanch'd into the Deep,  
And straight for the *Sidonian* Confines bore,  
A woful Wretch upon this unknown shore.  
Wringing my Hand, then with a smile the Maid,  
Her own Celestial Form assuming, said;

Thou'lt prove too hard for who e're plays with Thee  
And Cheat for Cheat stake, though a God he be;  
Nor want'st Thou now here, in thy Native Soyl,  
Feign'd stories, by Thy Stars taught to beguile.  
But of this Theam to say more I am loth,  
Since at Contrivements we are Skilful both;  
For dextrous Slights 'mongst Mortals, Thine's the prize,  
My ready Wit's well known in th' arch'd Skies:  
Yet Thou not *Pallas* know'st, whose Care, and Love,  
Labour'd Thy harder Fortunes to improve.  
I gave Thee Favour in *Alcinous* Eys,  
And once more hither come, Thee to advise  
How Thou these costly Presents may'st conceal:  
But I'll a greater Consequence reveal.  
In Thy own Palace, which Th' art now so neer,  
Many Affronts Thou must with Patience bear,

Walk

(h) *Strabo* observes that *Heraclius* *Milesius* makes the *Epeans* distinct from the inhabitants of *Elis*, and says that they assisted *Heraclius* in the destruction of that place, but adds also that it is not at all incredible that two different people should unite into one body, and one name too, in process of time. Our Poet calls them by the same name too in his *Iliad*; at the end of the 2 book, where he reckons the *Grecian* Fleet.

"Οὐ δ' ἔτε Βοιωτῶν τιν' ἢ Μυθῶν δ' αἶψα  
ἔσαντες," *Tyden* & *Milesus* & *Agartha*,  
Πύλον δ' ἄλλων δ' ἄνδρων ἑλπίσιν ἔμελλεν  
Τὸν δ' ὁ δὲ Πύλον δ' αἶψα δ' αἶψα δ' αἶψα  
Νῆες ἔμελλεν δ' αἶψα δ' αἶψα δ' αἶψα  
ἔμελλεν.

*Who in Boeotia, and fair Elis dwell*  
*Who Thracian, and the Mysian Plain*  
*And*  
*Th' Olenian Rock from Alcides sent*  
*In fiery Sails, with these the Epeians*  
*went.*

Walk there disguised, wouldst Thou be secure,  
And silent, what Thou seest, and hear'st, indure :  
With that same Temper thou so oft hast tri'd  
Meet their Affronts. When thus the King reply'd ;

Thou may'st, O Goddels, well Mans Knowledge scape,  
That canst transform Thy self to any shape :  
I know how much to Thee I stood oblig'd,  
When our great Army Trojan Walls besieg'd ;  
But after we did Priam's City get,  
From thence then sailing Jove dispers'd our Fleet,  
And I, best Lady, Thee no more did see,  
Or dreamt Thou hadst the least Concern for me ;  
But wandred as my wav'ring Fancy led,  
Until the Gods me from all Sorrows freed ;  
And 'mongst Pheacians me Thou didst instruct,  
And me encouraging, didst to th' Court conduct :  
Thee, by thy Father, Virgin, I implore,  
To tell me if this be my Native Shore :  
For I suppose it is some other Soyl,  
And Thou wouldst my Credulity beguile.  
Am I at Home ? Me Hopes, and Fears divide.  
When thus to him th' illustrious Maid reply'd ;  
Thou always dost new Doubts, and Scruples start,  
Yet my Ulysses I shall ne'r desert,  
Who Prudence, and Complacency may boast :  
Another coming to his Native Coast,  
Would long his Children, Houfe, and Wife, to see ;  
Thou ne'r inquir'st, nor car'st where e're they be :  
Thou wouldst have ventur'd for Her heretofore,  
Who with salt Teares bedews her Chamber-floor,  
And Night, and Day, doth in thy Absence mourn,  
I knew, though hard to Sense, Thou should'st return ;  
But not against my Uncle durst engage,  
Whose Bolom burns with unextinguisht Rage ;

Nor

Nor could thy lost Associates quench the Fire.  
But Thou shalt see what so thou dost desire :  
This is the Port of Phorcus, th' old Sea-God,  
Crown'd with a spreading Olive, like a Wood :  
Neer this a <sup>(1)</sup> Cave, sacred the shady Grot  
To Naiades, roof'd with a grasly Plat ;  
Where of to them Thou Hecatombs hast pay'd :  
There's Mount Nerytus with a Forest clad,  
Pallas, this said, dispers'd the gloomy Mist,  
The Coast appearing, glad Ulysses kist  
His Native Soyl, and kneeling on the shore ;  
Thus did the Nymphs with rear'd up Hands, implore,

You Naiades, I thought without dispute,  
Ne'r you to see, whom I with Joy salute,  
And shall, as heretofore, your Altars laud,  
If by Permission of the Heavenly Maid,  
My Son yet lives. The Goddels then reply'd ;

Scruple no more I say, in me confide.  
But let us straight into this Cave convey  
Thy Wealth, and careful, up in safety lay,  
There we'll consult what's best to do. This said,  
Into the Vault walks the Celestial Maid,  
Whil'st in Ulysses all his Riches gets ;  
Gold, Silver, Vests which He in order sets ;  
Gifts which to Him the kind Pheacians gave :  
Then rowl'd a stone in th' entry of the Cave.  
Pallas, and He then on an Olive-Root  
Complotting sat, both in a High Dispute ;  
The Haughty Sutors ruin to prepare.

Then Pallas said, Thou must take special Care,  
How them to master, who now court thy Spouse,  
And three years now kept Revels in thy Houfe,  
Contriving Joynters, whil'st she preft with Cares,  
Now for Thy coming Home hopes, now despairs,

Yet

(1) *Cervinus* observes that the Cave here described agrees not with history, there being no mention of it in any of those who write the Topographies of that Isle. Whencefore the Grammarians have labour'd to find out the Allegory, or intention of the poet veil'd under this obscure Description. A Cave was the Symbol of the World among the ancient Theologists, as Porphyrius in this place proves out of Plato, in the seventh of his *Polity*, and Empedocles in his *Phisicks*, where speaking of the World, he saies,

"*Η δὲ οὐρανὸς αὐτὴ καὶ τὰς ἀνθρώπων ψυχὰς*"

The two doors are the two Tropicks, the North, through which the Souls descended when they were to be united to a Body ; the South, through which they ascended when they were separated. The Nymphs weaving their purple Webs upon Rocks of Stones, signified the Souls framing its garment of Blood, and Flesh, upon the solid foundation of the Bones : Honey was accounted purgative ; and therefore in some instances the Hands were wash'd with it instead of Water, and the Tongue was cleans'd from all its offences. By the Olive, sacred to *Athena*, the Goddess of Wisdom, which grew neer to the Cave, was signified, that this World was not formed by chance, but by some intellectual Being, separated indeed from it, but whose seat was neer, upon the head of it. This Olive being sacred, constantly flourishing did imply denote the perpetual duration, and ascension of Souls, for which this Cave was consecrated.

Yet Treats them fair, promising each Address,  
Sends them kind words, but thinks of nothing less.  
Ulysses then with a deep Sigh reply'd ;

(1) *Spoudam* was unhappily mistaken in the meaning of this place, who thought that Ulysses had here delivered how by the assistance of *Minerva* he escaped some imminent danger, in the Palace of *Agamemnon*, who never came thither, as appears by the whole series of this book : but it is clear that Ulysses takes only this : That he had been murder'd, like *Agamemnon*, in his own Palace, had it not been for the advice of *Menelaus*. Now the manner of the death of *Agamemnon* he had learn'd from *Agamemnon's* ghost in his descent into Hell, as it is at large delivered, *Odys.* 11.

I here shall Perish, as (1) *Atrides* dy'd,  
In my own House, if Thou not me conduct :  
But me to be reveng'd on them, instruct :  
Ah help me now, and stand in my Defence,  
As when we took *Troy's* lofty Battlements :  
Then of three hundred I'll not be afraid,  
But back'd by Thee, the proudest Rival beard.  
Th' illustrious Goddesses then to him reply'd ;  
I shall be present, and with Thee will side,  
And make no doubt, we shall with Brains, and Gore,  
Of those devour thee, stain thy Palace floor.  
But Thou must not be known where Thou art seen,  
Therefore I'll rive up thy smoother Skin,  
And soyl thy brighter Tresses, and so cloath,  
That whoso'er beholds thee, Thee shall loath,  
When to thy Son, and Wife, Thou dost appear,  
And proud Corivals, Thy bright Eys I'll blear ;  
But to *Subulcus* first, who tends thy Swine  
Make thy Address, He sure to Thee will joyn ;  
He thy Relations loves, Him Thou shalt find  
Feeding with Mast his bristly Herd, behind

(1) *Corax* was an inhabitant of *Ithaca*, who in pursuit of a Hare fell down a Rock, and broke his Neck, from whom it had this appellation. *Arethusa* his Mother, hearing the sad news of her Son's death, hang'd her self near a Fountain, from her call'd *Arethusa*. *Euphrosini*.

(1) *Corax's* Rock, where *Arethusa* springs,  
And he to watering, his fat Cattel brings :  
There stay with Him, till He shall Thee instruct,  
And I'll thy Son, from *Sparta* Home conduct ;  
Who went to *Menelaus* Court, where He,  
Late his Addressee made, in Quest of Thee,  
Ulysses then ; Why tel'st Thou not me all,  
Since well you know what e're may Him befall ?  
Whether at Sea he met his fullen Fate,  
Or *Harpyes* have devour'd his Estate ?

The

The Goddesses him thus answer'd, be content  
Him I abroad to purchase Fame have sent,  
He in *Atrides* Palace takes his ease,  
In safety, there commanding what he please,  
But the Corivals a dire Plot contrive  
To murder him, e're he at Home arrive,  
But some of them before shall meet their Fate,  
Who in a Raunt now ruine thy Estate :  
Thus saying, the Goddesses touch'd him with her Wand,  
Straight his clear skin all rivled up, and Tan n'd,  
His golden Hair a suddain Frost did hoar,  
And his plump Cheeks Old Age straight crusted ore,  
His sparkling Eyes she blear'd, then straight she drest  
Him in a totter'd Coat, and fordid Vest,  
Pecc'd, patch'd, and stain'd, with sooty Smoke, and Dirt,  
And with a Deer's pill'd skin his Belly guirt.  
Gave him a Staff, and worn in holes a Scrip,  
Hanging it in a twisted leather slip,  
Accounted thus the Goddesses left him there,  
And to his Son in *Sparta* did repaire.





Honoratissima Domini D.  
De Regibus Tabularum  
Johanni King Barona  
hanc. LMDDDIO. lib. 14.



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Eumæus first in Rags, Ulysses spies ;  
Rates off the Dogs, barking at his Disguise :  
Him as a Beggar kindly entertains,  
And of the Sutors Revel-rout complains.  
This, tells the coming of his absent Lord ;  
That, of his Story : not believes a Word.*



U T from the Port a rough  
way through the Cops,  
Mongst Cliffs he went, and  
wood-cloath'd Mountain tops:  
Where Pallas told him that Su-  
bulous dwelt,

Who with his Lord more faithfully had dealt,  
Then any Swain, to husband his Estate ;  
And straight he found him sitting at his Gate,  
Which in fair Prospect, on a rising Ground  
He built with Stone, and hedge'd with Quick-sets round,

C c 2

At

At his own cot; because the King, and Queen,  
 And old *Laertes*, long had absent been,  
 Which he surrounded with a standing Guard  
 Of Oken Pails, the staves both strong, and hard :  
 Twelve ample Styes within convenient reach  
 He there had built, Fifty fat Swine in each :  
 The pregnant Females in their Chambers kept,  
 Their bristly Husbands in the Portals slept.  
 Many of these had rying Sutors spent,  
 To whom the fattest still *Subulcus* sent :  
 Three hundred yet and sixty there remain'd,  
 Four Dogs as fierce as Lyons he maintain'd,  
 Who alwaies slept attending on the Hogs,  
 Himself then fate ord'ring a pair of Brogues,  
 From a py'd Bullocks Skin, three others there  
 About their Styes, and several busines were.  
 The fourth he with a Swine to th' Palace sent,  
 That might the Sutors Feast with high Content,  
 Soon as the Dogs had spy'd him coming on,  
 With open mouths they at *Ulyses* run :  
 But cunning, he sits down, and drops <sup>(a)</sup> his staff :  
 Nor was he then from those stern Warders, safe,  
 Had not *Subulcus* leap'd up to his Aid,  
 And thrown aside the Shoes were almost made,  
 Palting with stones the bawling Party back :  
 Who when he had secur'd the King, thus spake ;  
 The Dogs, O Father, gave a fierce assault,  
 And if th' had hurt Thee, 't had not been my Fault,  
 The Gods for me have sadder busines found.  
 Here I with Groans, and Sighs, lie on the Ground,  
 Lament my King ; whilst others in his Houfe,  
 Devour his Cattel, and his Wine Carouse ;  
 Whilst he in want by various Fortunes hurld,  
 Wanders about the many-peopl'd World,

(a) *Dilysmus* on this place says that  
*Subulcus* is a natural Defence for  
 the aversion of Dogs, to sit down, and  
 lay aside the Weapon out of readiness,  
 as not intending to set upon them. *Pliny*  
 has the like observation in the  
 eighth Book of his Natural History ;  
*Impetus canum & levitas mitigatur ab*  
*humis confusis humi*. The fierceness,  
 and rage of Dogs is mitigated by a  
 mans sitting on the ground.

If yet he live, and see the rising Sun.  
 But to my Cottage go with me, old Man ;  
 And when Thou art refresh'd with wholom Fare,  
 Say whence Thou can'st, and what thy Sufferings are.  
 This said, *Eumæus* in *Ulyses* led,  
 And straight a wild Goats skin, and Branches spread,  
 Him placing on that Couch : *Ulyses* glad  
 At this his first so kind Reception, said ;  
 O *Jove*, and all you Gods, grant his Request  
 Whate're ; who now so kindly treats his Guest.  
*Eumæus* then ; It is not fit that we  
 Should Strangers, though they poorer are than Thee,  
 Drive from our Gates ; *Jove* to all those in want,  
 In *Forma Pauperis* gives a special Grant :  
 But small our Treatments are, and mean our Boards,  
 Still fearing Young, and Domineering Lords.  
 Ah ! his Return the Gods obstructed have,  
 Who lov'd me well, and this Possession gave :  
 He to his Servants kind was, he a Houfe,  
 And Fortune gave me, with a Vertuous Spouse,  
 Since, his Estate *Jove* here has much increas'd,  
 And my small Labours not a little blest,  
 Much more the King improv'd had my Estate,  
 Here had he stay'd ; but he hath met his Fate.  
 Ah ! would that *Helen's* Race had perish'd quite,  
 For whom so many Heroes fell in Fight :  
 And he went with *Atrides* to destroy  
 Proud *Ilium*, and the Walls of lofty *Troy*.  
 This said, he girds his Coat, and forth he hies ;  
 Then choosing two fat Porkers from their Styes,  
 Slaughters them both, and next a quick Fire gets,  
 And to *Ulyses*, roasted on the Spits,  
 Straight carries hot, sprinkled with finest <sup>(b)</sup> Flour,  
 And in a Mazerlusty Wine did pour.

Then

(b) *Euftathius* notes, that the Cu-  
 tum here mention'd of sprinkling  
 flower on the meat when brought to  
 Table was long since laid aside.

Then plac'd against him, said ; Sir, taft such Fare  
 As only fit for us poor Servants are :  
 The fattest for the Sutors we select,  
 Who want Consideration, and Respect.  
 The blessed Gods all curst Designs abhor,  
 But still for Just, and Pious actions, are :  
 Yet some there be that others Realms invade,  
 And, *Jove* conniving, Home their Vessels lade.  
 Yet oft their Bosoms are with Conscience storm'd,  
 Sure they have heard, or by some God inform'd  
 Of his sad Death ; Else would they not resort  
 To his fair Queen, and Ryot in his Court,  
 But take their Leaves, who know not how to spare ;  
 So many Feasts as Days and Nights there are.  
 Not one, or two fat Victims serve their turn,  
 Who ne'r from eating, but to drink adjourn,  
 He had a fair Estate, his Riches such,  
 That none about him could boast half so much,  
 No not to th' twentieth part would theirs amount,  
 Which, now I'm in, I shall to Thee recount :  
 Twelve Herds of Cattel the main Land doth keep,  
 As many Goats, and Swine, and fleecy Sheep.  
 Goats eleven Herds in th' other Field are bred  
 By lusty Swains, and Jolly Shepherds, fed.  
 They from each Herd one every day afford,  
 And still the fattest, to supply the Board :  
 And from my Charge, to amplify their Feast,  
 I send the fattest Porkers, and the best.  
 This said, on fell He, eat, and drank rich Wine,  
 His Brains still working on his main Design.  
 His Spirits recruited well, well cheer'd his Soul,  
*Subulcus* gives him an oreflowing Bowl :  
 And joyful he so fair a Progress made,  
 Who is this wealthy Person, Friend, he said ;

So

So bold, and hath so ample an Estate,  
 Who at the *Trojan War* receiv'd his Fate,  
 As thou believ'st ; Tell me, there's no such ods,  
 ( Since *Jove* knows all, and the immortal Gods )  
 But I have seen him in my Travels, hurl'd  
 By various Fortunes, through the peopl'd World.

None, Father, hither comes, *Eumæus* said,  
 But so the Queen, and his dear Son, perswade ;  
 And to supply their Present wants, devise  
 Stories to please them, and a thousand Lies.  
 Who e're lands here, they to the Court repair,  
 And with a handsom Tale still ready are :  
 She entertains them, and inquiry makes,  
 Her sparkling Eys brimful with briny Lakes,  
 As Women use, wanting their dearest Lord :  
 Couldst thou put in one comfortable word,  
 She would new sheath thee, thou shouldst soon be drest  
 In a Court Mantle, and a comely Vest.  
 But, ah ! on him Dogs have, and Vultures, fed,  
 And piece-meal rent ; Ah ! 'tis too true, he's dead,  
 Or hungry Fith devour'd him far from Land,  
 And now his Bones lie sepulchred in Sand,  
 There he remains, whil't his Relations grieve,  
 But I'm so much concern'd, I loath to live,  
 I, such a Royal Master ne'r shall get,  
 Should I return unto my Native Seat,  
 Where dwelt my Parents, I, my breeding had,  
 Their Loss I should not so much mourn, though sad  
 For such Misfortune I enough should be,  
 As for my Prince, whom, I despair to see,  
 Whom, I with Reverence nominate, and Him,  
 Put in the highest place of my esteem.

Then said the King ; Who ne'r will Credit give,  
 Are worse then those too easily believe.

I dare



Before the *Grecians* had *Belagur'd Troy*,  
 Nine times as Captain they did me employ  
 In several Ships, against all Privateers,  
 And Forc'd force; success crown'd my desires;  
 By which I purchas'd no mean Estate,  
 Was lov'd, admir'd, and honour'd through all *Greece*.  
 Then *Jove* engag'd us in a Fatal strife,  
 Where many a valiant Heroe lost his life.  
*Idomeneus* then and me th' employ,  
 Both Adm'als, to conduct their Fleet to *Troy*.  
 And there was no disputing, no Reply,  
 Fame of the Expedition flew so high:  
 Nine Years there lay we, a hard Siege endur'd,  
 The tenth we took their Town, so well immur'd;  
 And Plunder'd *Troy* by a religious Cheat:  
 Thence Sailing home, great *Jove* dispers'd our Fleet,  
 And for my pains, poor me, more wretched made.  
 A Month at home I with my Children staid,  
 My dear Relations, and my dearer Wife,  
 And at full Tables lead a merry life:  
 Then I, forsooth, must see th' *Egyptian* Land,  
 Nine Ships I Rigg'd, well Victual'd, and well Man'd;  
 Six Daies my Friends I treated to the height,  
 And pay'd the Gods each their peculiar Rite;  
 The seventh from *Greece* we with a Northern Gale,  
 As down the Channel of a River sail.  
 We nothing wanting, stiff and Tight our Ship,  
 Clap all our Canvases, on our Sails a-trip;  
 The fifth Day <sup>(d)</sup> *Nile* we reach'd; I order'd there  
 My lusty Lads straight up the River Steer:  
 Our Anchors drop't, a party I command  
 To search the Creeks, the Caves, and winding Strand:  
 But they to Natures rougher dictates yield,  
 And fall to Plunder the *Egyptian* Field;

(d) It is a great error in *Gipsius* and *Spandani*, who take *Aegyptus* here for the name of the Country of *Egypt*, when both *Strabo* and divers others of the Antients have abundantly prov'd the contrary, partly out of this very place. These *Pliny* follows in his Natural History; *Nile ante Nilum quoniam situm agnus cunctidibus rursus juvenit. Sic quoque ciammon Sitis, nominatur per aliquot millia, & in totum* Homero *Egyptus, aliisque* *Triton*. *Which River never takes the name of Nile before his waters meet again and accord all while together. And even so may he observe named Sitis for many miles (pace, and of Homer altogether* *Egyptus, and of others* *Triton*, whom *Ammianus* *Marcellinus* follows in his History. Wherein may very probably be conjectured, that the name *Nile* for the River of *Egypt* is later than our Poet, it being not mentioned in all his Works, yet in use presently after him, it being found in the works of *Hesiod*, as *Erasmus* affirms.

Their

Their Women took, their tender Infants flew;  
 More then a rumor to the City flew;  
 They hear the cry, and with the early Dawn  
 In compleat Arms, out Horse and Foot were drawn:  
 There *Jove* my Party worsted, they gave ground,  
 And were by Foes coup'd up, as in a Pound:  
 Where many slaughter'd were, the rest were lead  
 Thence Captives: Then *Jove* put it in my head,  
 (Would I had rather dy'd, paid Natures debt,  
 Who still thus suffer, with despair beset)  
 To give my self a Pris'ner up and yield:  
 Down I my Javelin laid, my Helm and Shield,  
 And running to the King, his knees embrac'd:  
 He pitying, me in his own Chariot plac'd,  
 And drove off Weeping from the Vulgar rage,  
 Whom nothing but my Death could then assuage.  
 For Hospitable *Jove* he well did know,  
 Lov'd mercy to a quarter-begging Foe.  
 Seven Years I there remain'd, whilst riches flow'd,  
 Rich Gifts th' whole City upon me bestow'd:  
 But in th' eighth came a *Phenician*, who,  
 An old Trapanner, cheating tricks well knew:  
 He with persuasions lead me by the Ear,  
 To go with him into *Phenicia*, where  
 I at his Houfe should well be entertain'd;  
 I went, and there with him a Year remain'd:  
 But when that Months and Daies had fill'd the Sphear,  
 And Time set forth the circumvolving Year,  
 To *Libya* me in a stout Ship he sent,  
 Freight'd with Goods, but to no good intent;  
 He Spirit'd me over, on account  
 To sell me, for a Sum that did amount.  
 I ventur'd with him, though my Heart did fail,  
 And had as far as *Crete* a favouring Gale:

D d 2

But





(m) To the Nymphs, such *Euphrates* than, because they, as Presidents of the Fountains, Rivers, and Groves, provide food for Cattle; to *Africanus*, because he is patron of Shepherds. Both these has *Simonides* also join'd together, perhaps taken from hence,

*Θύων εν νηυσιν, & Μαιίδες κείων,*  
*Ούτων γὰρ ἀσφύρον οἶον. Ήρως κούριον.*

To the Nymphs sacrifice and Maia's race,  
For Shepherds live by their especial grace.

And in a Charger dith'd, *Eumæus* Carv'd,  
Who alwaies points of equity observ'd;  
Dividing all into seven equal shares,

To th<sup>(m)</sup> *Nimphs* and *Hermes* he with zealous Pray'r's  
Sets by one part, distributing the rest

In order due, but honouring most his Guest;  
Which he receiv'd as kindly, the whole *Chine*

He plac'd before him of the white-tooth'd Swine.

*Ulysses* said; *Eumæus*, would thou wert

In as much favour as with me thou art,

With mighty *Jove*, that thus hast me supply'd.

To whom *Subulcus* cheerfully reply'd;

Sir, please your self with what's here, pray fall too,  
God gave us this, God what in all things do.

This said, first Fruits he pays the pow'r's Divine,

His King presenting with a Bowl of Wine.

Next his own share, then bluntly takes his Seat,

To th' rest *Mesaulius* distributes the Meat,

In his Lords absence him he kept alone,

Both to *Laertes* and the Queen unknown;

Him of the <sup>(n)</sup> *Taphians*, bartring Goods he bought.

To Meat prepar'd all fell too as they ought.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,

*Mesaulius* takes away their broken Fare:

On Couches then themselves they entertain'd;

Dark grew the Night, it Blew, and sadly Rain'd,

When thus *Ulysses* said, trying his Friend;

If any of you me a Coat would lend,

Or perswade others, sure it would do well;

On which occasion I'll a Story tell:

Both Fools and Wiscemen, warm'd with sprightly Wine,

Act Buffoons, Sing, in Antick Dances joyn,

And oft speak words had better not been said;

But now I'm in, I'll on, nor be dismaid.

Ah!

Ah! would I were as Young, that Vigour had,

As when your King, and *Menelaus* laid

Neer *Troy* an Ambush, they in chief, I, third:

But when we came to lofty Walls immur'd

Mongst shrubs, and Weeds, down in the plashie Fields

We lay, under our Arms, and ample Shields:

Dark grew the Night, and *Boreas* cold did blow,

Ullhering a shower of Sleet, of Hail, and snow.

Our Targets all in Crystal cases, shin'd,

Then they had on their Coats, and Mantles lin'd.

Under their Shields they quiet lay at rest,

I, like a Fool, had left behind my Vest.

I only had a Jump on, thin, and slight,

Nor dreamt how cold might be th' insuing Night:

Of which three quarters spent, when towards the *West*,

Declining, Stars descended to their rest,

Your King I pinch'd by th' Elbow, lying near,

And whisperd thus to him, who straight did hear;

Out, long I cannot dear *Ulysses*, hold,

But here shall perish, kil'd with bitter cold,

Wanting a Coat, deceived by some God,

In a thin Cassock I shall be destroy'd.

After he had my words consider'd well,

Who both in Field, and Counsel did excel,

With a low Voyce thus whisper'd in my Ear;

No more, lest any of the rest should hear;

His head then leaning on his Elbow, spake;

A Vision told me we recruits should lack,

Adventuring so far now from the Fleet,

Lets with all speed some one or other get,

That to the Camp may to our General run.

Up *Troas* started straight, *Andraemon's* Son,

And left behind his well-lin'd purple Vest,

In which I lay till guilded was the *East*.

E e

Had



Had I that strength, and youth, as then I had,  
 Amongst you soon I should be better clad,  
 Either for Love, or Fear ; There's small respect  
 For one in tatter'd Weeds, thus poorly deckt.

Thou well and wisely hast thy self exprest,  
*Eumæus* said ; Thou shalt not want a Vest,  
 Nor ought for one in thy Condition meet,  
 Well as we may to morrow Thee we'll fit,  
 We know no change of Suits, nor to be brave,  
 So many Backs, so many Coats we have,  
 The Prince will then what e're he please bestow,  
 And you your Passport give where e're you'll go.

This said, He near the Chimny made his Bed,  
 And ore a shaggy Goats and Sheep Skin spread :  
 There lay *Ulysses*, over whom he threw  
 His upper Weed, soft, and well quilted too ;  
 With which himself 'gainst any Change he arms  
 Of cloudy Skies, or *Winters* bleaker storms.  
 So slept *Ulysses* amongst youthful Swains :  
 But sleep not long *Eumæus* there detains,  
 Out straight he goes, which made his Master glad,  
 That he in absence such a Servant had.  
 First ore his shoulder his good Falchion hung,  
 And over that a well-lin'd Garment flung.  
 A Goats Skin next athwart, then takes his Spear,  
 With which he neither Theeves, nor Dogs, did fear.  
 Under a Rock where He his Porks kept,  
 Then took Repose, whil'st they, well shelter'd, slept.



*Honoratis vnae Domine  
Tabulam hanc*

*D<sup>e</sup> Katherine Longson.*

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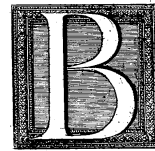


# HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

## THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Minerva to Telemachus appears,  
Gives him good Counsel, and abates his Fears.  
The Princes leave of Menelaus take.  
Ulysses and Eumæus long awake,  
Their Stories tell. Telemachus sets Sail,  
And scapes the Sutors with a favouring Gale.*



UT straight to Sparta went  
th' Illustrious Maid,  
And to Telemachus her self con-  
vey'd,  
T' advise him home, and how all  
Plotts to shun,

In Bed she found him, with old Nestors Son,  
In Menelaus Court; Nestorides  
Slept soundly, but sweet Sleep not him did seize:  
Such care in solitary night he took  
About his Father, t' whom thus Pallas spoke;

E c 2

*Telemachus,*

*Telemachus*, thou must not longer stay,  
 Leaving thy House and Fortunes thus a prey  
 To haughty Rivals, lest thy share thy State,  
 And all consuming, thou return'st too late.  
 Leave to depart of *Menelaus* get,  
 At home thou shalt thy Mother find as yet,  
 Whose <sup>(1)</sup> Father and her <sup>(2)</sup> Brothers urge to Wed  
*Eurymachus*, as worthiest of her Bed,  
 Who best can settle her a plenteous Dowr :  
 So thy imbezelled state they will devour.  
 Women are fickle, and their second Spouse  
 Shall with her former Childrens goods, his House  
 Replenish, nor regard their Husbands Dust.  
 What ere thou hast of Value, that intrust  
 Unto some careful Damsel, till the Gods  
 Give thee a Wife, and fix in thy aboads.  
 But this be sure to Cabinet in mind ;  
 To Murder thee the Sutors have design'd,  
 Lying to intercept thee in the way,  
 'Twixt dusty <sup>(3)</sup> *Samos* and steep *Ithaca* ;  
 But first the Earth shall some of them intomb,  
 Who seek thy ruin, and thy state consume.  
 Off from those Isles by Night steer thou at large,  
 And what ere tutel Pow'r hath thee in charge,  
 Shall a fair Wind to wait on thee command.  
 But soon as thou shalt reach thy native Land,  
 Thy Ship and Men run up into the Town,  
 And to *Subulcus* Cottage first go down :  
 He loves thee well, he who thy Swine doth keep.  
 There in the Farm all night in private sleep ;  
 Him to thy Mother send, who long hath mourn'd,  
 T' acquaint her thou in safety art return'd.  
 This spake, to Heaven her self she thence convey'd,  
 But he *Pisistratus* a-waking, said ;

Rise

(a) *Senius* and *Ani-te*, according to *Eschylus*.

(b) This is not a Fiction of *Athenaeus*, but a true relation of what pass'd, as appears by *Penelope's* Speech in the nineteenth Book. The line is delivered by *Ovid* in *Penelope's* Epistle to *Ulysses*.

*Me pater vacuus viduas discedere lecto*  
*Cogit, & immensas increpat agens*  
*moras*

*Ite eget usque licet, una sem, tua dicar*  
*quies* :  
*Penelope conjux semper Ulyssis ero.*

*Scarcely* my Father would compell  
 To leave my Widows bed, much blaming  
 Still  
 His long delays : and let him fill me  
 blame.  
 Still I'll be thine, *Ulysses* Wife I am.

(c) Either a City on the island of *Cephalonia*, or else the name of the Isle itself, between which and *Ithaca* the passage was very narrow, fit for the Sutors designs : *Artemidorus Ephesus*, in a fragment of his Geography extant in *Periplus*, insinuates it thus, From the Port of *Cephalonia* Eastward lies *Ithaca* distant 12 fades, which Island is 85 fades in circuit, &c.

Rise dear *Nestorides*, arise I pray,  
 Let us put in our Steeds, and drive away.  
 To whom thus then his dear Companion spake ;  
 Though we have hast, such hast what need we make,  
 To ride by Night ere Dawn ; Stay till the King  
 Puts up the Gifts, which he intends to bring,  
 Safe in our Chariot, and he us dismiss  
 With gentle Language, such a Friend he is,  
 And us with such civility doth treat,  
 That whilst we live we never must forget.  
 Thus as they held dispute, the blushing Dawn  
 Purpled the East, in her guilt Chariot drawn ;  
 And from his Bed straight *Menelaus* rose,  
 Leaving fair *Helen* to her own repose :  
 Of which, soon as *Ulysses* off-spring knew,  
 He slept on's Coat, and ore his Shoulders threw  
 His upper Weed, and out in hast he made,  
 To whom he thus, meeting in th' Entrance, said ;  
 O thou who here the sole Commander art,  
 Your Licence grant, that home I may depart :  
 My Genius prompts me, here not to abide.  
 To whom thus *Menelaus* then reply'd ;  
 Be sure *Telemachus*, I shall not long  
 Detain thee here, desiring to be gon :  
 In Hospitality I not think it right,  
 Fond of our Guest to be, or too much slight :  
 I for the Golden Mean am ; 'tis all one  
 To thrust one out, would rather not be gon,  
 Or keep him sit on Thorns ; sure better 'tis  
 To treat Guests well, and when they please dismiss.  
 Stay but untill thou in thy Chariot may'st  
 Behold those Gifts that I present Thee, plac'd :  
 Our Maids within straight something shall prepare  
 To break-fast, good, though short your Bill of fare,  
 And

And long your Journey ; I, to mend your Dish,  
Shall to both Honour, Wealth, and Fortune with,  
And would you farther *Greece*, and *Argos* view,  
I'll in my Chariot ride a-long with you,  
I'll shew you many Towns, and not in vain,  
Who'll us presenting, kindly entertain.  
Give each a Tripode, Caldron, or at least,  
A pair of Mules, or golden Bowl enchas'd.

Then said *Telemachus* ; Renowned Sir,  
Who to thy People Rudder art, and Star,  
Fain would I Home, to my own House repair,  
Because I left no faithful Steward there,  
Whilst they my Goods imbezle, and abuse,  
Seeking my Father, I my self may lose.

When *Menelaus* this did understand,  
He to his Queen, and Servants gave Command,  
Cares to prepare, of which were store within.  
*Eteoneus* started from his Bed, comes in,  
Whom *Menelaus* earnest did desire,  
He lodging next him, straight to make a Fire.  
Spits are laid down, the business he attends,  
And to his perfum'd Parlour then descends  
With *Helen*, and his <sup>(d)</sup> Son ; but when drawn neer,  
Where lay their Goods of greatest worth, they were,  
A Cup, and Silver Charger, then from thence  
*Atrides* takes, and gives unto the Prince  
To carry as a Present to his Guest,  
Whilst the fair Queen opens another Chest  
Full of rich Vests, which she her self had wrought,  
And culling 'mongst the bright'st, one forth she brought  
Whose splendor so out-shin'd all others far,  
It in the bottom glister'd, like a Star.

Thence went they forth, straight to *Ulysses* Son :

Then said *Atrides* ; Now you may be gon,

If

If *Jove* so please, great *Juno's* thundring Spouse.  
The best of what is precious in my House,  
Here I present this Goblet of pure Mold,  
The Body Silver, the bright Margents Gold,  
By *Vulcan* wrought, which the *Sidonian* King  
Did at his Court me as a Present bring,  
When thither I return'd, the same as free,  
I, dear *Telemachus*, bestow on Thee.

This said, his hand he with the Goblet fraught,  
Whilst *Megapenthes* him the Charger brought,  
To him the Veil *Helen* presenting, spake ;

This Token of my dear affection take,  
Which at thy Marriage give thy beauteous Spouse,  
Till then, let thy dear Mother in her House  
Keep safe for Thee : Now may a prosperous Gale,  
Impregnat to thy native Port thy Sail :  
Which He with Joy accepting, in the Box  
*Pisistratus*, the work admiring, locks.

Then to the Hall *Atrides* them convoid.  
Soon as their Seats they fil'd, a comely Maid,  
That they might wash, pour'd streams like Crystal pure,  
In a bright Basen, from a silver Ew'r :  
Then spreads the Table, sets on Bread, and plac'd  
Dishes well cook'd, and pleasing to the Taste.

*Eteoneus* their just Proportions karv'd,  
And *Megapenthes* at the Cup-board serv'd.  
Straight they fall too, and plentifully fare.  
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
*Telemachus* and *Nestor's* Off-spring got

Their Horses in, and mount their Chariot ;  
And through the founding Portico they drove.

That they might their Libation pay to *Jove*,  
And Favour beg from all the Powers Divine,  
The King presents them with a Bowl of Wine,

And

(d) *Megapenthes* the son of *Menelaus*, not by *Helen*, but by a Slave, as appears in the beginning of the fourth book.

\*Τῆς δὲ Μεγαπενθὸς ἄλκιμος ὦν ἔργῳ κείνῳ,  
ὅτε δὲ Μενέλαος πάλιν ἀντιπρὸς Μεγαπενθῷ  
ἦεν.  
See *Odyssey*, c. c.



His Goddess *Pallas* on the lofty Stern,  
 When he One drawing near him could discern,  
 Flying for refuge, who a man had slain,  
 A Prophet, one of grave <sup>(1)</sup> *Melampus* strain,  
 Who once in *Tyle* a fair Estate enjoy'd,  
 And fled from thence great *Xeleus* wrath t' avoyd,  
 Who in one year by Rapine and a Cheat,  
 Had purchas'd to himself a vast Estate;  
 Whilst in a Dungeon he in Chains lay bound,  
 For *Xeleus* Daughter, in deep forrows drownd,  
 Almost distracted, never could take rest,  
 Such Snakes *Erynnis* shot into his Breast:  
 But he escap'd Death, and did from *Phylax* get  
 The bellowing heard, so paid the unjust debt  
 On *Xeleus*, then to his Brother's House,  
 From thence he brought his long desired Spouse;  
 To *Argos* then he went, where better Fate  
 Increas'd his Power, augmented his Estate;  
 There <sup>(2)</sup> married he, and built a stately Houfe,  
 Had *Aniphas*, and *Mantius*, by his Spouse.  
*Aniphas* got *Oicles* the great,  
 And *Oicles* *Amphiarus* gat:  
 Both *Jove* and *Phæbus* his admirers were;  
 But he ne'r liv'd to Age, and silver Hair,  
 He dy'd at *Thebes* upon a Female Plot.  
*Alcæon* and *Amphilocus* he got  
*Mantius*, *Polyphides* and *Clytus* had  
 But in *Aurora's* golden Chariot rod,  
*Clytus* snatch'd up, and took, for Beauty, place  
 In Heaven 'mongst Gods, and the Celestial Race.  
 But *Phæbus* *Polyphides* rais'd high,  
 Above all men inspir'd with Prophefie,  
*Amphiarus* dead: He did retire  
 To <sup>(3)</sup> *Hyperfe*, t' avoid Paternal Ire.

(1) *Melampus* was eminent among the *Græcians* for predictions, which continued in his Family, as the art of Physick in *Esculapius*, as appears by this Relation, compared with another in *Panfanias*, where he saies, that *Eperastus* the Prophet was descended from *Melampus*.

Τὸν δὲ ἰσχυρότατον κλέιδεν γένος ἑλίου  
 Ἰπποκλῆος υἱόν·  
 Μελίπποτον δὲ τὸν ἄλλος ἄνευ Μελαντιδῆος.

After his Death at *Agisthus* he had a Temple consecrated to his Memory, where on his yearly Festival the people sacrific'd to him. Concerning his Imprisonment, and enlargement we have already spoken *Ilad* eleventh. *Hesiod* writ the History of his life in his book call'd from his name *Melampus*.

(2) *Prætor* King of *Argos*, his daughters being suddenly possess'd with a raging fury, offer'd one of them with part of his Kingdom for a portion to him that should cure them, which was effected by *Melampus* by the virtue of *Elidore* (from him call'd *Melampus*—*um* faith *Pliny*) for which he receiv'd the propounded reward, and succeed'd *Prætor* in the Kingdom of *Argos*.

(3) *Hyperfe* was a City of *Achaia*, so call'd from *Hyperes* the Son of *Lycæon*. *Eustathius*.

His Son, *Theoclymenus* was his name,  
 Now to *Telemachus* for Refuge came,  
 And found him as he sacrificing pray'd,  
 On the high Stern, and thus imploring, said;  
 Thee since I find thus offering on this shore,  
 I by thy Sacrifice, and God, implore,  
 Thy Self, and Friends, to let me know your Name,  
 Your Country, Parents, and whence now you came.  
 Then said *Telemachus*, the Truth I'll say,  
 Stranger, I boast my Birth in *Ithaca*,  
 My Sire *Ulysses*, if he yet survive,  
 And fill the Musters up of those alive,  
 For whom long absent I have been in quest,  
 And him to seek this ship and men impress.  
 To whom *Theoclymenus* thus reply'd;  
 So I from Home about a Homicide,  
 Fly to thy Refuge; His Relations such,  
 That me to apprehend, they promise much.  
 Since I must wander, my sad Fates Decree,  
 And am as banish'd, take me home with Thee,  
 Left I be slain, for me they close pursue,  
 My Blood, their vengefull Weapons, to imbrow.  
 When thus *Telemachus* kindly to him spake;  
 If Thou art willing, I'll not drive Thee back,  
 Come Thou aboard, and Thee from hence I'll bear,  
 And whatsoe'r we have be pleas'd to share,  
 The Prince from him his Jav'lin takes, this said,  
 And down 'mongst Poles, and other Tackle laid,  
 And from the Decks up to the Stern convey'd;  
 Then placing next himself, They anchor weigh'd,  
*Telemachus* bids them to their Tackle stand,  
 They readier are to do, then he command.  
 They raise their Mast, and hoyle their Sails a-trip,  
 Whilst with fair Windse *Minerva* wings their Ship.

On each side broken Billows thunder loud,  
 Whilst foamy brine the Ship in furrows plow'd.  
 Now the Sun setting, Darkness all ore spread,  
 They *Phera* past, and where th' *Epeians* swaid,  
 To *Elis* came, and <sup>(\*)</sup> *Those* Isles forlook,  
 Fearing his Death, or to be Pris'n'r took.

Mean while *Ulysses* and the other Swains,  
 Once more with Cates *Eumæus* entertains.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
*Ulysses* try'd *Eumæus* if he were,

Still in one Humour, or if colder grown,  
 T'advise him from his Cottage to the Town :

And thus he said ; *Eumæus*, and the rest,  
 Because I would not be a tedious Guest,  
 I to the City earnestly intreat  
 To go to morrow, there an Alms to get ;  
 Advise me well, and let some one instruct  
 Me on the way, and through the Town conduct,  
 Left I should wander, whil'st from street to street,  
 Alms I from charitable people get,  
 And to the Court I'll, if I can thrust in,  
 Venture, and something tell the Virtuous Queen.  
 I'll mongst the haughty Sutors, who perhaps,  
 From heap'd up Dishes, me may throw some scraps,  
 Amongst themselves They bountiful may be,  
 But what I'll tell thee think on't as from me ;  
*Hermes* confers on us our better parts,  
 Fortune, and Honour, and all Liberal Arts :  
 Few dare their strength with me at grasping, try,  
 Dry Wood I cleave, and cut, make Fires Nose high,  
 Well rost I Meat, and skinck rich Wine, and kerve,  
 As We the meaner fort, the better serve.

*Eumæus* started at the motion, said ;

What fond Conceit thy Judgment hath betray'd ?

Haft

(\*) *Those* are Islands which lie Eastward of *Ithaca*, as *Cephalonia*, where the Sutors lay privily to intercept *Telemachus*, Wellward. They are part of the *Epiluses*, according to *Strabo*, and the inhabitants serv'd under the same Prince in the *Trojan* expedition. But *Stephanus* in his book de *Urbsibus*, says, that the Isle *Dulichium* was call'd *o'gia*, which *Homer* plurally call'd *o'gia*, the signification of those two words being the same, viz. sharp-pointed.

Haft thou a mind, poor Stranger, there to die ?  
 The Sutors infolence invades the Skie,  
 Their high Affronts, and Injuries such they be,  
 They have no Waiters, Gentlemen like Thee,  
 But fresh Young Men, accour'd Al-a-mode,  
 Their hair kem'd out, in their plump cheeks fresh blood,  
 Such them attend, not better taught then fed,  
 Who load the boards with Dishes, Wine, and Bread :  
 But stay ; not I, nor any here desires  
 Your absence, Us your Company not tires,  
 And when *Telemachus* returns to Court,  
 Thee he will cloath, and, where thou wilt, transport.  
 To whom then thus *Ulysses* made reply ;

Ah would great *Jove* lov'd thee as well as I,  
 That me wandring and poor haft entertain'd,  
 What's worser then to be a Vagabond ?  
 An empty belly busines ill designs,  
 When in the Juncto Grief and Errour joyns,  
 But since my leisure well admits my stay,  
 Now something of *Ulysses* Parents say,  
 Whom aged grown He left, if yet they breath,  
 Or else descended to the House of Death.

*Eumæus* then Prince of the Rustick Youth,  
 Said, I'll inform Thee of the certain truth,  
*Laertes* lives, but still imploring *Jove*,  
 From that Condition him he would remove,  
 Much grieving for his absent Son, and Wife,  
 Who pining for *Ulysses* lost her Life.  
 Whom he espous'd a Maid, so broke her Heart,  
 And He now almost ready to depart.  
 May none that loves me die a Death so sad,  
 And she for me great kindness alwaies had.  
 Long as she liv'd it was her dayly use,  
 To send for me, inquiring after News :

For

For with her youngest Child *Cimena*, the  
 Had foster'd, nor much less esteemed, me :  
 But after both were grown to marriage state,  
 At *Samos* she provided her a Mate,  
 And on her settled a great Joynter there :  
 Me, she with Shifts, and Vests, and Sandals fair,  
 And all things fitting sent into the Field,  
 And still for me the same affection held ;  
 Which now I want : But yet the Powers Divine,  
 I hope, will better Days for me design ;  
 Yet here I eat and drink, a Stranger treat,  
 Though nothing of our Queen I can relate  
 That's fit to hear, of which I may complain :  
 A pack of Roylters in her Palace reign.  
 Yet of my Servants oft the questions asks,  
 And one by one, inquires their several Tasks ;  
 Then makes them eat and drink, and something bear,  
 To them at home that may their Spirits cheer.  
 When thus *Ulysses* to *Eumæus* spake ;  
 Didst Thou thy Native Country e're forsake,  
 And Parents ? I am earnest now to know,  
 Or was your City sack'd by any Foe ?  
 Where your Relations dwell, or keeping Sheep ?  
 By enemies wert Spirited through the Deep,  
 And here dispos'd of, at no little price.  
*Eumæus* then, the Rusticks Prince, replies ;  
 Since you'll my story know, I would injoy  
 Your silence, sitting ore a Bowl of Wine,  
 The Nights are long, there is a time to rest,  
 Or to hear pretty Tales, or pleasant Jest ;  
 Repose before the hour did never good,  
 Much sleep the Brain distempers, and the Blood,  
 But whoe'er would rather go to Bed,  
 Let him his Charge forth in the morning lead,

Breaking

Breaking his Fast, whil't here we drink, and eat,  
 And stories sad alternately repeat.  
 Those who have suffer'd much, and travel'd far,  
 Recounting former Grievs delighted are.  
 So now my Tale I'll tell ; There is an Isle  
 Beyond <sup>(1)</sup> *Ortygia*, which they <sup>(2)</sup> *Syria* stile,  
 Not great, but fruitful, Vin'yards store they plant,  
 Much Corn, and Pasture have, and know no want,  
 Nor sad Diseases, which poor Mortals have ;  
 But when grown old, full ripen'd for the Grave,  
 By *Phæbus* and *Diana* they are slain,  
 Infensible of Sickneſſes, or Pain.  
 Two Cities there divided all the Land,  
 Which *Cæſus* my Father did command.  
 Voyages hither the *Phenicians* made,  
 And with Toys freighted, drove a subtle trade.  
 My Father there kept a *Sidonian* Dame,  
 Well bred, and fair, at these do Merchants aim,  
 And her from washing did aboard intice,  
 There won to wanton Dalliance in a trice :  
 When condescending, she had quench'd Loves Flame,  
 He ask'd her who she was, and whence she came.

She said that *Arybas* her Father dwelt  
 In *Sidon*, where no Poverty they felt :  
 But me the *Taphians* from thence convoid,  
 And to the King her selling, well were paid.  
 Then her Gallant to his new Miſtreſs, spake ;  
 Sail with us to thy Native Country, back,  
 That thou thy Parent's stately Houſe may'ſt see,  
 Who yet are both alive, and wealthy be.  
 Then she reply'd ; If solemnly you'll swear,  
 That me in safety you'll to *Sidon* bear :  
 At this all there, not one of them were loath,  
 But took the Solemn Covenanting Oath.

<sup>(1)</sup> One of the ancient names of the Island *Delos*, because, according to the Fable, *Asteria*, to avoid the embraces of *Jupiter*, transformed her self into a Quail, in Greek call'd *ὄρνις*, and leaping into the Sea was changed into an Island, whence *Delos* is obscurely deriv'd under the title of *ὄρνις*, *ορνιθίου*, the winged Quail, by *Lycophron* in his *Collassandra*.

*Τὴν δὲ τὴν ὄρνιθιν ὀρνιθίου*  
*Τὴν δὲ, ποιεῖν ὄρνιθιν Ἀργεῖος δίδω.*

Tremo the Argument near the winged  
 Quail,  
 Waves of the Egean Sea shall ne'er of  
 sail.

Or rather, according to *Phanodemus*, in *Asteria*, from the great number of  
 Quails found in that Island.

<sup>(2)</sup> An Island near to *Ortygia*, memorable for nothing but that it brought forth *Phrygiades* the Philosopher, Master to *Erythraeus*, though commended by our Poet both for Health and Plenty; but in this he seems to describe the *Saturnian* age, of which there is no other mention in him, *Cerestes Hydrus* expresses it in fence not much differing from this of *Homer*'s.

*Ὁς δὲ δὴ δ' ἔγνω, δαδὲν δὲ δὴ ἔγνω*  
*Νίκων δὲ γὰρ ἡ νίκων ὁ νίκων, δὴ δὴ δὴ*  
*Νίκων νίκων, δὴ δὴ δὴ δὴ νίκων νίκων,*  
*Νέ.*  
 They live'd like Gods, without or toil or  
 care,  
 Now fish they dropping age when old they  
 were,  
 But strong and active, they delighted still  
 To dance, and did as if asleep they fell.

Then



Then thus she said; If any of you meet  
At yonder Fountain me, or in the street,  
Or at the Palace, in the Old Mans Hall,  
Not the least notice take of me at all;  
Left angry, He should me in Chains secure,  
And you by Folly your own Deaths procure:  
But when you victual'd, and well freighted are,  
Straight me inform, I, Gold, and what so ere  
Lies in my Trust, shall straight from thence convey,  
And my young Master, at the Gates at play,  
Foster'd by me, who when you come abroad,  
May of more value prove, than all your Load.

This said; She left them, there a Year they stay'd,  
Acquiring Riches by a mighty Trade.  
But when their Vessel They had freighted well,  
They to the Palace sent one, Her to tell,  
A cunning Snap, that no man could suspect,  
Bringing a golden Crown with Amber deck'd:  
On this my Mother, and her Women look,  
Much with the Beauty, and Invention took;  
Beating the Price; He winks, no time let slip,  
She takes the Sign, and steals down to the Ship:  
But in the Portal me she snatches up,  
A curious Table, and a Golden Cup,  
With which my Father oft his Friends did Treat,  
Before they march'd unto the Judgment Seat,  
And three Cups more she in her Bosom hid,

And I a <sup>(\*)</sup> Child went with her as she bid.  
Just when the setting Sun obscur'd the Way,  
We came where the <sup>(\*)</sup> Phenician Vessel lay.

Them all aboard, They steer their Course design'd,  
Plowing vast Billows, with a favouring Wind:  
Six Days and Nights the foamy Brine we plow,  
But when the seventh morn shew'd her shining Brow,  
Diana

(\*) Not her Son, as *Spenser* on the place conceiv'd, but the prince whom she nurs'd, or govern'd. The name indeed of his Mother is not deliver'd by our poet, but *Euphorion* calls her *Pandion*, others *Ponia*, or *Dianer*.

(\*) *Hesiodus* notes that the *Phenicians* were the first that carried away Captives in this manner, and enslaved Men, and Women, which was the occasion of the Wars afterwards between *Asia* and *Europe*, and therefore are aptly here made the subject of this figure.

*Diana* kill'd the Strumpet, down she fell,  
And like a Sea-mew drop'd into the Well:  
Ore board they threw her to be Fishes food,  
Whilst I fate weeping to this Port they stood,  
Where dearly me they to *Laertes* fold,  
And so this Country first did I behold.

Then said *Ulysses*; Me, *Euemeus*, much  
Thy Fortunes sadly thus related, touch:  
But *Jove* hath mix'd thy Lot, that thou so good  
A Master hast, who Raiment grants, and Food:  
Though mean, Thou hast enough, when I am hurl'd,  
In Want, and Woe, despis'd, about the World.  
Thus various Discourses they recite,  
Spending with little sleep the tedious Night.

But when the Dawn appear'd, all Danger past,  
*Telemachus* furl'd his Sails, and struck his Mast,  
And rowing in their Vessel straight they Moor,  
And safely harbour'd, they all went a shore;  
There eat and drink, and plentifully fare,  
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
*Telemachus* thus to his Mates begun;

Now to the City up your Vessel run,  
I'll to the Fields, and to my Rusticks walk,  
And there with them on Country business talk.  
I, in the Morning down to you will come,  
And give you Breakfasting, your Welcome Home.  
When *Theoclymenus* to the Prince thus spake;

But where shall I, Sir, my Addressee make?  
Shall I some noble Person here attend,  
Or to the Queen, and thy own Palace bend?  
Then gravely thus *Telemachus* replies;

Not to my Mother, I would thee advise,  
Though nothing thou couldst want, but yet I fear,  
It would be worse in my Absence there.

G g

Besides,

Besides, my Mother is but seldom seen,  
By those make Court, she plys her Web within :  
But I'll direct thee unto *Polybus* Son,  
*Eurymachus*, by all now look'd upon  
As the most fit *Penelope* to wed,  
And have the Honour of *Ulysses* Bed :  
But *Jove* knows best, whether those Nuptials may  
Not be prevented by a Fatal Day.

This said, a  $\phi$  Falcon, *Phabus* Messenger,  
Flying, a Dove did in her Pounces bear,  
Pluming her Quarry, Feathers dropt, and  $\phi$  blood,  
Amidst the ship, and where *Telemachus* stood.

Then him aside *Theoclymenus* takes,  
And gently wringing by the Hand, thus speaks ;  
From some kind Power this happy Omen came,

For I, dear Prince, in Augury skilful am :  
No other Stock here Regal power shall gain,  
But you and yours for ever here shall reign.

Then thus *Telemachus* reply'd ; Ah, wo'd ;  
Dear Sir, thou couldst what thou hast said, make good,  
I should so bountifully play my part,  
That who e're hears should say, Thou happy art.  
To *Pyreus* then his Confident, he said ;  
My Orders Thou hast punctually obey'd,  
Conduct this worthy Stranger to thy Home,

And love, and honour him, until I come.  
Then he reply'd ; Though long thou shalt remain,  
He shall have no occasion to complain.

This said, they went aboard, and Cables lose,  
And on their several Banks themselves dispose ;  
Whilst on *Telemachus* his Sandals knits,  
From whence it hung, down his strong Javelin gets.  
Their Anchors weigh'd, their Vessel lose, they sail,  
Up to the City with a leading Gale :

As

As them the Prince injoyn'd ; But he on Foot,  
Went merrily on until he reach'd the Coast,  
Where lay the Porks which *Subulcus* kept,  
And He, a Friend toth' Princes, soundly slept.

G g 2 HOMERS

(p) The Falcon was peculiarly, as other birds to the rest of the Ode, sacred to *Apollo*, whence *Arifophanes* in one of his Comedies,

— *ὁ φάλκας ὅστις ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἀνέστη*  
'Απόλλωνος ἱερῶν ὅστις ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἀνέστη  
'Απόλλωνος ἱερῶν ὅστις ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἀνέστη  
ἱερῶν ὅστις ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἀνέστη

*Jove* who reigns as King, bears on his wings,  
An Eagle, *Pallas* with an Owl impress,  
I habus a Falcon.

Which the *Greeks* seem to have borrowed from the *Egyptians* : of whom thus writes *Strabo*, There were certain Priests of *Apollon* which were called *ἱεροκτανοὶ* Feeders of Hawks : For they are peculiarly consecrated to *Apollon*, either by the footicks of their flight, signifying the motion of the Sun (that is, *Δελτα*), or else, *ἐν ἱεροῖς ἐν ἱεροῖς* *ἱεροκτανοὶ* *ἱεροκτανοὶ* *ἱεροκτανοὶ* because Hawks alone of all birds, can without pain look directly against the beams of the Sun. *Hierodorus* saies, that they were had in so great honour in *Egypt*, that *volat* *ever* *kill'd* *one* of them, though unwittingly, was certainly put to death. lib. 2. c. 63.

(q) The ancient Augurs prognosticated from birds several ways : either from their manner of Flight, or Wing, which birds were call'd *Prophetæ*, or else by their Note or Cry, which were call'd *Officines*, or else from their fighting with, or devouring, one another, which was call'd by the Latines *Falanga* : which last sort of Augury is here mention'd : where the Eagle, the Ensign of a King, devour'd *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca*, the Pigeon the nation, those whom *Ulysses* was to engage with.



Honoratissimo Domino D<sup>o</sup>  
Baroni de Charlemont



Guilermo Caulfield  
Tabulam hanc EMDDTIO



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus up to Eumæus goes,  
Who treats Ulysses kindly, and not knows.  
Sutors return, their Enterprize in vain.  
Pallas Ulysses turns to Himself again.  
He to his Off-spring doth Himself reveal.  
Penelope rings Antinous a Peal.*

**T**HE MÆVUS and Ulysses, by  
Day-break,  
Kindle a Fire, and <sup>(a)</sup> Break-fast  
ready make,  
And sent the rest forth with their  
grunting Crue :

When neer *Telemachus*, the Cottage, drew,  
The Dogs about him fawn, the King this saw,  
And heard one nearer yet, and nearer draw.  
Thus then *Ulysses* to his Swain begun ;

Some Friend is neer, some Person sure, well known,

The

(a) The ancient Grammarians observe that there were three usual times of eating in the times of the Heroes; the former meal is call'd by *Homer* *ἄριστον* in this place, and but once more, that is *Iliad* 24.

*ἄριστον ἔσθω, ὅτε βέλτερόν ἐστιν.*

yet we must not think that this meal was unusual because that word is but twice found in *Homer*, for he calls it by another name common to other meals, Dinner and Supper, as may appear from these places

*Ὅτε δ' ἔτα δειπνέειν, ἀνὶ δ' αὖτ' ἄριστον ἔσθω.*

for, saith *Athenæus*, they fought at break of day. So on *Odys.* 1.

*ἄριστον ἔσθω, ὅτε βέλτερόν ἐστιν.*

*Ἐπὶ τούτοις, ὅτε καὶ παλαιὰ ἡ ἑσπέρη ἔσθω, ὅτε καὶ ἡ ἑσπέρη ἔσθω.*

The Dogs at him not bark, though very near :  
Now you the trampling of his Foot may hear.  
Scarce spoke, when o're the threshold steps his Son,  
To whom, surpriz'd *Euæus* forth did run,  
And lets his Mazer brim'd with rich Wine fall,  
T' embrace his Master entering now the Hall,  
Kissing his Hands, his Cheeks, and sparkling Eys,  
Whilst down fell Tears in briny Deluges.

A Father so receives his dearest Son,  
Come from far Countries, had been ten years gon,  
His only Darling, gotten in his Age,  
For whom his Sorrows he could ne'r affwage :

*Euæus* to his Prince did entertain,  
And him saluted ore and ore again,  
And oft, as if escap'd from Death, imbrac'd :  
Then thus with glad Condolements at the last ;

Com'st thou alive ? I thought, my dearest Prince,  
Ne'r to have seen after you fail'd from hence :  
Be pleas'd to enter, that I may delight  
In thy glad Prefence, and thy joyful Sight,  
Who amongst us too seldom, ah ! we view,  
Took up with Sutors, and that ranting Crew.

Then said *Telemachus* ; At that I aim,  
And now on such a business hither came.  
Remains my Mother still within her House,  
Or chang'd Condition with another Spouse ?  
And now by this my Father's empty Bed,  
Well <sup>(d)</sup> Spiders may with Nets and Cobwebs spread,  
To whom the Rusticks Monarch thus reply'd ;

She patient in thy House doth still abide,  
And Day and Night her sorrows never cease,  
Paying in Tribute briny Deluges.  
Thus whilst he spake, he took from him his Lance,  
And He into the Parlour did advance,

And

And for his Son, *Ulysses* straight gave place,  
Which thus *Telemachus* refusing, saies ;

Pray Sir, sit still, be pleas'd to keep your Seat,  
*Euæus* shall for me another get.  
*Ulysses* reassums his Chair, this said,  
And he with Boughs, and Skins, a new one made.  
The Prince thus settled, he supplies the Board,  
With cold Meats, and with Bread, and Wine well stor'd,  
And sitting down, they plentifully fare.  
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
*Telemachus* thus to *Euæus* said ;

Whence came this Stranger hither, how convoid ?  
Of what great Family himself he boasts ?  
Since he on Foot could never reach our Coasts.  
Then to the Prince the Rusticks Monarch spake ;

Well as I can a true account I'll make :  
From *Creet*, he saith, him cruel Fates have hurl'd,  
Through divers Fortunes round about the World ;  
And now some God his Course did hither shape,  
Here from a *Thebes* Ship he made escape,  
And found me out : Do with him what you please,  
For he's your humble Suppliant, he saies.

Then thus *Telemachus* himself declar'd ;  
You put me on a business something hard.  
How can I give at home this Guest respect ?  
Since I am Young, Pow'r wanting to protect  
His Person from their Insolence, and Scorn,  
My Mother's mind by various thoughts is born,  
Whether the still will keep my Father's Court,  
Preserve his Bed, and her own fair Report,  
Or let her noblest Sutor her espouse,  
And carry with rich Presents to his House.  
But since he is thy Guest, I'll him afford  
A Coat, a Vest, new Sandals, and a Sword,

And

(d) This is an hyperbolical speech  
used by the *Grecians* when they fig-  
nified neglected, and deserted, not  
further used : From whom the *La-  
tins* borrowed it : So *Plautus* in *Au-  
lularia*.

— *an qui's adeo asperat ?*  
*Nam hic opus mihi si aliud quæsi-*  
*furibus*  
*Interuenit sunt operta atque aranea.*

Will not this house be sold ? For no-  
thing's left  
Worth dealing ; 'tis of all things else  
bereft  
But Spiders Webs.

and *Catullus* of his empty Verse,

— *nem tui Catulli*  
*Plenus sacculus est araneorum.*

And sign his Passport wherefoe'r he goes ;  
Mean while amongst you let him here repose.  
I'll send him Cloaths, and Diet too, left he,  
To thee and thine too burthenfom should be.  
I, amongst the Sutors would not any trust,  
Such are their high affronts, and so unjust  
Which I must suffer in, though ne'r so strong,  
For many may a single Person wrong,

Then said *Ulysses* ; Sir, since now I may,  
Be pleas'd to hear on this, what I can say ;  
I much am troubled, Sirs, at this Report  
Of ryoting Sutors in *Ulysses* Court,  
Who in perpetual Rants devour, and swill.  
Sir, act they thus with, or against your Will,  
Or have you else incurr'd your Peoples hate,  
By Revelation from the Book of Fate ?  
Thereunto mov'd by Brothers, and Allies,  
In whom we trust when Differences arise !  
Ah ! would that I as Young, and Lusty, were,  
As now You seem, that art *Ulysses* Heir !  
Or if himself in here should wandering Chop,  
Which I despair not of, but rather hope,  
This Head I'll wager, should I on them fall,  
If suddenly, I did not rout them all :  
But should they more power, I rather would  
Dy in my Houle, then such dire acts behold ;  
Strangers ill treated, Virgins wrong'd, our Wine,  
And Meat devour'd, and all, on no Design :  
Then spake the Prince ; Sir, I'll the Truth relate ;  
I never yet incurr'd the Peoples Hate ;

My Brother I not blame, nor dear Allies,  
In whom wee trust when Differences arise.  
Five pleas'd our Stock should still produce but <sup>(c)</sup> One :

*Laertes* was *Arcifus* only Son,

None

None had *Laertes* but *Ulysses*, he  
Left in his Court a tender <sup>(\*)</sup> Infant, me,  
Who now am haunted with this spiteful Train,  
The primer sort who in these Islands reign ;  
Who <sup>(d)</sup> *Samos*, or shady *Zacynthus* lway,  
*Dulichium*, or our rocky *Ithaca*,  
My Mother court, consuming her Estate ;  
She not refuses, nor will chose a Mate :  
But what we have these Roysters now enjoy,  
Abuse our Palace, and would me destroy.  
Heaven's Will be don : But go thou straight, and tell  
The Queen, I'm come from *Pyle*, am safe, and well,  
And I till thy return shall tarry here :  
Be sure when thou inform'st her, none are neer  
To catch the News, the Sutors many be,  
And alwaies brewing mischief against me.  
*Eumæus* to *Telemachus* then said ;

Sir, your Commands with care shall be obey'd :  
But as I go along be pleas'd to say,  
Shall I acquaint *Laertes* in my way ?  
Who would, though much he for *Ulysses* mourn'd,  
Look on the Labourers, and oft not scorn'd  
To tast their homely Cates ; But all this while  
That thou wert absent, and hast fail'd to *Pyle*,  
He will nor eat, nor drink, but sighs, and groans,  
And pining fits, consum'd to Skin and Bones.

Then said the Prince, We his tormenting Grief,  
Not yet can ease, with cordial relief,  
Till better we inform'd may make't appear,  
That my dear Father will be shortly here,  
But to the Court do thou directly bend,  
And tell the Queen she may a Servant send,  
May him the News in privat bear. This said,  
On he his Sandals knits, and ready made,

H h

And

(\*) Although *Homer* mentions but one son of *Ulysses*, yet the Author of the *Telégene*, an ancient Writer, mentions another, *Arcifant* ; and *Sophocles* one call'd *Euryant*, slain by *Telemachus*.

(d) Three Islands lying round *Ithaca* : for by *Samos* is here meant *Cephallenia*, as we have already observ'd out of *Strabo*.

(c) The Genealogy of *Telemachus*, where imperfect, but press'd into use by *Ennius*, I know not out of what Author, thus : *Telemachus* the Son of *Ulysses*, and *Penelope*, *Ulysses* the Son of *Laertes*, and *Arcifus* ; *Laertes* of *Arcifus*, and *Chalcomedusa*, *Arcifus* of *Jupiter*, and *Eureada*.

And halting forth, *Minerva* not beheld,  
Who in a *Womans* shape her self conceal'd :  
But straight she forth before *Ulysses* starts,  
A Beauty skilful in all Female Arts :  
Neither did her *Telemachus* espie,  
Gods to appear to every one are shie.  
But her *Ulysses*, and the Dogs, beheld,  
And mute, they fled, where they themselves conceal'd :  
She beckons to *Ulysses*, he obey'd,  
And drawing neer to her, thus *Pallas* said ;

Disclose thy self, *Ulysses*, to thy Son,  
And carry Fate, and dire Destruction,  
To the proud Rivals ; I my self shall be  
Ready, both to assist, and counsel Thee.  
Then with her golden Wand she touch'd his Vest,  
Which newly wash'd, became his manly Breast,  
Which larger grew, his Cheeks waxt plump and fair,  
His Beard turns brown, and black his hoary Hair.  
Thus to himself transformed, in he goes,  
And to his Son amaz'd, himself then shews ;  
Who looking round, much wondering, and afraid,  
Left he some God should be, thus trembling, said ;

You are so alter'd, Sir, from what you were,  
Neither the same your Cloaths, nor Person, are ;  
You are some God, defended from the Skies :  
If so, be pleas'd that we may sacrifice,  
And to thy Deity golden Gifts prepare,  
That Thou our woful Family wouldst spare.  
Then thus the King did to his Son reply ;

Why call'st thou me a God, no God am I,  
But I thy Father am, whose Bowels yern,  
About these Sutors, and thy sad Concern.  
Kissing his Son, this said, Tears, which before  
Broke not their Sluces, now bedew'd the Floor.

But

But yet the Prince could not himself persuade,  
He saw his Father, but thus doubting, said ;  
Th' art not *Ulysses*, but some Drolling God,  
That me would yet with more afflictions load :  
Thou art some Deity, no Mortal could  
Cast aged limbs thus in a Youthful mould.  
Now you were Grey, your Garments rent, and bare,  
Now one of the Celestial List appear.  
When thus the King to his dear Off-spring said ;

Be not surpriz'd with Wonder, nor dismay'd,  
Thou ne'r shalt see another Father here,  
Whose absence now hath finish'd twenty year,  
Toft and turmoil'd, through Seas, and Countries, hurl'd,  
Returning to his Home, through all the World ;  
But this *Minerva* did, the shapes can fain,  
And me thus change unto my self again ;  
Now a Young man, in comely Habit deck'd,  
The Gods can us ennoble, or deject.

This said, no longer the Young Prince forbears,  
But hugging of his Father, shed salt tears,  
And he his Son in strict embraces kept,  
And both alike ore one another wept.  
As Eagles cry, with bitter sorrow, stung,  
When Rusticks bear away their callow Young ;  
So from their Eys did briny Rivers run  
In joyful Spouts until the setting Sun,  
Had not the Prince thus to *Ulysses* said ;

How were you hither, Royal Sir, convey'd ?  
From whence? what Master did your ship command ?  
For hither sure you could not come by Land.  
Then to his Off-spring thus the King begun ;  
I'll tell Thee, tell Thee all, my dearest Son,  
Me the *Phaeacians* through the Ocean bore,  
And sleeping left upon my Native Shore,

H h 2

With

(\*) That is, suddenly. For the Ancients did conceive it to be in the power of man by virtue of Herbs, and Minerals, to retrieve decay'd nature, and to restore it to its former strength, and vigour : as appears by the story of *Medea*, who by a Medicine boyed in a Cauldron composed of sundry Herbs, and Roots, and precious stones of like nature, with the dew of the Night and spume of the Moon, and the flesh and wings of Screech-owls, and other ingredients, restored Old *Aeson* to his Youth again : thus at large described by *Ovid* in his *Aetnaea* *epist.* :

— *fructu Medea recludit  
Ensis fatis jugulum, veteremque carere  
crurum  
Pulsa replet succis, quos piquam cum-  
bibus Aëlon,  
Aster are excipiens aut vulnere, barba, co-  
maque  
Canis postea nigram repare colore :  
Pulsa fatis manet, &c.*

*Medea* cuts the old mans throat, out  
scus'd  
His face warm blood, and her Re-  
ceipt infus'd,  
His mouth, or wound, suck'd in. His  
beard, and Head  
Black hair forthwith adorns, the hoary  
shed.  
Pale colour, morpheus, meeter-lacks  
remove,  
And under-riding flesh his wrinkles  
smooth.  
His limbs wax strong and lusty, *Aeson*  
much  
Admires his Change : himself remem-  
bers such,  
Twice twenty Summers past. With all,  
end'd  
A youthful mind, and both at once re-  
acqu'd.

With Gold, and Silver store, with Robes, and Vests,  
Put up in Fardels, or kept safe in Chests :  
Which in a Cave the Goddess did conceal,  
And bid me now I should my self reveal,  
That we may plot against the Enemy.  
But stay, how many of these Roysters be,  
That I may know, and gravely then advise,  
If them our selves w' are able to chastise ;  
Or whether we should draw to us more aid.  
Then thus *Telemachus* to his Father said ;

Sir, I have heard what Fame you alwaies gave,  
Valiant to be in Field, in Counsel grave :  
Well you advise, but 'tis beyond my Hope,  
That two with many Valiant men should cope ;  
Not two, nor ten to one, but many more,  
Which I, well as I can, will reckon ore :  
Twice twenty six from the *Dulichian* State,  
With six Attendants, on her Answer wait ;  
From *Same*, Valiant Striplings twenty four,  
And from <sup>(1)</sup> *Zacynthus*, we count twenty more,

*Ithacans* twelve, are early there and late,  
On whom the Herald and the <sup>(2)</sup> Poet wait :  
Two more there are that Dishes marshal up,  
And at their Elbows when they Dine, and Sup.  
If we should charge all these, our selves then might  
Fall unreveng'd, in the unequal Fight ;  
But if y' are able, some more Forces list,  
And who most willing are us to assift.

Then said *Ulysses* ; Thee a truth I'll tell,  
Of which, when th' art inform'd, consider well ;  
If *Jove* and *Pallas* pleas'd, would us assift,  
What need we muster others in the List ?

Then said the Prince ; If They be on our side,  
With a sufficient Party w' are supply'd.

They

They sitting on *Olympus*, have the Odds,  
Both of poor Mortals, and Immortal Gods:

Then said *Ulysses* ; Now the time draws neer,  
When who shall have the better, will appear  
In cruel fight 'twixt us, and that proud Crew,  
Whose blood our Walls, and Weapons shall imbrew.  
But with the Dawn return Thou to the Court,  
And there with Drolls, and Buffoons, talk, and sport,  
Whilst me *Eumæus* to the City leads,  
Clad like a poor Old man, in tatter'd Weeds :  
But if Thou see that there they me abuse,  
Keep down thy swelling Breast, and Patience use :  
Though through the Hall they by the Feet me drag,  
And ore me punching with their Javelins, brag,  
Retain Thy self, and them with Language fair,  
Advise they would such foolish tricks forbear :  
But they will still go on, nor Thee obey,  
Because draws neer to them the fatal Day.  
But one thing more now closet in thy mind,  
Which *Pallas*, who devises well, design'd ;  
When I shall nod, what ever arms doe ly  
About the House neglected, lay Thou by  
In thy own Chamber ; If the Sutors ask,  
With gentle Language; our dire Purpose mask.  
Tell them they are remov'd, being spoyl'd with smok,  
And smuted, nothing like those Weapons look  
*Ulysses* left, when he to *Ilium* sail'd,  
With sooty smoke their glittering lustre foil'd,  
Next, I, what *Jove* commands, do Thee enjoyn ;  
If we should quarrel, warm'd with lusty Wine,  
And splendid Banquets turn to bloody Fights,  
Arms are inticing, and dire Steel invites,  
For us two Swords, two Shields, two Javelins leave,  
To Charge, whom *Pallas* will, and *Jove* deceive :

Next,

(1) An Island in the *Ionian* Sea, not many Leagues distant from *Ithaca*, now called *Zani*.

(2) *Phemius* the Son of *Terpias*, *Odys.* 22.

*Τηλέμαχος δὲ τὸν ἀνδρὸς ἀνδραγαθὸν κλέπετο  
ἄνθρωπον, ὃς ἦν ἑὶς ἐκ τῶν ποσειδάωνος ἀδελφῶν.*

Next, if from us Thou dost Thy stock derive,  
And art my Son, tell this to none alive.  
This from *Laertes*, and *Eumæus*, we  
Must keep, and all, nay from *Penelope* :  
Next, Thou, and I, must first the Women find,  
And then how our Domesticks are inclin'd ;  
Which of them us still honour, and still fear,  
And which for me and my Concerns do care.  
When thus to him the Gallant Youth replies ;

Sir, knew you me, you would not Cowardice  
Lay to my charge : This hard to us will prove,  
We have many great impediments to remove,  
And long, and hard, you know would be the Task,  
To take them One by One, and questions ask,  
Since they all settled, and contented are,  
To eat Thee up, and what Thou hast, not spare.  
But first, to move the Women I advise,  
Who Thee, stirr'd by Femality, despise,  
The Men pass over, Them to try forbear,  
Till *Jove* discovers what a Pack they are.

Thus they amongst themselves discours'd. Mean while  
The Ship that brought *Telemachus* from *Pyle*,  
And all his kind Associates, up They bore  
Into the Harbour, laying close a-shore  
Their Arms, and Tackle, and rich Presents bare  
To *Cyrtus* House, and left in safety there,  
And freight sent to *Ulysses* Palace, One,  
To inform the Queen *Telemachus* was gon  
Up to the Field, lest that the Queen salt Tears  
Should pay, no Custom due, to Tyrant Fears :  
The Herald, and *Eumæus*, met full But,  
Each ready with their Message, piping hot :  
Entering the Court, the Herald could not hold,  
But the glad tydings to each Gigglet told ;

Whilst

Whilst up *Eumæus* to the Queen did run,  
And told her what commanded had her Son :  
His Errand told, *Eumæus* then at large,  
Forakes the Court, and goes unto his Charge.  
But this bad News the Sutors much amates,  
And out they went, and sat before the Gates,  
And in close juncto there their business weigh'd,  
When thus *Polybus* Son *Eurymachus* said ;

*Telemachus* hath a great business don,  
Of which, we twenty would have laid to one :  
Let our Consult be brief, no time let slip,  
But with all speed send forth a well-rig'd Ship,  
Them to inform, and hasten to come back.  
*Amphinomus* saw their Vessel as they spake,  
Bare to the Port within embracing shores,  
Furling their Sails, and lifting up their Oars,

Then smiling, said ; Yonder our Friends appear,  
We need not send advice, for they are here.  
Some God inform'd them, or his ship in view,  
Infatuated, they could not pursue.

This said ; The Princes rising, went a shore,  
And lusty Sailers their stout Vessel moor.  
Then to a frequent Council they all throng,  
Not flustering one to speak, nor Old, nor Young.

When thus *Antinous* said ; Heaven mocks our Hopes,  
All Day some fate on windy Mountain tops,  
And at Sun-setting, him to intercept,  
We tack'd about at Sea, and never slept,  
That we at once might take him, and dispatch,  
Whom sure a Guardian Deity doth watch,  
And thus convai'd unto his Native Shore.  
But now our business do, lose time no more,  
If we would finish what we have design'd ;  
The Young Man's parts are great, and high his mind :

To



To us the Peoples favour now grows final,  
 Let's do his Work e're he a Council call,  
 There us he'll charge, and the whole Court incense,  
 How they conspir'd the Murder of a Prince,  
 Which they'll so take, that us they will exile  
 To live unhappy in a foreign Soyl :  
 Let's intercept him e're he reach the Town,  
 And share his Wealth, and Fortunes, as our own ;  
 To's Mother all the movables afford,  
 And whomsoever she choseth for her Lord :  
 But if this Counsel you not well receive,  
 Let him enjoy his Father's state, and live ;  
 Then we no more must banquet in his House,  
 But each at Home seek out some wealthy Spouse.  
 This said, all silent were, when *Æiſus* Son  
*Amphinomus*, *Dulichium's* Prince, begun,  
 Whose Courtship best *Penelope* did please,  
 Who still Diffentions labour'd to appease.

(2) That is, Let us consult some Oracle : for the Grammarians, in stead of the word *Θαύσε*, read *Θαύσε* *πρυθόειας*, Oracles. *Thaſeus* was the name of the Mountain in *Ephesus*, on which the Temple of *Apollon* was built in *Didone*, so much celebrated for Responses, whence the word afterward signified a Prophet, as in *Ezephra*.

*Thaſeus* *πρυθόειας*.

Now *Enphathius* elsewhere observes, that the *Grecians* had often deposed their Princes upon the meer command of an Oracle.

Kill not *Telemachus*, the Royal Heir,  
 But to the Gods for <sup>(1)</sup> Counsel first repair.  
 If *Jove* his Death's Commission please to sign,  
 Boldly go on ; If not, the Fact decline.  
 Pleas'd with th' advice, up they their Council broke,  
 And in *Ulyſes* Hall their places took.  
 Mean while the Queen, to ease her troubled Breast,  
 To the Conspirators her self address ;  
*Medon* had told her all ; Chaf'd, she descends,  
 Her comely Damfels on each hand attends :  
 Veiling her Cheeks, she at the threshold staid,  
 And thus aloud taxing *Antinous*, said ;  
 Accurs't *Antinous*, thou who art so much  
 Fam'd for good parts, and yet hast nothing such ;  
 To kill my Son, why hast thou Plots prepar'd,  
 Nor hast to *Jove*, and Piety, regard ?

And

And evil thus for good repay't, nor know't,  
 When first thy Father <sup>(4)</sup> shelter'd on our Coast,  
 Fearing the people, who against him rag'd,  
 When with the <sup>(5)</sup> *Taphian* Pyrats he engag'd  
 Against our *Trojan* Friends, him th' had destroy'd,  
 Plunder'd his House, and his Estate enjoy'd,  
 Which then *Ulyſes* hind'ring, sav'd his Life,  
 And now you eat him out, would wed his Wife,  
 Murder his Son, and me with Sorrow kill :  
 You, and the rest forbear, his blood not spill.  
*Eurymachus* then, *Polybus* Son, reply'd ;

(4) *Enphathius*, sixth *Enphathius*.

(5) The *Taphians* inhabited some small Islands near to *Samos*, one of which was *Taphos*, afterwards call'd *Taphinſa*. They were formerly call'd *Telchones*, noted for Piracy.

Best Queen, on my Integrity confide,  
 Lay by your fears, none here, whilst I draw breath,  
 Shall hint the smallest motion for his Death ;  
 Who e're attempts, by all the Gods I swear,  
 Shall purple, with his reeking Blood, my Spear.  
 Oft on his Lap *Ulyſes* me hath set,  
 Giv'n me sweet Wine, and many a favory bit :  
 Therefore thy Son I love, and most admire,  
 What e're the Princes shall 'gainst him conspire,  
 I bid him not to fear, nor mind their Ods,  
 When I have on my side offended Gods.  
 Thus he persuades, and yet his Death conspires.  
 Thence to her Chamber the chaste Queen retires,  
 Where for her Lord, her Cheeks salt Rivers steep,  
 Till *Pallas* cast Her in a golden Sleep.

*Eumæus*, e're the Day his Course had run,  
 Came back unto *Ulyſes*, and his Son ;  
 And in the Cottage Supper they prepare,  
 Slaught'ring a Yearling Porker, fat, and fair.  
 But *Pallas* did behind *Ulyſes* stand,  
 And Old again made, touching with her Wand,  
 And clad in Rags, lest he his King should know,  
 And back to th' Queen with the glad Tydings go.

I i

*Telemachus*

*Telemachus* then to *Eumæus* said ;

What News in Town, are from their Ambuscade  
The Sutors rose, or in the Field now lie

Pasing to seize me? Then *Eumæus* ; I  
Not my self troubled questions more to ask,  
But straight return'd, having perform'd my Task.  
Where from thy Vessel I did once behold,  
Who the glad News first to thy Mother told.

And neer the City on a <sup>(k)</sup> Hillock's side,

Up to the Port, I saw a stout Ship glide,

With Men, and Arms, fit to receive a Foe,

These I suppose are they, more I not know.

*Telemachus* on's Father smil'd, this said,

And from *Eumæus* turn'd aside his Head.

Their Labour done, their Supper straight they dress,

Nor wanted Will to make a sumptuous Feast.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,

They to their several Dormitors repair.

(k) Call'd *Hermæum* from the  
Statue of *Hermis*, (that is, *Mercury*)  
standing on it. *Eusebius*.



Edwards Pyerke de  
Sura Equi Aurato



Emalghall in Omilatu  
Tabulian hana L.M.D.D.D. 17



# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus leaves the Farm, and walks to Town,  
Ulysses follows in a Beggars Gown.  
Argus his 'Dog, his Lord disguised knows.  
To crave an Alms he 'mongst the Sutors goes:  
They fill his Scrip, but Him Antinous strikes.  
His Son's Repentments, and his Queen's dislikes.*

**S** OON as in th' East appear'd  
the blushing Dawn,  
The Prince his curious Sandals did  
clap on,  
Takes up his Spear well-fitted to  
his Hands,

And going forth, *Eumæus* thus commands;

I go, that first my Mother me may see,  
Who, nor from Tears, nor Sorrow, will be free  
Till I a Visit make; But You I bid,  
This hapless Stranger to the City lead:

I i 2

There

There up, and down, He craving Alms, may go,  
 Plying those few, are willing to bestow:  
 I am not able, thus ore powr'd with Grief,  
 To give to every one in want, Relief.  
 This if he like not, he may worser fare,  
 They are good Friends, that no Dissemblers are.  
 Then thus *Ulysses* to his Son reply'd;

I herè desire no longer to abide,  
 In Towns, our Scrips, and Bottles, oft are fill'd,  
 Alms drop but thin, and coldly, in the Field,  
 No longer here I lingering shall stay,  
 But what my Master orders, shall obey.

Be pleas'd *Eumæus*, shew me to the Town,  
 Since thin my Vest, and threadbare is my Gown:  
 I at a little Fire my self would warm,  
 Left me thus clad, the morning Dew may harm;  
 They say the City is far off from hence.

Forth went, this said, with speed the active Prince,  
 And going 'gainst the Sutors, Plots contriv'd:  
 As soon as at the Palace He arriv'd,  
 Against a Column he his Javelin plac'd,  
 And ore the Marble threshold step'd in haist,  
 Whom *Euryclæa*, dressing up the Hall,  
 Ord'ring the Chairs, and Seats, spy'd first of all,  
 And weeping, to him ran, Damsels, a throng  
 Imbracing gather, and about him hung.  
*Penelope* from her Apartment came,  
 Like bright *Diana*, or the *Cyprian* Dame,  
 And with glad Tears to his embraces flies,  
 Kissing his rosiè Cheeks, and sparkling Eys,  
 And like a tender Mother, question'd thus;

Art come my Dear, come my *Telemachus*;  
 I never thought alas to see Thee more,  
 When Thou for *Pyle* forsook'st thy Native Shore:  
 But

But tell me what hath happen'd since you went  
 To seek your Father without my <sup>(a)</sup> Consent.  
 Then said the Prince; Mother, let Sorrows rest,  
 Nor Passions stir fermented in the Breast,  
 It is enough that Death not seiz'd me hath,  
 Go up with your Attendants to your Bath.  
 Then vested in your <sup>(b)</sup> cleaneſt Garments come,  
 And offer to the Gods a Hecatomb,  
 Imploring *Jove*, what he begun, to end;  
 But I muſt to the Change to-call a Friend,  
 That came with me; Gon with *Pyreus* Home,  
 Order'd to treat him well, until I come.

This said, *Penelope* took her Son's advice,  
 Bath'd; and fresh Garments put on, in a trice,  
 And with a Sacrifice the Altars loads,  
*Jove's* aid imploring, and all favouring Gods.  
 The Prince walks forth, arm'd with a glittering Spear,  
 His Dogs, his faithful Guard, attendants were:  
*Pallas* with heavenly raies his Temples deck'd,  
 That all admir'd his *Mein*, and brave aspect;  
 Whil'st round about the Sutors fauning, throng,  
 Gall in their Bosoms, Honey in their Tongue.  
 He their Croud waving, to old *Mentor* bends  
*Alitberſe*, and *Antiphas*, his Father's friends.  
 Whil'st they together there discoursing, sat,  
*Pyreus* up to them the Stranger brought:  
*Telemachus* not his respects delaid,  
 But up he stands, when thus *Pyreus* said;

Your Gifts let Damsels to the Palace bear,  
 Which by the *Spartan* King presented were.  
*Pyreus* then *Telemachus* reply'd;

How may they there secur'd, as mine abide!  
 Me the proud Sutors plot to murder there,  
 That they may my Paternal Fortunes share,

(a) 'Tis apparent, that according to *Homer*, *Telemachus* travell'd without the knowledge of *Penelope*; wherefore I take that to be the meaning of *Ovidian Penelope's* Epistle,

*Ille per inſidias pect' off' mihi nuptæ ac  
 disruptæ,  
 Dum parat, iaculis amictibus, ire Py-  
 lon.*

(b) *Homer* usually expreſs'd that purity of mind required of those that made their supplications to God, by the washing of the Hands, as *Odysſy*. 12.

'Ανδ' ἐν αὐτῇ δὲ δὴν ἰδὼν ἰδὼν ἑαυτὸν, ἑταίρους  
 ἄλλους ἐπέμεινεν, καὶ τὸν αἰώνιον τὸν ἀν-  
 τιστάν.

*ἑταίρους αἰώνιον ἀντὶς*

But here he adds another rite of the same nature, the putting on of clean garments, not to be observ'd in any other part of his Works.

I'd rather thou, then they, should'st them enjoy,  
 But if those would destroy me, I destroy,  
 Send them with joy then to my House: This said,  
 He by the Hand the Stranger Home convoid.  
 As soon, as they within the Palace drew,  
 Their Vests aside on Beds, and Seats, they threw,  
 Then to sweet Baths they went, where cleans'd from soil,  
 Damfels their skins suppled with perfum'd Oyl;  
 Then on them richer Vests, and Mantles cast,  
 And leading out, in Chais prepared, plac'd.  
 Water to wash their Hands a Virgin Sewer  
 Pours in bright Silver, from a golden Ewer:  
 Next, spreads the Table, sets on Bread, then plac'd  
 Dishes in order, grateful to the tast:  
 Plying her Loom, his Mother there did cull,  
 The softer Fleece, and carded purple Wool,  
 Whilst they fall too, and plentifully fare,  
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
 My dear *Telemachus*, the Queen then said,  
 I'll now retire, where I'm no sooner laid  
 On my sad Couch, but trickling Tears distill,  
 Which wash my Pillow, and my Bosom fill,  
 Since my *Ulysses* sail'd to *Ilium*,  
 But you'll not tell me e're the Sutors come,  
 What you abroad have of your Father heard.  
 Then thus *Telemachus* himself declar'd;  
 Mother, I will the truth to you relate;  
 We went to *Pyle*, where *Nestor* us did treat,  
 And us'd me as a Father would his Son,  
 Return'd from travel, had been absent long:  
 Such was my joyful Welcom, such our Cheer;  
 But of my Father he did nothing hear,  
 If dead, or yet alive: But me he sent  
 To *Menelaus*, Horse, and Chariot, lent:

There

There I fair *Helen* saw, upon whose score,  
*Trojan* and *Grecians* with commixed Gore  
 Dy'd *Phrygian* Plains; The King of me enquires  
 Wherefore I came, I told him my desires;  
 When thus to me the Royal *Spartan* said;  
 A feeble Wretch so fills a Heroes Bed,  
 A Hind so in a Lyons Den, her Fauns  
 Secures, then wanders fertile Vales, and Launs,  
 When he returning straight devours them all;  
 So would *Ulysses* on these Sutors fall.  
 Would *Phæbus*, *Jove*, and *Pallas*, Him alsist,  
 As when at *Lesbos*, entering the List:  
 He threw *Philomelides* on his Back,  
 When joyful shouts rung like a Thunder-crack.  
 To these Corrivals he would prove as kind,  
 They soon should sad, and bitter Nuptials find.  
 But to the Point, in pity of thy Youth,  
 I'll not extenuate, nor wave the Truth;  
 What <sup>(A)</sup> *Proteus* told me, shall not be conceal'd,  
 Who said, That Him he in an Isle beheld,  
 Whom, gainst his will, *Calypso* did detain,  
 No means to see his Native Soyl again:  
 There he laments, wants Shipping, Men, and Oars,  
 That should transport him from enchanted shoars,  
 Such was th' account he gave, from thence the Gods  
 With fair Winds sent me to my own Aboads.  
 This, new Commotions in her Bosom made,  
 To whom *Theoclymenus* thus then said;  
 Best Queen, Your Son knows little, but I'll tell,  
 That am Prophetick, and shall Truth reveal,  
*Jove* I attest, the greatest of the Gods,  
 Thy Hospitality, and these Aboads,  
 Arriv'd, *Ulysses* now abscondeth neer,  
 And all their Plots, and Villany doth hear,

(A) *Proteus*, whose account of *Ulysses*, deliver'd *Odysseus*. 4. is here verbatim repeated.

Whose

(c) A pigeon devour'd by a Falcon, mention'd in the latter end of the fifth book.

Whole sure Destruction now he hath contriv'd,  
I saw the (c) Omen just as we arriv'd,  
And to thy Son my Observation made.  
Ah ! couldst Thou make this out, the Queen then said,  
If such returns, and kindness should impart,  
That all should say, a Happy man thou art.  
Whil'st thus they talk'd within, just at the Gates  
The Rivals Javelins threw, and play'd at Coys,  
Where they before their Consultation held.  
But when near Supper, Sheep come from the Field,  
Medon whom they lov'd best, and did attend,

Still at their Feasts, said, When your Game you end,  
That we your Supper may prepare, walk up,  
'Tis not accounted wholsom late to sup.

This said, they all went in, their Vests and Coats  
In their Seats laying ; Sheep, and well-fed Goats,  
And fatted Swine, with a huge Ox they drest,  
Then having sacrific'd, prepar'd to Feast.  
Mean while Ulysses, and Eumæus, made  
Hast to the Town, when thus the Swinherd said ;

You to the Town desire to walk to Day,  
As our Lord bids, and Lords we must obey :  
But I had rather you would here abide,  
But then my Master would be fure to chide.  
Come, let us now make hast, the Day grows Old,  
And closes of the Evenings oft prove Cold.  
Kindly himself Ulysses thus exprest ;

Your Orders, Friend, I closet in my Breast,  
So let us march, lead you, and I'll attend.  
And since we must make hast, your staff me lend :  
You say the way is rough, and I may slip.

This said, He ore his shoulder threw his Scrip,  
Which worn in Holes, hung on a twisted Thong,  
His staff He lends him, and they walk along,

And

And leave the Farm, by Dogs, and Rusticks watch'd,  
Then like an Old man leaning, poor and patch'd,  
In Beggars habit, on he leads the King,  
Through rough waies, nêer the Town, unto the Spring,  
From whence the City all their Water had,  
Which (f) *Ithacus*, *Neris*, and *Polydor* made,  
Planting a Grove of pleasant Trees about,  
Cold crystal falling from a marble Spout :  
And to the (g) *Nymphs* above an Altar plac'd,  
Where weary Travellers offer'd as they past,  
There he *Melanthus*, *Dolius* Son oretook,  
Leading the Goats, the primest of the Flock,  
Must Sutors feast, which two Swains after drove :  
Whom thus he taunts, which much the King did move :

One Villain leads another, 'tis *Jove's* Will,  
That like to like must go together still.  
Where, Swin-herd, leadst thou this thy hungry Mate,  
Who begging scraps, bath crouching at the Gate,  
His shoulders broke ; how he a Feast would rout ?  
Chargers, and Swords fit no such heavy Lout :  
But lend him me, and he shall sweep my Coats,  
Look to my Flocks, and feed my tender Goats,  
And Whey shall swill untill his belly sag,  
But since he will not work, but rather beg  
To feed his hungry Paunch, let him beware  
He go not to Ulysses Houfe, lest there,  
About his Head, their Foot-stoles flie as thick  
As Hail, whil'st him about the Hall they kick.

This said, he strikes Ulysses on the Hip,  
But he stood firm, him up he could not trip :  
Who ready with his staff to knock him down,  
And teach more manners to a Buffe-head Clown,  
Patient, forbears : which as Eumæus spies,  
Ratcing him first, his Hands rais'd to the Skies,

K k

He

(f) These were three sons of *Pitiræus* : From the one the Island, and City receiv'd its name, *Ithaca* ; from the other, the Mountain *Nerium* ; and from the last, a place call'd *Polydrium*.

(g) These *Nymphs* were of three several kinds among the ancients, as *Homer* in one of his Hymns distinguisheth them,

"It is *Nephele* & *ros* *Zeus* *cond* *Alphesius*  
"It *Nephele*, & *ros* *Zeus* *cond* *Alphesius*  
"It *Nephele*, & *ros* *Zeus* *cond* *Alphesius*  
"It *Nephele*, & *ros* *Zeus* *cond* *Alphesius*

Those here meant, are the *Naiades*, or *Ephyriades*, whom antiquity call'd the daughters of the *Ocean*, because all Fountains have their origination from thence.

He thus begins an Execrating Prayer ;  
 You Fountain *Nymphs*, *Joves* beauteous race, if e're  
*Ulysses* offer'd you the brawny Thighs  
 Of well-fed Lambs, and Kids, in Sacrifice,  
 Ah ! grant me my Request, that He may come,  
 Conducted by his better Angel, Home:  
 He'll spoil your Pride, which wand'ring up and down  
 You boast, both in the Country, and the Town,

Whil'st wicked Swains destroy the numerous Flock.  
 When thus *Melantheus* the Goat-herd spoke ;

For what Thou say'st, Dog, I shall thee convey,  
 In a good Ship e're long from *Ithaca*,

For whom, I bawling, should my Garner fill.  
 Would *Phobus*, this *Telemachus* would kill,  
 Or let the Sutors Him to day dispatch,  
 They long may look, that for *Ulysses* watch.  
 This said, muttering Replies, He left them there,  
 And to the Court, with speed, made his Repair,  
 There 'mongst the Sutors for a place He prest  
 Against *Eurydamachus*, who lov'd him best :  
 Who from their several Messes, him afford  
 Choice Cates : Waiters with Bread supply the Board.

*Eumæus* and *Ulysses* then drawn neer,  
 A well-strung Harp, and *Phemius* singing, hear:  
 The King by th' Hand taking *Eumæus*, said ;

This Court of old was for *Ulysses* made,  
 You easily may know it at first sight,  
 The Hall adorn'd, the Wall and Trench not slight,  
 The double Gates are fortifi'd so well,  
 They mock all Force or Power of Humane skill,  
 But many lure invited Guests are met,  
 And merry, now at plenteous Tables set.  
 I a good Treatment smell, the Harp I hear,  
 Which heaven ordain'd <sup>(4)</sup> Companion to good Cheer.

Then

(4) The *Grecians* were so far addi-  
 cted to the Study of Music, from the  
 very foundation of their Common-  
 wealths, that their common discourse  
 became afterwards musical : but they  
 especially us'd it in their Temples, and  
 at their Banquets, and Entertainments:  
 whence is that of *Homer*, concerning  
 the Harp.

*Divitum mensa & amica Templis*

Nor does *Homer* ever describe a Ban-  
 quet without it. Which Custom *Vir-  
 gil* transfus'd out of him, into the Ban-  
 quet of *Dido*.

— *citharæ cinis in lapas*  
*Perfusa aurata, cecit quæ maxime*  
*Atas.*  
*Hic canit errantem Locrum, Solique*  
*Adversæ.*  
*Unde hominum genus, & prederet, unde*  
*Imber & ignis,*  
*Arcturum, &c.*

— whil'st cur'd *Joves* plays  
 Upon his golden Harp, great *Atlas*  
 List.  
 He changing Moons, and the Sun's le-  
 hours long,  
 Whence Men, and Beasts, whence  
 Showers and Lightning sprung,  
 The Bears, *Tridents*, Kids foretelling  
 Rain,  
 Why Winter's Suns run head-long to  
 the Main.

The Instrument chiefly at that time  
 us'd was the Harp, call'd by our Poet  
*αὐλὴ*, and *αὐλὴ*. *Quintilian* lib. 1.  
*Institutio Orat.* *Quid situm sit mui-*  
*at in conviviis post eam circumferre-*  
*tur lyra.* Whence rise the *Cyflum* that  
 at *Benquet* after *Sopra* a Harp was  
 carried about. *Bind.* *Olymp.* 1. speak-  
 ing of *Hiero* King of *Syracuse*.

*ἡ ἀρχὴ τοῦ ὄρου*  
*ἡ ἀρχὴ τοῦ ὄρου*  
*ἡ ἀρχὴ τοῦ ὄρου*  
*ἡ ἀρχὴ τοῦ ὄρου*  
*ἡ ἀρχὴ τοῦ ὄρου*  
*ἡ ἀρχὴ τοῦ ὄρου*

He loves sweet Music best,  
 Such as is play'd at a Feast :  
 But take me down the Dorick Lyre  
 From the main.

Then thus *Eumæus* to *Ulysses* said ;

You know, who have so long experience had,  
 But now let us consult what's best to do ;  
 Either do Thou first in the Palace go,  
 And walk up to the Hall, and here I'll stay,  
 Or tarry here, and I will shew the Way :  
 But be not long, lest whoe're Thee first spies,  
 Shall strike, or drive away, thus I advise.

Then said the King ; Discreetly dost thou say,  
 Go Thou in first, and here a while I'll stay :  
 I'm us'd to stripes, my sides are hard with Blows,  
 My Heart grown steel, enduring Woes on Woes,  
 Turmoil'd in Battels, tost on swelling Seas,  
 Banging, and Kicks, are flea-bitings to these.  
 The hungry Belly in each Corner hunts,  
 For which we suffer many sad Affronts :  
 To feed the Paunch, stout Ships we man, and rig,  
 With mischief, and our enemies ruine big.

Whil'st such Discourse amongst themselves they had,  
 His Dog pricks up his Ears, and rais'd his Head,  
*Argus*, whom oft before he went to *Troy*,  
*Ulysses* sad, for others to enjoy.

With him in's absence the young men were wont,  
 Wild Goats, and swifter Hares, and Deer, to hunt :  
 But now he lay in a dejected state,  
 Upon a Dunghill just before the Gate,  
 That Mules, and Steeds congested with their Dung ;  
 Which Swains on the improving pasturage flung.  
 There lay poor *Argus*, full of Ticks, and knew  
 His Royal Master, as towards him he drew,  
 Wagging his Tail, and couching close his Ear,  
 But could not stir ; at which he stole a Tear,  
 Which hiding from *Eumæus*, thus he said ;

I wonder here this Dog his Bed hath made,

K k 2

He

He hath been large and fair, of swiftest Breed,  
 And such as Princes at their Tables feed.  
 Then he reply'd; This once fair, fat, and young;  
 Did to *Ulysses* (Dead I fear) belong,  
 When he to *Troy* with *Agamemnon* went,  
 You would admire his swiftness, strength, and scent:  
 Through Groves and Thickets, He the Game, in view,  
 Or hunting on the Foot, would swift pursue:  
 But now grown Old, absent, or dead his Lord,  
 The Women negligent, not him regard:  
 Servants when that their Masters absent are,  
 To execute their Duties, little care.  
 Half of their industry *Jove* takes away,  
 Slaves care not what comes on't, wheres none t' obey.

This said, He ventur'd through the arch'd Gate,  
 And went directly where the Sutors sat:  
 But *Argus* Eys the fullcin *Prææ* seal'd,  
 When he his Lord <sup>(i)</sup> twenty years past beheld.  
 When first *Telemachus* *Eumæus* saw  
 Coming, He beckon'd, neerer him to draw:  
 But He looking about straight took his Seat,  
 Neer where the Cook distributed the Meat  
 About the Hall unto the Feasting Crew,  
 And neer *Telemachus* his Table drew,  
 When feared by himself, the Herald brought  
 His Dishes, and the Board with Manchet fraught,  
 Straight after him *Ulysses*, hung in Rags,  
 Enters the Hall, his Bottles, and his Bags:  
 Like an old Beggar down within the Gate,  
 Before the *Athen* Portico, he sat:  
 His back against the *Cypress* Entrance staid,  
 With rich *Crotesk* engraven, and bofcade.  
*Telemachus* then to *Eumæus* spoke,  
 And a whole Manchet from the Charger took,

With

With as much meat as both his Hands could hold;  
 Bear to yon Stranger this, bid him be bold,  
 And round of all the Sutors Alms implore,  
 Bashfullness sutes not Persons that are poor.

Thus order'd, straight *Eumæus* him obey'd.  
 And drawing neer, thus to *Ulysses* said:

The Prince, this Plate, and Manchet, sends to thee,  
 Advising, that you would their Charity  
 From all the Sutors, round the Hall, implore,  
 Modesty sutes not Persons that are poor.

The Prince, *Ulysses* said, *Jove* happy make,  
 And prosper all things He shall undertake.  
 And with both Hands, this said, puts up the Meat  
 In a foul Wallet, lying at his Feet.  
 Mean while the Poet heavenly raptures sung,  
 And Supper ended, up his Harp he hung.  
 Then various prattle, echoing Voices made,  
 When *Pallas* drawing neer *Ulysses*, said;

Now craving Alms among the Sutors go,  
 That Thou their several Characters may'rt know,  
 But how so ere He spar'd none of them all.  
 Then craving Alms, He sneaks about the Hall,  
 At each ones back, He like a Beggar stands,  
 Importuning them with extended Hands.  
 The Princes all Him pity, and admire,  
 Ask whence He came, who He might be enquire.  
 When thus *Melanbius* the Goat-herd spaké;

Hear me you worthy Heroes, that here make  
 Addresses, hoping to espouse our Queen;  
 This sturdy Beggar I before have seen,  
*Eumæus* brought Him here, but I not know,  
 Whether He may be call'd a Friend, or Foe.  
 When thus *Antinous*, *Subulcus* chid;

Why didst Thou to the Town this Vagrant lead?  
 Have

(i) *Pliny* in his Natural History, *Fiunt Latentia (canes) anni decem, fœmine duodecim, cætera generis quinquaginta annos, aliquando viginti. The Laconian Dogs live ten years, the Females twelve, others forty five years, sometimes twenty; in which he follows Aristotle. But Ælian in his History of Animals, produceth the life of a Dog to fourteen years only.*



Have we not yet enough of such fine Guests,  
A pack of wand'ring Rogues at all our Feasts?  
Think'st Thou it fit to bring one here to sup,  
Would us devour, and eat thy Master up?  
When thus *Eumæus* on *Antinous* fell;

Sir, this your speech is not digested well,  
Whoe're invites a Stranger, treats him fair,  
Those who be Tradsmen, or Mechanicks are;  
A Poet, or Physitian, or whose Voice  
At Banquets, makes both Poor, and Rich, rejoyce:  
Such famous Men are entertain'd by all,  
That none: are pinch'd by Poverty, they call  
Of all that's here, You worst to please still be,  
Still finding faults, but *piquing* most at me:  
But I regard not you, nor all your spleen,  
Whilst here the Prince dwells, and our gracious Queen,  
When thus *Telemachus* to *Eumæus* spake;

Be silent Sirrah, and no answer make,  
*Antinous* loves to meddle thus, and brawl,  
Himself to trouble, and disturb the Hall.  
Then turning towards *Antinous* he went on;

You use me as a Father would his Son,  
That from my House driving poor Strangers, still  
Officious art, but sure 'tis not *Jove's* Will:  
Give him an Alms, I beg it, neither fear,  
My Mother, Sir, nor any Waiter here,  
But this not your Design, you'll rather stay,  
Devour't your self, then any give away.

Then thus *Antinous* boldly did retort; (Smart,  
Sweet Prince, your speech methinks is something  
If each should give as much as I bestow'd,  
At Home, three months, Cates would his Table load.  
Here threatening, he a Foot-stool up did whip,  
Whilst all the rest with Doles fill'd up his Scrip.

*Ulysses*

*Ulysses* then e're his retreat he made,  
Stopping before. *Antinous* thus said;

Dear Sir, your Charity to me impart,  
Sure thou art Rich, so like a Prince Thou art,  
Therefore on me you better may bestow,  
And I shall praise thee where so e're I go.  
I once was wealthy, had a fair Abode,  
And oft on Strangers what I had bestow'd:  
I many Servants kept, had all things which  
Make People Happy, and accounted Rich:  
But *Jove* destroy'd it, who doth what he list,  
And me with Cruising Privateers dismiss:  
For *Egypt* we a tedious Voyage had,  
At last, we in the pleasant River rode,  
Then to the Company I gave Command  
To moor their Ships, and by no means to land,  
And sent forth Spies, that should the Country view;  
But they ore daring, the poor Natives slew,  
And fell to plunder the *Egyptian* Field,  
The Women ravish'd, tender Infants kill'd:  
The Country to the City gives th' Alarms,  
Who with the Dawn drew forth in glittering Arms,  
Both Horse, and Foot shining in steel compleat,  
And so *Jove* pleas'd, that straight they us defeat,  
Not any stood, but all the Field forsook,  
Many they kill, and many Pris'ners took.  
To do their Drudgeries, me to <sup>(k)</sup> *Metor* gave,  
Who reign'd in *Cyprus*, there to be his Slave:  
From thence I hither, as you see, forlorn,  
Ventur'd through Worlds of woes, still Fortunes scorn.

When thus *Antinous* himself exprest;  
What God this wandering Rogue sent to our Feast?  
Stand farther off, lest Thou at once do see,  
*Egypt*, and *Cyprus* acted ore by me,

Thou

(k) Although *Cinyras* be King of *Cyprus* in the *Iliad*, yet he being dead, this *Domet* the son of *Jove* seems to have reign'd in his room. *Zimasthus*.

Thou impudent and lying Rascal, go,  
Thou beg't of each, and All on thee bestow :  
There is no spare, no pity, none forbid  
To cut large slivers from another's Bread,  
Since there's no Want. When thus *Ulysses* spoke ;  
Sir, in your Judgment sure you are mistook :

In your own House, you scarce would <sup>(1)</sup> Salt afford,  
That art thus pinching at another's Board ;  
That from such Plenty wilt not me Carrels  
With one final bit of Bread, in my Distress.  
At this Reply *Antinous*, almost mad,  
Frowning on Him, in much Distemper, said ;

Thou never shalt unpunish'd leave this Court,  
That dar'st so sawily to us retort.  
Then with his stool him on the shoulder struck,  
But he the fall took, standing like a Rock :  
Nor more was moved at *Antinous* blow.  
Then silent, thinking on Revenge, did go  
Back to the Door, there sitting down, he laid  
His full Scrip by, then to the Suitors said ;

Hear you that court the Queen, and here now Feast,  
The sudden Dictates of my troubled Breast ;  
Men are not griev'd when they receive a stroke,  
Fighting to save their Cattel, or their Flock ;  
But from *Antinous* I my payment have,  
By ill-advising Hunger forc'd to crave :  
But if the Gods the Poor revenge, then He  
May Death espouse, before he married be.

Then he reply'd ; Sir quietly, and eat,  
Or else be gon, lest ~~Tha~~ the Waiters treat  
In a worse manner, who dar'st thus retort,  
Kick, cuff, and drag Thee round about the Court.  
They all dislik'd, he so much on him took,  
Then one of them to him thus boldly spoke ;

I must

I must confess, *Antinous*, a dislike,  
Objects of Charity any one should strike.  
What if some God <sup>(2)</sup> from Heaven descended be,  
Who oft as despicable seem as He ?  
And the World wandering, make a harder shift,  
That they the just from the unjust may sift.

These words *Antinous* did but little touch,  
But poor *Telemachus* was troubl'd much,  
To see his Father beaten, nor forbears  
To wet the marble Pavement with salt Tears ;  
Yet he sat silent, working out his Plot.  
But when *Penelope* this News had got,  
That one was struck, she to her Damsels said,  
Would *Phæbus* at his foot Him dead had laid.  
*Euryome* reply'd : Let me too pray,  
May none of them e're live to see the Day.

Then said the Queen ; They all are of one Pack,  
And no invention to our ruine lack.  
But this *Antinous* plaies the Devil and all,  
A Poor Man graves their Charity in my Hall,  
Ready to starve, they fill his Wallet full,  
He takes him ore the shoulder with a stool.  
This fence the Women of the Businels had,  
Set in their Chamber, whil'st *Ulysses* fed.  
The Queen then thus did to *Eumæus* call ;

Go for that Stranger, sitting in the Hall,  
And bring him straight up hither, I desire,  
That I may bid him Welcom, and enquire,  
If e're our Lord he heard of, or did see,  
Who, like him, a poor Wanderer may be.  
Then he reply'd ; Ah ! would this prating Throng,  
Madam, were silent, or without a Tongue.  
Such his Discourse, that me he much delights,  
I kept him in my Cotte three Days, and Nights.

L I

He

(1) It was the opinion of the ancients, that the Gods often assum'd a humane shape, in which they viewed the world, and the actions of mankind. So *Ovid* lib. 1. *Metamorph. of Jupiter*,

*Contiguit miseras infamia temporis auræ,  
Quam capies falsam, summo delabor Olympo.*

*Et Diva humana infans sub imagine ter-  
rat, &c.*

The Times assum'd (but as I hop'd, be-  
ly'd)  
To try, I down from steep *Olympus*  
slide.

A God transform'd, like one of hu-  
man birth,  
I wandred through the many-peopled  
Earth.

'Twere long to tell what Crimes of  
every sort  
Swarm'd in all parts, the truth exceeds  
report.

These all receiv'd his opinion of theirs  
from *Homer*, and he from the *Egypti-  
an*, who believ'd the world to be full  
of Gods, or Angels.

He first escap'd from Sea, to me repair'd,  
All his sad stories yet I have not heard.  
As when some rare Musician sweetly sings,  
Touching from Heaven inspir'd, concurring strings,  
Ravishing all with his Celestial Voice;  
So did his sweet discourses me rejoice.  
In fruitful *Crete*, where *Minos* Off-spring swaies,  
He with *Ulysses* met, who now, he saies,  
Among the *Thebans*, living, and in health,  
Prepares to come, and fill his House with Wealth.

*Penelope* then; Go fetch him hither straight,  
They now are in the Hall, or at the Gate,  
Or where they list, following their various sports,  
Their own Estates preserv'd, in empty Courts,  
Their Servants stinted with Crab Wine, and Bread,  
Whil't here they on Varieties are fed:  
Our Bees, and Goats, our fatter Sheep they kill,  
And all the day our richest Wine they swill,  
Havock they make, and none dares be so bold,  
'Mongst their loose Ryots, once to bid them hold.  
None like *Ulysses*, who this Pestilence

Would quickly, with a Vengeance, drive from hence.  
He, and his Son, if e're He live to see  
His Native Soyl, would soon revenged be.  
This said, *Telemachus* sneez'd aloud, whil't round  
The ample Hall re-echoings resound.

But the Queen smiling said; *Eumæus*, call  
Straight the poor stranger hither, in the Hall:  
See'st Thou not how my Son scarce draws his Breath,  
(<sup>a</sup>) Sneezing so oft; the Omen carries Death,  
The Sutors are involv'd in one sad Fate:  
But what I promise, do not Thou forget.

If Probabilities to me He tell,  
I with a Suit and Coat shall cloath him well.

EUMÆUS

(a) That sneezing was counted ominous by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, we find by many of their Histories. When *Themistocles* was ready to offer sacrifice to the Gods, there were brought before him three Captives of noble descent, and richly habited; whom when the Prophet *Euborides* had viewed, seeing the flame of the sacrifice large and lucid, and bearing a sneezing on his right side, taking *Themistocles* by the hand with'd him to make a Victim of those three Youthis unto *Bacchus Omphre*, by which he should obtain fecundity and victory. So *Xenophon* relates how the whole Army promised themselves success upon a sudden sneezing. Mention of which is more frequent in the Poets. *Catullus*,

*Hec ut dixit amor, salubra animæ  
Dixitram ferunt spiritus ardentem.  
Nunc ab auspicio bene profecti  
Munus amicus amant.*

When *Cupid* this had said, He  
Then saies, 'd, good maff the Omen be;  
So say from a happy Ite,  
The *Lovers* in off-hand say.

*Eumæus* straight *Penelope* obey'd,  
And drawing neer him, hapless Pilgrim, said;  
The Queen calls for Thee, who though full of Woe  
Something about her absent Lord would know,  
And She, if her what's probable Thou tell,  
With a new Suit, and Coat, will cloath thee well:  
Thou shalt no more about a begging go,  
What e're Thou want'st, she freely will bestow.

Then thus *Ulysses* said; *Eumæus*, I,  
*Icarius* Daughter well shall satisfie  
Concerning him, Her I can well acquaint,  
For we a-like felt Miseries, and Want.  
But much these Ranters me with fear surprife,  
Whole Pride, and Folly, scales the starry Skies;  
One struck me without Cause, nor did the Prince,  
Nor any here, rebuke his Insolence.  
But let the Queen be patient, till 'tis Night,  
And I at large shall, what I know, recite  
Neer a good Fire; My Cloaths are of the worst,  
Which well you know, who entertain'd me first.

*Eumæus* with this Answer coming in  
Without the Stranger, smartly said the Queen;  
Why hast Thou not this Guest, *Eumæus*, brought,  
Is he mistrustful, fears some Female Plot?  
Or is he Modest, in anothers Court?  
Blushes not well with wandring Pilgrims fort.

*Eumæus* then; Madam, th' excuse he made,  
Seems what, in Prudence, any might have said,  
That he this boyf'rous Crew might better shun,  
You would be patient till the setting Sun:  
For you't will be convenient, best Queen,  
To talk with him in private, nor be seen.  
Then thus *Penelope* her self exprest;

Sure this is no Buffoon, nor simple Guest,

L 12

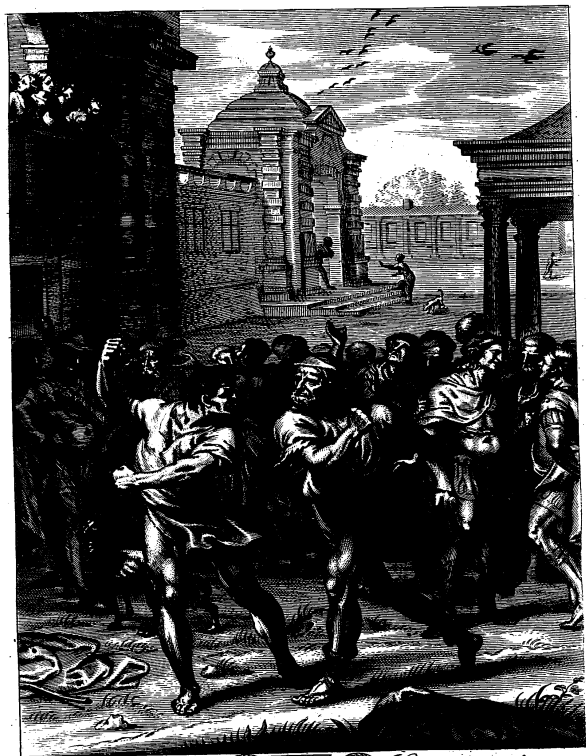
For

For never such a Crew together got  
Of Mischiefs, that do naught but mischief Plot.  
The Queen thus having shew'd her Discontent,  
*Eumæus* thence amongst the Sutors went,  
And to *Telemachus* then drawing neer,  
He softly whisper'd thus, that none might hear;

Now Sir, I must unto my Charge repair,  
But to your safety look, take special Care:  
Many they be, in mischief All conjoyn,  
First *Jove* destroy them by their own design.

Then said the Prince, I'll do what you advise,  
Just, Father, are your Fears, and Jealousies:  
But early bring fat Offerings for our Feast,  
And leave ' Immortal Gods, and Me, the rest.

This said, The Prince again resumes his Seat,  
*Subulcus* then fell too, and drank, and eat,  
Then walks he to his Charge, and leaves the House,  
Full of proud Feasters, who rich Wine carouse,  
Dancing, and Singing, Merry to the height,  
Till bright day fled from sable-ensign'd Night.



Domino D.<sup>no</sup> Gulielmo  
Egredi in Comitatu  
hanc LM

Harvard de Tandridge  
de Surry Tabulam

DDIO LIB. 18.



# HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Irus, a sturdy Beggar of the Town,  
Quarrels his King; They fight, He knocks him down.  
Publick the Queen in Gorgeous Dress appears,  
Where She her Sutors both trappans, and jeers.  
A Stool Eurymachus at Ulysses throws:  
The loud Disturbance Flowing Cups compose.*



U T then a Beggar came, who  
long in Town,  
And through all Ithaca begg'd up  
and down:  
Deep could he Gussle, and much  
Gormandize,

Yet wanted strength, though of the largest size.  
His Mother Him <sup>(a)</sup> Arneus nam'd, whom all,  
For carrying speedy Errands, Irus call;  
Who thought to drive the King from his own Gates,  
Whom in a baffling humour, thus He rates;

Dotard,

(a) English observes that it was the Custom amongst the Grecians, that the Mother should give the name to her Child: which I find confirm'd by Euripides in a Fragment preserv'd by the Scholiast of *desipione*; *ἔτι καὶ ἀδελφὸν ὀνόμαζεν αὐτὴν γενέσθην, ὅτι αὐτὴ καὶ ἰσχυρὰ ἰσχυρὸν αὐτὴν μαστὴν, καὶ αὐτὴν ὀνόμαζεν ἡ ἄρχη.*

Tien qu'on le donna son surnom,

What name the Child, the Mother the tenth day.

On the tenth day after the birth of their Children they made a feast, and then give a name to their Children, according to Euripides in his *Trag-edy call'd Agamemnon*.

Dotard, be gon, hear'ft not the Feasters fence,  
That I should drag Thee by the heeles from hence ?  
Warn'd, I fay rise, else we'll the Cause decide  
With dint of fist. He frowning, then reply'd ;

I hurt not you, I hinder none to give,  
Nor any one their Charity to receive :  
Here's room for more ; is't fit, Thou snarling Dog,  
Rogues should with one another play the Rogue ?  
Heaven make us thankful, here's enough for both :  
No more, lest I begin, though I am loath,  
You'll find too soon, an Old Man's pond'rous Fist  
Shal make your mouth die with fresh bloodyour breast:  
Then I'll alone here till to Morrow stay,  
And you'll scarce take this House more in your way.

Then he reply'd ; Rascal, Thou well canst brag,  
But look'ft no better then a wither'd Hag.  
I'll on your mouldy Chops your Passport sign,  
And drive your Teeth out, as from Corn, the Swine,  
Prepare thy self, that all may here behold  
The Younger Beggar triumph ore the Old.  
Thus sitting, They out in rough Language broke,  
Of which *Alcinous* first notice took,  
Then smiling, thus to his Companions said ;

Yonder's such sport, the like we never had,  
The Beggars ready are to play a Prize,  
Let's set them on. At this they all arise,  
And in their Seats their upper-Garments fling,  
And thronging round the Champions, make a Ring.  
Then said *Antinous* ; Hear me I desire,  
Goats Puddings are now lying on the Fire,  
Well stuff'd with blood, and suet, ready drest,  
And he who in this Duel gets the best,  
Shall first make choice, and alwaies with us eat,  
And keep all Beggars else without the Gate.

*Alcinous*

*Antinous* motion all the Concourse took;  
When *Ulysses* cautiously thus spoke ;  
'Tis hard for me, consum'd with Grief, and Age,  
With such a sturdy Youngster to engage ;  
But since the Belly, which ne'r counfels well,  
Says, I must fight, and Hunger doth compel ;  
All that are present take the Solemn Oath,  
That none help *Irus* here, but let us both  
Try our own proper strength, two against one,  
Though ne'r so Valiant, may be orethrown.  
This said *Ulysses*, and they swore ; when thus  
Unto his Father spake *Telemachus* ;

Stranger, If Thou by a brave Confidence  
Art mov'd, not doubting but to drive him hence,  
Fear none that stand behind thee, or before,  
Whoe'r strikes Thee, shall fight with many more.  
I, and *Eurymachus*, and *Antinous*, shall  
Be on thy side : This motion pleas'd them all.  
Whilst up to's twist his Shirt *Ulysses* ties,  
And round his Waist, shewing his brawny Thighs,  
His Breast, and Arms, and spreading shoulders bare,  
Which *Pallas* made more rosid, plump, and fair.  
The Sutors wondring at his Manly make,  
Thus looking then on one another spake ;

*Irus*, I doubt, will by this Bargain lose,  
What Thighs, his Rags now off, the Old man shews !  
Thus said they, whilst the Waiters *Irus* drest'd,  
And lead him forth, with extream Fear possess'd,  
A trembling Age his whole body shook,  
When thus *Antinous* to *Irus* spoke ;

Tremblest Thou boaster ( hope for no relief )  
To fight an Old Man, spent with Age, and Grief ?  
But this I threaten, and it shall prove true,  
If He the better have, and Thee subdue,

I shall

I shall transport thee to *Epirus* then,

Where King <sup>(b)</sup> *Echetus* reigns, the worst of men ;  
Who shall cut off thy Ears, thy Nostrils slit,  
And thy raw Dowflets give the Dogs to eat.  
These threatnings more encreas'd his agonish Fear,  
But in they drew, and high their Hands they rear.  
*Ulysses* then consider'd, I or no,

If he should kill the Rascal at one blow,  
Or lay him on the Pavement with a Cuff ;  
The last seems best, and such Rebuke enough :  
Left the Spectators so his strength should find.  
Then to't they went, His business thus design'd.  
First *Irus* Him on the right shoulder struck ;  
But Him *Ulysses* such a whirret took  
Under the Ear, a Bone broke with the blow ;  
Straight from his mouth a purple stream did flow,  
He on his Back lay, in a deadly S wound,  
Gnashing his Teeth, and kicking of the Ground,  
Clapping their Hands aloud, the Sutors laugh,  
Whilst by the Heels *Ulysses* drags him off,  
And setting by the Wall in th' outward Court,  
Gave him a staff, still giddy, to support.

Here Sirrah, Dogs and Swine drive from the Door,  
Y' have no Commission to keep out the Poor ;  
The worst Thou shalt receive from me, Thou hast.  
This said, His Scrip he ore his shoulder cast,  
Which hung down at a Thong, then on the Floor,  
Resumes his place, just where He sat before :  
The Sutors then all thronging in, and glad,  
Thus to *Ulysses*, much delighted, said ;

May Thee great *Jove*, and the Immortal Gods,  
Who hath thus driven from us, and these Aboads,  
This sturdy Rogue, this gormandizing Beast,  
Grant whatsoever Thou shalt of them request.

But

But we'll to *Epire*, ship'd, the Rascal send,  
To *Echetus*, who governs like a Fiend.

This said, *Ulysses* at their Vote rejoic'd,  
*Antinous* the Paunch before him plac'd,  
Stuff'd well with blood and fat ; *Amphinomus* brought  
Him in a Basket two Loaves, piping hot,  
And with a Golden Bowl presenting, spake ;

Bold Stranger, may the Gods thee happy make,  
And give such Riches as thou hadst before ;  
For, Father, now thou art exceeding poor.

When thus *Ulysses* said ; Sir, I beleave,  
That Character which all your Fathers give,  
May be call'd yours, *Dulichian Nisus* aim,  
Though rich, was alwaies to preserve his Fame,  
Since thou his Offspring, like him, prudent art,  
This for a special Maxim I'll impart ;  
What ever breaths, and on the Earth doth crawl,  
Man is th' unworthiest Creature of them all,  
Who a defiance to bad Fortune gives,  
And saies, he n're shall suffer whilst he lives :  
But when chang'd Fates Usher the evil Day,  
Then he must bear't with Patience, as he may.  
Such vain Opinions mongst weak Mortals be,  
So Poverty, unlook'd for, fell on me.

I once was rich, so much in Wealth did trust,  
I, on meer humour, lov'd to be unjust ;  
Such Confidence in my Relations had,  
None without Pow'r are impiously bad :  
But here at plenteous Boards, some ne'r give thanks,  
And such you Sutors seem, who play mad pranks,  
Courting his Wife, making of all a Spoil,  
Who may e're long, his Friends, and Native Soyl,  
With joy revisit : Stay not till he come ;  
Ah ! may some God before conduct thee Home !

M m When

(b) He was King of *Epirus*, son of *Eucleonor* and *Phlogia*, who put out the eyes of his daughter *Alceps*, or *Amphilis*, corrupted by *Aschimedon*, and set her to grind Corn, made for that purpose of Iron, laying the shoulder then recover her sight, when she had ground that to flower. Inviting afterwards *Aschimedon* to a banquet, cut off all the Members of his body to be cut off : At last falling into extremity of Madness, died by devouring his own flesh. Others say that *Echetus* liv'd in the time of *Homer*, by whom being ill treated, he poetically reveng'd himself by this relation, as he did on *Thersites* in his *Iliad*.





That a poor Stranger, who in Charity  
We are bound to comfort, should thus injur'd be.  
Who ever we receive under our Roof,  
From wrongs it should protection be enough;  
Thine's the Disgrace, and the example bad.  
When thus her Son unto his Mother said;  
I'm not offended at your high Discourse,  
But yet I understand better from worse,  
As well as when a Child, but cannot here,  
With greatest Prudence ought distinguish clear:  
Me they would ruine, Plots on Plots are laid  
For my Destruction, and I have no aid.  
By joynt Consent young *Irus*, and our Guest,  
This Combat had, the Stranger got the best.  
Ah! that great *Jove*, *Pallas*, and *Phœbus*, would  
We in like case your Sutors might behold,  
Some in the Court, and some within the Hall,  
With palsied Heads in Death's Convulsions, fall,  
As *Irus* now in th' outward Porch doth sit,  
Shaking his Head, as in a drunken fit:  
He cannot stand, nor able to come back,  
Who locomotive Faculties doth lack.  
They such Discourse standing together had,  
When to the Queen *Eurymachus* thus said;  
*Icarus* Daughter, fair *Penelope*,  
If all our youthful Princes You should see  
In this your <sup>(4)</sup> splendor, many Sutors more,  
Would early wait to morrow at your Door;  
Since Nature you her Master-piece design'd,  
In so much beauty casing such a mind.

Then said the Queen; those parts that I enjoy'd,  
Features, and Virtues, deathless Gods destroy'd,  
With which I so much took my dearest Lord,  
When he with *Agamemnon* went aboard.

(4) The word in this place, "ἄγχι",  
is a general word for Greece, as "Ἀργεῖα"  
for the Grecians, which with several  
Epithets signifies several particular pla-  
ces, as Ἀργεῖα ἄγχι Τροίᾳ.

So in this place ἄγχι Ἀργεῖα signifies  
Peloponnesus, or the *Agora*, according  
to Strabo; from *Jafus*, son of *Ju*,  
King of the place.

Would he returning rule this Life of mine;  
My Honour, and my Beauty more would shine,  
Now Fortune's bitterer blasts hath all bereft.  
When he, me, and his native Country left,  
Me by the right hand taking, said; My Dear,  
We shall not all return from *Troy* I fear,  
They say the *Trojans* Valiant be in War,  
Throw Jav'lines well, and able Archers are,  
On foot, or mounted, to no Nation yield,  
Who in a trice will clear a bloody Field,  
Nor know I if my Fate will drop me there,  
Then all that's mine I leave unto thy Care:  
But my dear Father, and my Mother mind,  
Be in my absence, Love, to them more kind:  
And when our Son shall come to Age, espouse  
Then whom thou wilt, and leave to him thy House.  
Now all hath happen'd what my Husband said.  
The Night draws neer, that I the Nuptial Bed  
Must venture in, although so much abhorr'd;  
Since *Jove* hath took away my dearest Lord.  
But something grieves, that now I will unfold,  
The Custom here of Sutors, was of Old,  
Who some great Dame, or rich man's Child, would wed,  
Courting to enjoy the honour of her Bed,  
Fat Bees, and Sheep, and richer Presents sent,  
To feast her Friends, but not her Fortune spent.  
This over-hearing, made *Ulysses* glad,  
That thus dissembling she did them persuade  
To send their Gifts, and costly Presents in.  
When thus *Antinous* did first begin;  
*Icarus* daughter, fair *Penelope*,  
What ever presents we do send to thee  
From us be pleas'd with kindness to receive,  
Returns ingratful be of what we give.

But

Would

But we'll no other business undertake,  
 Till one of us you choose, and Husband make.  
 All to his motion gladly condescend,  
 Their Heralds with rich gifts the Queen attend,  
*Antinous* sent a Vest, join'd to each fold,  
 A Button, which a dozen were all Gold.  
*Eurymachus* a golden Chain, so bright  
 With Amber, like the Sun it cast a Light,  
*Eurydamas* two servants, Pendants brought,  
 Set forth with Orient Pearl, and rarely wrought.  
 A Carknet *Pifanders* Herald bare:  
 Each sent her something, beauteous, rich, and rare.  
 The Queen thence to her Chamber went, and they  
 Who waited, up with Her the Gifts convey,  
 In Dancing, Singing spent, and all Delight,  
 Till golden Day sunk, vanquish'd by Night,  
 But They went on, still varying several sports,  
 Three Lamps were plac'd to light the gloomy Courts,  
 Nourish'd with drie materials round about,  
 That they might clearly shine, and not go out,  
 Which Damsels snuff, and with fresh fuel fed:  
 To whom the King offering his service, fed;  
 You servants of your absent Lord, go in,  
 And there attend the Pleasure of your Queen,  
 In Her Apartment silver fleeces cull,  
 And carded, her present the purest Wool:  
 And I'll supply, and feed these Lamps, should they  
 Be merry here untill the Break of Day:  
 All pains I conquer, make a sport of Toyl.  
 This said, the Damsels on each other smile,  
 But first to him *Melantbo* gigling said,  
*Dolius* proud daughter, whom the Queen had bred  
 As her own Child, but she a Wanton prov'd,  
 At all not at her Ladies sorrows mov'd.

She

She with *Eurymachus* had don the Fear,  
 And in uncivil Terms thus on him set;

Sure thou art mad, nor sleep wilt any more  
 On a Smith's Forge, or Stall, or at some Door;  
 But prat'it amongst Young Princes boldly here,  
 Nor Symptom hast of Modesty, nor Fear,  
 But full of Wine, Thou them dost entertain  
 With trifling Talk, or stories false and vain,  
 Or prid'st Thou that Thou *Irus* did'st ore throw,  
 Another comes that will not take it so,  
 Shall with a Vengeance beat Thee from the Door,  
 And with thy own blood paint thy Bosom ore.

Then frowning he reply'd; The Prince shall know,  
 Bitch, what thou say'st, and Thee shall punish too:  
 At these his threats they much affrighted, all  
 From thence ran, trembling, and forlook the Hall,  
 Saying, they fear'd the Stranger true had spoke.  
 Then to preserve the Lamps he undertook,  
 Looking about, contriving in his mind,  
 How he might finish what he had design'd,  
 Nor longer temper them did *Pallas* grant,  
 But that they should him suddenly affront,  
 That so his Choller they might more provoke.  
 When first to him *Eurymachus* thus spoke,  
 And smiling on his Fellows, did begin;

Hear me all you that court a Royal Queen,  
 And to the dictates of my Soul attend,  
 Some God this Man t' *Ulysses* House must send,  
 His Looks majestic, his Deportment fair,  
 His Ey-brows thick, not cloth'd with scattering Hair,  
 Then turning from them to *Ulysses* spake;

If thou wilt serve, Thee to my Farm I'll take,  
 Good shall thy Wages be, nor shalt thou want,  
 To keep my Hedges prun'd, my Trees to plant;

Sandals

Sandals I shall bestow, and neatly cloath;  
But those who idly live all works do loath:  
Thou rather would'st a begging go, and put  
More Victuals still in thy ungodly Gut.  
Then to *Eurymachus* *Ulysses* said;

'Twixt us I would there were a Wager laid,  
Or in the Spring, or in the longest Day,  
Which of us with a Syth should mow most Hay;  
We'll begin fasting, nor to labour yield,  
But when Night calls to supper, keep the Field:  
Or let us for the Plough our Cattel Yoak,  
When we have both well fed our big-bound stock,  
Then Thou shalt see me up long Furrows tear:  
Or if *Jove* Peace should turn to cruel War,  
Then to the Battel boldly I'll advance,  
With Cask, and Shield, in either hand a Lance;  
Not as you say to fill my greedy Gut:  
But such Affronts on me you alwaies put.  
You think, forsooth, that no man is your match,  
Who hath convertt with none but thy own Batch.  
But should *Ulysses* come, sooner then spy'd,  
These Gates would seem too narrow, although wide,  
To make escape, rather then be engag'd.  
At this Retort *Eurymachus* enrag'd,

Thus frowning, made Reply; Rascal, I shall  
Thee to account for sawcy Answers call,  
Who with such Impudence, and at no rate,  
Mongst Princes thus unmannerly dost prate,  
And full of drink, thy self do'st entertain  
With wondrous Raptures, and Discourses vain;  
Or prid'st Thou that poor *Irus* down you struck?  
Thus talking loud, up he a Foot-stool took,  
*Ulysses* to *Amphinomus* Knee did duck,  
Fearing *Eurymachus*: the thrown Tripod struck

A

A Skincker on the Hand, down on the Ground  
The Goblet drops, the bruised Brims rebound:  
He on his back lay roaring, with the Fall,  
Which made a great disturbance in the Hall.  
When one of them thus to another said;  
Ah, would this wandring Rogue had perished,  
E're he came here, quiet we were before,  
This Devils Brat puts all in an uproar:  
Fooling with him the pleasure of our Feast  
We loose, nor well our savory Dishes tast.  
When thus *Telemachus* did his mind declare;

Your full Bowls work, or you distracted are,  
Or else the Devil in you this stir doth keep,  
Since y' are well treated, pray go home and sleep:  
No man I'll force, but so much I desire.  
This said, biting their Lips they all admire  
*Telemachus*, that he so boldly spake:  
Whom thus *Amphinomus* did undertake,  
Not any should be mov'd, or take dislike  
At saucy words, nor should a stranger strike,  
Nor any Servant of *Ulysses* Train,  
That are appointed us to entertain.  
Now let the Skincker with a full Bowl come,  
And when we have libated, all walk Home,  
And to the Prince his care this Stranger leave.  
This said, the Sutors the advise receive.  
*Mulius* the Goblet carries through the Hall,  
*Amphinomus* Herald, and straight serv'd them all,  
Paying <sup>(c)</sup> Libations to the Powers Divine,  
They troul the goblet full with richest Wine,  
Thus after flowing Bowls, and plenteous fare,  
To rest, they to their severall Homes repair.

N n HOMERS

(c) *Athenians* observes that in *Homer*, libations to the Gods were usual as well after Meals as before, whom *Plato* follows in his *Symposium*, for he says, that after they had sup'd, they made their libations to the Gods, and afterward drest with their usual *Hymns*. This like doth *Xenophon*: only in *Epicurus's* Banquet no mention of offerings, or libations. Thence *Athenians*.



# HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses and his Son convey forth all  
The Arms and Spears that were about the Hall.  
The Queen descends, Her Husband entertains,  
Not knows him: He a woful Story fains.  
Euryclea bathes his Feet: His Antient Maid,  
Knows her Old Master by a Scar He had.*

**B**

UT still within the Hall Ulysses  
sat,  
Plotting with Pallas the proud  
Sutors Fate:  
Who thus spake to his Son; It will  
behoove,

That all these Arms we from the Hall remove,  
And carry in; And if why so they ask,  
That we the better may our busines mask,  
Tell Them th' are taken down, because the Dust,  
And Smoke, their brightness with a fulein rust  
N n 2 Hath

Hath much impeach'd, not like the same they were  
*Ulysses* had, failing for *Troy*, left there :  
 Or say a Revelation from the Gods  
 You had, if they by chance should fall at Ods,  
 With Wine distemper'd, and turn Nuptial Rites  
 To bloody Banquets, <sup>(a)</sup>itch of steel invites.

*Telemachus* thefe his Commands obey'd,  
 For *Euryclea* calling next, thus said ;

In their Apartments, Nurse, the Women shut,  
 Till the King's arms I in my Closet put :  
 Soil'd th' are with smoke, which I a careless Boy,  
 Left hanging here, e're since he went to *Troy*.  
 When *Euryclea* thus to him begun ;

Ah ! would thou had'it that prudence of a Son,  
 Who in his Fathers absence being th' Heir,  
 Should of all Household-busineses take care.  
 But when I'm gon, who lights you out and in,  
 When not a Female-waiter must be seen :

*Telemachus* then said ; This Stranger shall,  
 I'll have no idle Persons haunt my Hall :  
 Whoe'er eats here shall work, be what he may.  
 His Orders she did punctually obey,  
 And first, to shut the Gates she had a care,  
 Whilst in, *Ulysses* and his Off-spring bare  
 Helmets, and Shields, and Lances, whom before  
*Pallas* in gold a blazing Taper bore.  
*Telemachus* then to his Father said ;

Prodigious beams, oh, Sir ! my Eyes invade :  
 The Walls, the Seats, the Beams, and Pillars shine,  
 As if they were a fire, some Pow'r Divine  
 Hath left those Seats, where they in Heaven reside.  
 When to his Son *Ulysses* thus reply'd ;

Be not inquisitive, nor more enquire,  
 This oft do they who plant *Olympus* spire.

(a) He counsels to have the Arms remov'd, lest the very sight of them should tempt the Sutors to a quarrel, as the sight of a Woman a Man unto Lust. In omnia (saith *Ulysses*) & ad omnia rem malum videtur tendi. Inquit et ad omnia ita Eys are of great privacy.

Go thou and sleep, but here I shall remain,  
 That I thy Mother, and her Female Train,  
 May questions ask ; the grieves and nothing knows.  
 This said, *Telemachus* went to his Repose,  
 Where he in *Morpheus* golden Fetters lay,  
 And soundly slept untill the blessed Day :

But in the Hall the King with *Pallas* staid,  
 To finish up the Plot which they had laid.  
 When the fair Queen down from her Chamber came,  
 Like bright <sup>(b)</sup>*Diana* or the <sup>(b)</sup>*Cyprian* Dame,  
 Against the Fire her Chair of state they plac'd,  
 Which *Ismarus* with Gold, and Ivory grac'd,  
 And fraight a Foot-stool for her they brought in,  
 Which soon they cover'd with a dappled Skin ;  
 There sat the fair *Penelope* in state,  
 And all her Damfels round about her wait.  
 A Table spreading they with Manchet store,  
 And Cups, in which proud Sutors drank before :  
 This a Fire kindles, That laies on more Wood,  
 Which in a Pile might light, and warm the blood :  
 When thus *Melanbo* at *Ulysses* flew ;

Stay'ft Thou still here to see what Women do,  
 And us thus in our Privacies molest ?  
 Sirrah, be gon, and quickly too, y' are best,  
 Or we with Fire-brands shall your Passport seal:  
 Then thus *Ulysses* frowning, on her fell ;  
 Why dost Thou me so spitefully thus taunt,  
 Minx, is't because I better Garments want ?  
 I poor, crave Alms of those that best can spare,  
 And many such poor Wanderers there are :  
 I once had Riches, and a fair Aboad,  
 A part of which, oft I on those bestow'd  
 That wanted ; Many Servants I employ'd,  
 What stiles men Rich, and Happy, I enjoy'd :

(b) He compares her to *Fennus* for the beauty of her Face, to *Diana* for the proportions and comeliness of her Body ; for in that was her excellence. *Odys.* 6.

Τὴν δὲ (Diana) ἴσας Νίπῆος ὕψος ἄλκι' Ἀργεῖον  
 Ἄρ' ἔκτανε καλὸν ὄψιν αὖτε ὅτι οὐκ ἄν-  
 τ' ἦτορ  
 Πηνελόπεια δ' ὄντο ὅρα ἔχοντες ἑλπίδα.

Whom *Virgil* follows *Æneid* the first.

Qualis in Euroæ ripis, aut per juga  
 Cynthi,  
 Exoritur *Diana* ceteras, quam mille fecer-  
 te  
 Hinc atque hinc glomerantur *Orcades*,  
 Illa phœretram  
 Fers humeros, gradientque *Dios* super-  
 eminet omnis.

As on *Euræas* banks, or *Cynthus* top,  
*Diana* Dances leads ; a beauteous  
 Troop  
 Of Mountain-Nymphs attend on eve-  
 ry side,  
 Her golden Quiver at her shoulder  
 Waving, the all the Goddesses ex-  
 ceeds.

But

Go

But *Jove* was pleas'd my state to ruin quite,  
Therefore take heed to exercise such spight,  
And make of others Poverty a sport,  
Who brave now 'mongst the Maids of Honour art:  
You may be out that now in Favour are,  
The King may come, of whom we not despair,  
But should he not, and if no hope we had,  
He hath a Son, who, by *Apollo's* aid,  
Will suffer no such Giggles in his Court,  
To make of woful Pilgrims thus a sport.

*Penelope* observing what they said,  
Thus in rough Language rattl'd up her Maid;  
Audacious Drab, how in my Presence dar'st,  
Thou speak such words; nor a poor stranger spar'st:  
On your own head the Plot may fall, you lay,  
Know'st Thou not well, didst Thou not hear me say,  
From him I hop'd Intelligence to have  
Of my dear Lord, would sorrow give me leave:  
Then to *Eurynome* thus spake the Queen;

Bring a Chair hither cover'd with a Skin,  
That I what he can better tell, may hear;  
For Him I'll sit, and question very near.  
She straight obeys the Orders of the Queen,  
Brought a high Chair, and cover'd with a Skin.  
*Ulysses* there sat down, his Reverence made,  
To whom *Penelope* thus mildly said;

Sir, first be pleas'd to tell me who you are,  
Your Nation, Town, and Parentage declare.

Then he reply'd; Not any You can blame,  
The World your Honour knows, the Stars your Fame;  
Like a Just King, who fearing *Jove's* Commands,  
Maintains in happy Union many Lands;  
Where several Grains they in deep Furrows throw,  
Whose Fruit on Trees beyond Abundance grow,

Pregnant

Pregnant his breed, Fishes the Sea afford,  
His people both with Wealth, and Vertues stor'd.  
Therefore, best Madam, ask not who I am,  
Nor who my Parentage, nor whence I came,  
Lest my own sorrows me too deeply touch,  
Recounting to you, I have suffer'd much:  
In a strange House it fits not to be sad,  
And to weep alwaies, and lament, as bad:  
Some of your Maids may take offence, or you,  
Saying the Maudlin Wine with Tears can brew.  
Then thus *Penelope* to him reply'd;

The Gods my Parts and Beauty then destroy'd,  
When first the *Greeks* gainst *Troy* an Army sent,  
And with them my dear Lord *Ulysses* went.  
Should He return to rule this Life of mine,  
My Fame would grow, and more my beauty shine:  
But now in Tears, time, and my self I spend,  
And my Misfortunes follow without end;

Whoe'r *Dulichium*, or <sup>(c)</sup> Same Sway,  
Woody *Zacynthus*, or rough *Ithaca*,  
Court me and vex my House, that no regard  
I Strangers give, nor who attend, reward,  
Nor means Petitioners to answer find,  
Still troubl'd for *Ulysses* in my mind.  
Them, hasting Nuptials, still I did deceive;  
And by some God inspir'd, obtained leave,  
E're any of the Sutors I espouse,  
A curious Web to finish in my House.  
My Princely Sutors, thus to them I said;  
Since you suppose my dearest Lord is dead,  
Delay our Marriage till that we have don  
*Laertes* Herse-cloth which I late begun,  
Lest I incur some *Grecian* Ladies Hate,  
Without, t' interr one of so great Estate.

Thus

(c) The name of the Island *Cephallenia*. (in the Italian Charts now call'd *Zacynthis*) from the chief City thereof.



Then he reply'd; Madam, 'tis hard to tell  
 These Niceties, and to remember well,  
 Now twenty years being past, since *Greece* he left;  
 But I, well as I can, shall make a shift.  
*Ulysses* then had on a purple Vest,  
 With Loops and golden Buttons neatly drest;  
 Before he had within a <sup>(i)</sup> Landskip drawn,  
 A Hound, who greedy, seiz'd a trembling Faun.  
 The curious work Spectators all admire,  
 The Dog and Hind both wrought in golden wire:  
 He seem'd to hold fast by the Throat his Prey,  
 The other panting, strove to get away.  
 What he wore under shew'd so fine and thin,  
 As a drie Onyons perspicable Skin,  
 So soft, it like the Sun shot golden Beams,  
 Admired much by our most skilful Dames.  
 But, Madam, pray this Caution take before,  
 I cannot say that here such Cloaths he wore,  
 Or that some Friend, or Stranger, did present  
 The wondrous Habit, when to Sea he went:  
 For many did *Ulysses* much esteem,  
 Since few of all the *Greeks* resembled him.  
 I Him presented with a curious Sword,  
 And purple Vest, and sent them both aboard.  
 The Herald that *Ulysses* Uthered,  
 Was somewhat older, more his shoulders spread,  
 More swarthy his Complexion, curl'd his Hair.  
 More of *Ulysses* honour'd then all there  
 That follow'd him, his Parts kept up his Fame,  
 And as I take't *Eurybates* his Name.  
 When this exact Description she had heard,  
 A-fresh the weeping, thus Her self declar'd;

You in sad plight were, when you did attend  
 For Alms here, but be now my honour'd Friend,

That

(i) It appears from hence that the art of working all sorts of Animals to the life in Vols, Hangings, and the like, was very ancient among the *Grecians*; which surely they must have learn'd either from the *Sidians*, or *Egyptians*, as they from the *Perfians* or *Indians*: for that sort of work was most usual in those Countries. *Argo-phantes in Rente*.

*Oxy, Ienaxaxi, vltima Ien trophodidone,*  
*Evryv*  
*'An vltis maxaxididone vltis Medaxid*  
*Argo-phantes*.

*Alme not like yours prodigious Masters*  
*be*  
*Such as are wrought in Median Tape-*  
*stry.*

The like we find in *Sidians*,

*Pergrigo dei supellex*  
*Cetephontis ac Niplatis*  
*Toga trecta beluapne*  
*Rapidas vultate panno,*  
*Acuit quibus furorem*  
*Eine sitta plaga cecce, &c.*

From *Ctesphon* straight get enough,  
 And *Niphates* fair household-stuff,  
 Wrought with Hills, and Wild-beasts,  
 which  
 The empty prospect may enrich;  
 Who, by well feign'd wounds enrag'd,  
 Seem more desperately engag'd;  
 From Javelin fixed in their sides,  
 Blood in bloodless Rivers glides;  
 Where the *Parthians* with such art  
 Ore his shoulder throws his Dart;  
 His Horse now charging, then retreats,  
 And flying, to his Foe defeats.

That Vest I him presented, which thou say'st,  
 He then had on, with golden Buttons grac'd.  
 But him alas I shall behold no more,  
 Nor he e'er see his Houle, and Native Shore;  
 Who went to *Troy*, enforc'd by cruel Fate,  
 That curst Town, whose very Name I hate.  
 To her, *Ulysses* comforting, replies;

Thou the fair Spouse of *Laertiades*,  
 Preserve thy Beauty, nor thy bright Eys blind  
 With blubbering Tears, I am not of your mind,  
 But any would her former Lord deplore,  
 Whom young she married, whom the Children bore;  
 But you much more, for your dear Husband, may  
 Lament, for he was like a God, they say.  
 But cease from Grief a while, and lift to me,  
 I am plain Tell-Troth, and shall be as free,  
 Me an assured Information gives,  
*Ulysses* now hard by the *Thesprots* lives,  
 'Mongst wealthy People, ready Home to sail  
 With store of Wealth, and Goods of great avail;  
 But all his Friends, and his stout ship were lost,  
 Swallow'd in Waves, near the <sup>(k)</sup> *Trinacrian* Coast.  
 For angry *Jove* and *Sol* them in the found,  
 For slaughtering of his sacred Cattel, drown'd,  
 He on his Keel reach'd the *Pheacian* Shore,  
 Where him they all did like a God adore:  
 Rich Gifts they gave him, would have sent him home  
 In safety, who before this might have come;  
 But what seems profitable t' him, seems fit,  
 By Travelling a great Estate to get:  
 None knows more then *Ulysses*, now alive,  
 Nor will with him in usefull Science strive.  
 This *Phidon*, *Thesprots* King, to me declar'd;  
 He swore his Ship was rigg'd, his men prepar'd,

O o 2

That

(k) That is, the Coasts of *Sicily*, so call'd from its three Promontories, *Pelorius*, *Pachynus*, and *Lilybæum*.



That soon would set him on his Native shore :  
 But me he sent in a stout ship before,  
 Bound for *Dulichium* : and there your Lord  
 Shew'd me a mass of Riches, such a Hoard,  
 Which would ten ages his whole charge defray,  
 Which safe then in that Kings Exchequer lay.  
 He to the sacred Oak in *Dodons* Grove  
 Went to consult the Oracles of *Jove*,  
 Whether he should to his desired Home,  
 Private, or like himself, in Publick come.  
 So he's in safety, and will soon be here,  
 Which, if you make a question of, I'll swear  
 By *Jove*, the best, and greatest of the Gods,  
 Ere long he shall behold his own Abodes,  
 Where I a stranger find your Charitie :  
 What I averr, effected straight shall be.  
*Ulysses* here shall land within a Year,  
 Nay, in a Month, or little more, be here.  
 Then straight *Tenelope* this Answer made ; (said,  
 Ah ! would thou could'st make good what thou hast  
 With friendship I, and bounty would my part  
 So act, that all should say thou happy art :  
 But as my mind misgives, even so I fear,  
 I never shall behold *Ulysses* here,  
 Nor thou get Home ; these Rulers sit not thee,  
 Nor like my Lord, if any such there be,  
 That would each Stranger courteously receive,  
 And hardly to depart would grant him leave :  
 When he had bath'd, he shew'd him to his Bed,  
 Cause Rugs, and softer Blankets ore him spread,  
 That warm, He might repose till the approach  
 Of bright *Aurora* in her golden Coach ;  
 And in the Morning wash'd, and would anoint,  
 And him to fit with his own Son appoint.

Him

Him whose'er did use with Disrespect,  
 Be what he would, He sure was to be check'd.  
 How could you know I other Dames excel  
 In ord'ring House-affairs, in ruling well,  
 If meanly cloathed with them, thou should'st sit ?  
 Mans life is short, and if not, should be sweet.  
 But those who cruel after Rapine thirst,  
 They live to hear themselves by all men curst,  
 And after Death have Maledictions store :  
 But those who charitable help the poor,  
 Strangers shall through the World their Fame resound,  
 And be for Liberality renown'd.  
 Then thus *Ulysses* to his Queen replies ;

O thou the spouse of *Laertiades*,  
 I warmer Rugs, and Blankets thought unfit,  
 Since I set sail from snow-crown'd Hills of *Crete*,  
 Brushing with plying Oars the briny wave,  
 I like such Lodgings as I us'd to have :  
 Many long Nights in Cottages I lay,  
 Expecting Comforts of the blessed Day,  
 I cleansing, nor refreshing Baths think fit,  
 Nor any of your Maids should touch my Feet,  
 Unless one Old, who woes like mine hath felt,  
 And Fortune with her as unkindly dealt :  
 That she should wash my Feet, I could abide.  
 Then to *Ulysses* thus the Queen reply'd ;

You have, dear Sir, so well your self express'd,  
 That I ne'r entertain'd a worthier Guest,  
 That better spoke, or more discretion had ;  
 I have a Prudent, and an Antient Maid,  
 Which at his Birth my poor *Ulysses* first  
 From his Mother took, and diligently nurs'd.

Go, *Euryclea*, and the Pilgrim bath,  
 Who Feet, and Hands, so like my Husband hath,

And

And may with him contemporary be,  
They soon look Old who suffer misery.  
This said, th' Old Nurse, whilst Tears in rivulets ran,  
Which she conceal'd, this woful speech began ;

Oh my dear Son ! oh cruel *Jove* that dost  
Declare thy self gainst pious men and just ;  
For none so oft as he the brawny Thighs  
Of Bees, and Goats, to thee did sacrifice,  
Imploring that his <sup>(1)</sup> Glass might longer run,

That he grown Old, might breed his hopeful Son,  
But now there's little hope of his Return :

So such proud Giglets made of him a scorn,  
When to their House he did for Alms resort,  
As now these Minxes make of thee a sport.

Who to avoid these scoffs, and grosser Wit,  
Not suffer'd them, but me, to wash your Feet,  
Which me the Queen commanding, I obey,  
For your own sake, as for *Penelope*,  
Since something I'mong't troubled motions call  
To mind, I know not what, but out it shall :

Here many woful Travellers have been,  
But none so like *Ulysses* have I seen :  
Such a shap'd Body, Voice, and Feet he had.  
When thus *Ulysses* to th' Old Woman said ;

Madam, they say, who ever saw us two ;  
We're strangely like, so fancy just as you.  
This said, th' Old Woman straight did Water heat,  
Hence the Hearth, turn'd from the light his Feet ;  
For suddenly it came into his mind,

That the scar above his Knee might find.  
His doubts prov'd true, she spy'd it, long before  
Made on *Parnassus* by a salvage Boar,  
When he t' *Autolycus*, his Grand-sire, came,  
Who bore for Cheats, and flight of Hand the Name,

*Hermes*

(1) This was the only end of all the Devotions, Victims, and Offerings to the Gods among the ancients, the beggings of this present life, the particulars whereof are set down by *Juvénal* in his tenth *Satyr*, and *Perseus* in his second.

*Da spatium vite, multos de, Jupiter, annos,  
Conjugium primas, partumque novum.  
Prima fore vota, & cunctis iustissima templis  
Divitiis ut crescant, ut opes, ut maxima tota  
Nostra sit arca fore*—

Me many years, O *Jove*, and long-  
life grant,  
Marriage we pray, nor Children let  
us want ;  
Our first request, and in most Temples  
known,  
We may grow wealthy, and full, Co-  
ersown.

So *Perseus*,

— O *fi*  
*Ebulit patri praelarum funus, & O fi*  
*Sub vestro crepet argenti mihi seris de-*  
*tro*  
*Heccule, pupillumve utinam quem pro-*  
*ximus heres*  
*Impido, conjugium namque est scabi-*  
*vis & aet*  
*Bile sumus, Necio jam tertio ducitur*  
*noct.*

Oh that I could my Uncle's Funeral  
see,  
Or silver-pot find, *Hecule*, by thee ;  
Or that *Bract* bury t' whom I Her am  
next,  
That scabby Elf, with itchy Choler  
ven'd.  
*Necio* hath his third Wife now in-  
ter'd.

*Hermes* his Patron gave Him special Gifts,  
That he out-did the World at cunning Shifts.  
Because so often he the brawny Thighs  
Of Lambs and Goats to him did sacrifice.  
Coming to *Ithaca*, his Daughter there  
He found deliver'd of a hopeful Heir.

*Euryclea* set the Babe upon her Knee,  
Noble *Autolycus*, <sup>(m)</sup> name the Child, said she,  
Hinting that he's of thy renowned Race :  
When thus *Autolycus* to the Parents saies ;

Dear Son and Daughter, I shall give the Name :  
Who hither, hated by so many, came,  
*Ulysses* call him, and when fit to come,  
Send Him to me, and my Relations, Home.  
Where I shall many Gifts the Youth present,  
Then send him back to you with all Content.  
He went, expecting Gifts of great esteem,  
*Autolycus* and his Son's receiving Him  
With greatest Kindness that can be exprest,  
But more his Grand-mother then all the rest,  
Old *Amphithea* him in strict embrace,  
His fair Eys kiss'd, his Head, his Brows, and Face.

*Autolycus* his Sons then whispering, bid  
A Feast prepare, which with all speed they did :  
And first an Ox of five years old they got,  
Whom straight they flea, and then in quarters cut :  
Then the divided joyns on Spits they fix'd,  
And roasted well, they drew, and serv'd up next.  
Thus sat they feasting till the Sun did set,  
Nought wanting that could make a noble Treat :  
Grown late, each went unto his own Repose.  
But when the rosie-finger'd Morn arose,  
*Autolycus* Sons straight forth a Hunting go,  
Their Dogs with them, and Young *Ulysses* too.

(m) The seventh or tenth day after the birth of a Child was the Feast of Lustration or Expiation, when, all the Kindred being invited to a Banquet, the Name was imposed. The Ceremonies w'd at this solemnity are partly exprest'd by *Perseus*, in his second *Satyr*.

*Eccæ avia, aut matrem Divum mater-  
tera, cum  
Exerit parvam, frontemque atque uda  
labella  
Infans dignis & iustis ante salu-  
tis  
Expulsi, verentes oculos inhibere perim.  
Tunc manibus quatit, & ipsum macram  
supplicem vult  
Nunc Licini in Campus, &c.*

The Grand-mother, or Aunt, the Child  
up takes,  
On's Lips and Brow an Expiation  
makes  
With Spittle on her middle finger,  
which  
Averts the bane of ill eyes which be-  
with :  
Then dandling in her Arms prays for  
its health,  
Begs him *Licinius* Lands, and *Craffus*  
Wealth.  
May Kings and Queens with him t' a-  
dopted Son :  
May him all Virgins love that look up-  
on.  
And whatsoe'r be treads on be a Rose,  
but their chief superstition was in the  
choice of a Name, which they look'd  
upon as an omen of their future Fel-  
city.

And

And soon wood-cloath'd *Parnassus* crown they scale,  
There found a Flat, cool'd with a breezing gale,  
When the Sun, rising from the gentle Main,  
Tinfel'd the Meads, and tip'd the blushing Grain,  
They in the bottom were, before them went  
Their well-nos'd Dogs, who follow'd close the scent.  
*Autolycus* sons with young *Ulysses* were,  
In their strong Hand each brandishing a Spear.  
Here in a thicker lay a huge Boar, where  
No winds could penetrat, nor piercing air,  
Nor could the Sun shoot through one radiant Beam,  
Nor Show'rs that fall in Deluges extream.  
So built it was and roof'd all ore with Leavs:  
The noyse of Dogs, and Hunters he receives,  
As they drew nigh, and scorning to retire,  
Draws forth all bristled, and his Eys like fire.  
*Ulysses* first against him did advance,  
And stoutly charg'd the Monster with his Lance:  
But the Boar gaunch'd Him with a cruel Gash  
Above the Knee, and tore away the Flesh,  
But mis'd the Bone, whilst him *Ulysses* paid,  
And his sharp point ran through his Shoulder blade:  
Down falls the Beast extended on the Ground.

*Autolycus* Sons straight drest *Ulysses* Wound,  
And binding with a <sup>(\*)</sup> Charm, the bleeding stay'd,  
Thence to their Fathers Palace hapt they made.

*Autolycus* and his Sons there curing Him,  
Dismiss with many Gifts of great esteem:  
And he to *Ithaca* well pleas'd did come,  
His Parents glad to see Him safe at Home,  
Him many questions ask'd, and how he had  
Receiv'd that Scar, them this account he made;  
How on <sup>(\*)</sup> *Parnassus* him a Boar had gaunch'd,

And how the blood his Cosen-Germans staunch'd,  
Wiping

(\*) *Pliny* in his Natural History spends a whole Chapter in enquiry whether Charms are available in Physick or no: whose words, as far as they shall tend to our purpose, we think fit to transcribe. *Disis* Homerus profusum sanguinem vulnerato fœnit *Quilixem* subituisse Carminis; *Theophrastus* ischiadicus senarij, &c. Homer hath written that *Ulysses* being wounded in his thigh brandish'd the blood with a Charm: and *Theophrastus* testifies that there be prover (pals to cure the Scorpion. Cato hath left us writing, that there is a special Charm for dislocations, whereby any bone put out of joint may be set again. *Attalus* recommends for a remedy, that if a man chance to esstie a Scorpion, and do no more but say this one word *ΔΙΟΥ* (that is, two) the Scorpion will be still and quiet, and never beat forth his Sting.

(\*) A Mountain in *Achaia*, call'd by the later Greeks corruptly *parassus*.

Wiping his legs. This th' Old Woman found,  
And letting fall, the Chargers sides resound,  
Down drops she backward, and the liquor sheds,  
Sorrow and Joy at once her Breast invades,  
Her Eys brimful of Tears, she could not speak,  
At last, from troubled thoughts thus forth did break;

Thou art *Ulysses* sure, that Prince I Nurs'd,  
And though I bath my King, knew not at first.  
This said, she turn'd to th' Queen, and did prepare  
To tell her that her dearest Lord was there:  
But her the Queen not in this posture spies,  
*Pallas* on other Objects cast her Eys:  
Whilst on her Throat her hand *Ulysses* lay'd,  
And thus, her drawing neerer to him, said;

Dear Nurse, why will you ruin me, who bred  
Me with such care, and at your Nipple fed?  
Who through a World of Miseries and Toyl,  
The twentieth year, have reach'd my Native soil:  
But what Thou know'st, what God puts in thy Heart,  
There lock up, nor to any one impart:  
For this I'll promise, and it shall be do, w,  
If the proud Sutors are by me ore-thrown,  
Although my Nurse, thy Life I shall not spare,  
But thou shak like these flouting Giglets fare.  
Then *Euryclea* thus her self declar'd;

How scap'd these words thy Teeth, that Ivory gard?  
You know my Constancy and Courage well,  
My Bosom firm as Rock, my Heart as Steel,  
But I'll inform what's fit for you to know,  
If *Jove* so please the Sutors you ore-throw:  
I'll point out all those Harlots in your Court,  
That you dishonour, making Crimes their sport.

Then he reply'd; Nurse, who they are ne'r tell,  
That pains I'll spare thee, them I know too well,

P p

And

And all their Characters; Pray silent be,  
And the whole business leave to Fate and Me.  
This said, a Laver to the Hall she bore,  
For all the Liquor she had spilt before.  
When with pure Oyl she suppled had his Feet,  
Ulysses to the Fire then drew his Seat,  
And ore the Cicatrice his Garment spread:  
When thus Penelope to her Husband said;

I here in talk, Sir, longer you would keep,  
But now the time draws nigh indulging sleep,  
Which should to wafting Sorrow give relief,  
But my sad Fortune aggravates fresh Grief.  
All day my flowing Tears scarce find an ebb,  
Viewing my Servants how they ply their Web.  
But when Night comes, and all the House at rest,  
A thousand Sorrows sting my troubled Breast.  
As when <sup>(p)</sup> Pandareus Daughter in the Spring,  
Perch'd 'mongst thick branches, doleful notes doth sing,  
Her Son lamenting Ilylus in vain,

<sup>(q)</sup> Zethus fair Off-spring, in her fury slain.  
So I with wand'ring thoughts perplexed am,  
Should I my Husbands Bed, and my own Fame,  
My Son's Estate, Servants, and House, preserve;  
Or wed some Prince, who best might me deserve,  
And with a wealthy Joynter me endow.  
My Son whil'st under age would not allow  
That I should wed, and leave him here alone;  
But now a man, he prays me to be gone:  
And much incens'd, rather desires my Room,  
Because my Sutors his Estate consume.  
Sir, you have skill in Dreams, I'll mine repeat,  
I twenty Geefe picking up Corns of Wheat,  
With pleasure look'd upon, when from the Hill  
A mighty Eagle with a deadfall bill

(p) Terentius King of Thrace, infected with the vice of his Country, burns with love of Philonela (daughter of Pandarus, according to Homer, by others call'd Pandion) his Wife's Sister, and in the heat of his Lust ravish'd her. Which his Wife understanding, studies a strange revenge, murders her own son Ilylus, or Iyy, and feeds her Husband with his flesh. Which being made known to him, he pursues the two Sisters, who are feign'd to have been chang'd into Birds, for their speedy flight unto Athens, by which they escaped the revenge of Terentius; Philonela into a Nightingale, and Praxino into a Swallow: in that no Nightingale are seen in Thrace, as hating the Country of Terentius; nor Swallow ever builds there, as being afraid by Pandarus. The Nightingale chancing in the solitary Woods, is feign'd to bewail the death of her son Ilylus, by which the Poets generally express extreme grief, and lamentation. The whole story is elegantly describ'd by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*, but 'tis too large to be here transcribed.

(q) This story is otherwise related here than amongst the late Greek and Roman Writers, thus: Pandarus had three daughters, *Alceste*, *Cleutera*, and *Adon*; *Adon* was married to *Zethus*, by whom she had *Ilylus*, whom she flew out of a mistake, intending to have murdered *Alceste*, son of *Ampion*, her husband's Brother.

Upon them falling, the whole Flock there flew,  
Breaking their Necks, but he thence mounting, flew.  
I in my sleep much griev'd, did weeping lie,  
And many Women more as well as I,  
Because the Eagle had so many slain:  
But he sat perching on the House again,  
And with a humane Voice to me thus said;

*Icarus* daughter, be not so difmaid,  
This not a Dream, no fleeting Fancy this,  
But certain Truth: The Sutors are the Geefe,  
And I that then appear'd to thee a Bird,  
Am now arriv'd, Ulysses thy dear Lord,  
On all thy Sutors just Revenge to take.  
This said, the wondrous Dream did me forsake;  
But looking out my Cacklers I did see,  
Feeding on Corn, where they were wont to be.

Then he reply'd; Madam, there is no need  
To clear your Dream, himself Ulysses did;  
Who said, your Sutors by his hand should fall,  
Nor one escape a woful Funeral.

Then she reply'd; Dreams hard are to explain,  
All prove not true, but idle some, and vain:  
<sup>(r)</sup> Two Gates there are of Sleep, One made of Horn;  
The other polish'd Ivory doth adorn,  
From whence vain words their flattering hopes pursue,  
But Visions issuing through the Horn prove true;  
So this sad Dream I hope may prosperous be,  
And joyful prove both to my Son, and me.  
But with one secret more Thee I'll entrust;  
When that unhappy Day shall come, which must  
Me separate from my Ulysses Court,  
I'll for my self provide a little sport;  
In order I'll set Axes in my Hall,  
Each of them hath their Annulets, twelve in all,

(r) This assigns of the two Gates of Dreams is several ways resolv'd by the Interpreters. *Purphy* saies that the Soul being free from the employments of the body in time of sleep, is busied about other Objects, which yet it views not perfectly and clearly, but as it were through a Veil drawn before it by that dark Nature to which it is united: when which it admits the light of the Soul into the truth of the Objects, it is said to be of Horn, whose substance is of that nature that being attenuated it is pervious to the light; but when it binds and repels it, it is said to be of Ivory, which is of so solid and compact a body, that after most accurate attention it remains impenetrable to the Eye. Others by the horny Gate understand the Eyes, whose first tunicle is said to be *horny like the Horn*, by the Ivory Gate, the Teeth; signifying that what we speak may be false, but what we see, is infallibly true. This expression of our Poet, *Virgil* follows in the sixth of his *Æneids*.

*Sunt gemine summi porte, quarum altera fertur Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus; Quævis, Altera caudenti perfusa nitens elephanti.*  
*Sed falsa ad calum mittunt infamia Mentes.*

There are two Gates of sleep; One made of Horn, Through which true Visions to the Senses are born; The other Ivory, polish'd purely bright, Whence false Dreams fall to the careless light.

And *Ambrosius* in his *Ephemeris*, *Divisum perhibet vatium sub frontibus Unius Vana ignavorum simulacra, locasse soporem. Et geminas numero portas: qua ferturæbaras Simper fallaces glomerat super ærea formæ. Altera qua veris emittit carmina visus.*

The Poet plac'd dull Dreams (as false and reciters) And fancies flight, under an Elms thick leaves, Two Gates close by, the one of Ivory, where Deceitful forms pass to ethereal air, The other Horn, from whence true Dreams go forth.

Upon

P p 2

With

With which at distance he a shaft could shoot ;  
Now to this Tryal I'll the Sutors put :  
And he that best my Husbands Bow can bend,  
And through a dozen Rings his arrow send,  
Him I will marry, and forsake this House  
Furnish'd so well, although my former Spouse  
In Dreams will haunt me. Then the King reply's ;

Thou the dear Spouse of *Laertiades*,  
Put off this Tryal, since the time draws neer,  
Madam, that your *Ulysses* will appear ;  
Left practising, they by experience know,  
As well as he, to draw your Husbands Bow.  
Then spake the Queen ; Here I could stay all Night,  
And less in sleep, then thy discourse, delight ;  
Though woful Mortals that on Earth reside,  
Must Rest and Toyl alternately divide.  
But I'll to my Apartment now retreat,  
Where I with nightly Tears my Pillow wet,  
E're since *Ulysses* went to th' *Trojan War*,  
Whose very Name, to mention, I abhor,  
There I'll repose : For you we'll Carpets spread,  
Here on the Floor, or help you to a Bed.  
This said, to her Chamber straight she did ascend,  
Her Maids in order the fair Queen attend :  
There weeping for her Lord she lay, till fast  
In deep and pleasant Sleep her *Pallas* cast.



Thomas Stanley de  
Hartford Arm. Tabularum



Cumberland in Comitatu  
Ranc. LMD. DIO. L. 20



# HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Revengeful Cares awake Ulysses keep :  
He bears his Queen in her own Chamber weep.  
Pallas appears, advising Him to rest.  
Ominous Thunder prologues a sad Feast.  
Theoclymenus fore-tels the Sutors Fates,  
For which, they Vote to turn Him out o' th' Gates.*



U T in the Porch the King  
to take Repose,  
First ore himself a Bullock's raw,  
hide throws,  
Next Sheep-skins that were new-  
ly slaughter'd, got :

*Euryome over all casts a warm Coat,  
He Plots contriving, long awake did lie,  
Until the Sutors Mistresses came by,  
Laughing, and talking of their Young Amours  
He much concern'd at these so impudent—*

Be-

Bethought himself should he do well or ill,  
Such Harlots in their high debauch to kill,  
Or let them yet be prostituted Drabs.  
His Heart did seem to bark, it fetch'd such Throbs,  
Like a fierce Spannell suckling of her Whelps,  
A Stranger spying, rages, snarls, and yelps,  
Ready to seize; such thoughts his troubled Breast  
With tumult fill'd, when thus himself he exprest;

Be patient, Thou hast worser things endur'd,  
By *Polyphemus*, in his Cave secur'd,  
When six of thy Associates he devour'd;  
Yet his huge strength by Prudence I ore-pow'r'd,  
And those expecting the like death, did save,  
And with my self freed from the Monsters Cave.  
The swelling passions of his Mind, this said,  
He strove to settle, they his Will obey'd:  
But he still waking lies, and rots, and rowls,  
As one a Pudding broils upon the Coals,  
Well stuff'd with fat, and blood, lest it should burn,  
Ne'er lets it rest: So did he restless turn,  
Contriving how the Sutors to destroy.

*Pallas* descending then from seats of Joy,  
Like a fair Lady, drawing near him, spake ;  
Why troubled thus keep'st thou thy self awake ?  
This is thy House ; thy Wife, and Son, are here ;  
A Son, that should by thee be priz'd dear.

*Ulyſſes* then reply'd ; Celeſtial Maid,  
 Thou to the purpoſe haſt divinely ſaid :  
 But how alone I ſhould (that makes me watch,)  
 So many proud Corrivalls over-match;  
 Who alwaies are, as in a body, joyn'd.  
 Beſides, this, more then that, diſtracts my mind,  
 How to come off my ſelf, if *Jove* decree,  
 That ſingly I of all revenged be.

## Then

Then *Pallas* said ; Should any mortal give  
Thee Counsel, Him Thou rather wouldst believe,  
Though His advice were impotent and lame,  
Then me, although I thy Prote&ctres am.  
But what I tell thee now, I shall make good ;  
If fifty drawn up Squadrons round thee stood,  
Thou shouldst disperse them with thy sword and shield,  
And drive their Sheep and Cattel from the field.  
Wave troubled thoughts, and take some small Repose,  
Oft from much wanting high distempers grows.  
This said, she clos'd his eyes, which done, retires  
To seats of bliss, that Crown *Olympick* Spires.  
Mean while his Queen vex'd with like Cares, and Fears  
Sitting, her soft bent brows with briny Tears.  
When she had wept till she could weep no more,  
Thus she the Chast<sup>(a)</sup> *Diana* did implore ;

(a) *Pentecost* doth properly invoke *Diana* here, because she was reputed to be the authour of sudden death to Women, as *Apollo* to men; as we have already observ'd. The imprecation of the *Danaides*, rather than to marry with the sons of *Pelagius* their Cousin-Germans, is not unlike to this, in *Aeschylus*.

[illegible]

And





And fetch pure Water for the Rival Guests,  
The Prince this day highly intends to feast.  
Thus gave the order; They, the ancient Maid  
Their Governels, saluting first, obey'd.  
Twice ten went to the Fountain, others drest  
The stately Hall, whilst in the Sutors prest,  
Who Billets cleave; others came from the Spring.  
*Eumæus* in did three fat Porkers bring,  
Which had at freedom plentifully fed;  
Who smiling, thus then to *Ulysses* said;

Art thou in Favour with the Sutors more,  
Or use thee scornfully as heretofore?  
The King then to *Eumæus* thus reply'd; (pride,

Would Heaven take Vengeance on them for their  
That with such insolence thus ryot here,  
Against all Conscience, Modesty, or Fear.  
*Melantheus* came, whilst thus *Ulysses* spoke,  
And brought fat Goats, the primest of the Flock:  
Them to the Portal fast two Herders made,  
Who drolling then thus to *Ulysses* said;

What Good-man Troublesom, art thou here yet,  
Know'st thou not how out of these Doors to get?  
Thou who so saucy art 'mongst Lords and Peers,  
Stay'st thou until th' art pluck'd out by the Ears?  
Will nought but blows serve such a greedy Guest?  
Are there no other Houses where they feast?  
*Ulysses* thus affronted nothing said,  
But kept down struggling rage, and shook his Head.

*Phileteus* third, amongst the Swains a King,

A (o)Barren Heifer, and fat Kids did bring,  
(The Vessel brought them ore that goes betwixt,  
Carrying all Persons over who came next)  
And them did neer the echoing Portal tie,  
Thus spake, then to *Eumæus* standing by;

What

(o) For the Oxen, and other of the Cattel, were fed in *Ephraïm*, the Continent; over against *Ithaca*, as appears from these Verses in the 14 book.

*Αἰὲν ἡρώδης ἔσθ' ἑλπίων ἑλπίων ἑλπίων  
Τὸν αὖτερος τῆς ἑλπίων ἑλπίων ἑλπίων  
Βίαιος ἔσθ' ἡ ἑλπίων ἑλπίων ἑλπίων.*

The Island it self being an unfruitful and barren Country; betwixt which and the Continent there was but a narrow passage.

What Stranger's this hither so lately came,  
What Country, who his Parents, what his Name?  
Though poor he seems, his Looks majestick are,  
They often suffer Want who wander far;  
And Gods do Kings oft sad Examples make.  
Him by the Hand then taking, thus he spake;

Welcome grave Father, may'st thou Wealthy be,  
Who now art pinch'd with Want and Misery.  
O *Jove*, of all the Gods thou tak'st least Care,  
For woful Mortals though thy Race they are,  
And giv'st them as their Birth-right Toyl and Grief:  
When I remind, how wanting all Relief,  
*Ulysses* may thus wander up and down,  
Without a Vest, my Cheeks salt Rivers drown;  
If yet he live, but he, alas, is dead  
Long since descended to th' infernal shade:  
Thinking of him I almost am distraught,  
A Boy he me from *Cephalenia* brought  
His Herds to wait on, now a numerous Breed;  
And these forsooth must proud Corrivalls feed,  
Who scorn his Son, and Providence deride,  
And will our absent King's Estate divide.  
My Bosom prompts me something should be don;  
Left cureless Mischief light upon his Son,  
To drive his Cattel amongst Strangers, where  
More dangerous it can not be then here,  
And from these proud Corrivalls, though long since,  
(Intolerable is their Pride and Insolence)  
To have escap'd: But still I hop'd the King  
Might Home return, and their Destruction bring.

Then thus *Ulysses*; Swain, thou prudent art,  
Discovering both a Bold and Loyal Heart:  
This I shall say, and what I say I'll swear,  
By *Jove*, and by this House, in which we are,

Q q 2

And



Your Actions, and your Breeding, seem alike,  
 Or else you would not a poor Stranger strike,  
 'Tis well he scap'd, else Thou thy due desert  
 Shouldst have, and this my Spear should pierce thy Heart;  
 Then for thy Nuptial Rites thy Father should  
 Have made thy Tomb, or any who so bold  
 Durst in my House commit a Crime so vild.  
 Know now I am of Age, and past a Child,  
 And can distinguish Good from Bad : but yet,  
 You may behold me here with patience sit,  
 Whil'st you devour these Cates, my Wine drink up,  
 'Tis hard for one with many men to cope :  
 Therefore I wish you would more civil be,  
 For Death it self seems better far to me.  
 Should you all thrust your Swords in me at once,  
 That would be easier then these high Affronts ;  
 To strike our Guests, our Women to abuse,  
 As if this Palace were a Common Stews.

This through the Hall a general silence made,  
 When thus at last Young *Agelaus* said ;  
 When words are spoke, so well with Reason sure,  
 Sharp Reparties avoid, and rough Dispute ;  
 For shame, t' affront a Stranger, Sirs, forbear,  
 Or any Servant that Attendants are :  
 But to *Telemachus* and the Queen I'll make  
 A motion, which may both parties take ;  
 As long as we believ'd *Ulyses* might  
 Return, and here enjoy his Native right,  
 So long the might refuse : that he should land,  
 We cannot now expect, or understand,  
 Therefore move thou thy Mother to espouse,  
 Whom best she likes, then shall we leave thy House,  
 And thy Paternal State, thy Self to guide.  
 Then thus *Telemachus* to him reply'd ;

By

By *Jove* and my dear Fathers wants and Woes,  
 Who dead, or wandering lives, I'll not oppose  
 My Mothers Nuptials, but use all my Power  
 Her to persuade, and to secure her Dowre :  
 But gainst her Will I would not her remove,  
 Such acts not acceptable are to *Jove*.

Here *Pallas* stirr'd loud laughter in the Hall,  
 All merry were, but knew no cause at all.  
 Their Meat straight bloody grew, and briny lakes  
 Stood in their Eys. *Teoclymenus* then speaks ;

Ah, Sirs, you are involv'd in mists, sad Shreeks  
 Invade my Ears, salt Tears run down your Cheeks,  
 The Walls with Blood besprinkled, red the Posts,  
 Thicker then Atoms walk infernal Ghosts  
 About the Porch, the entrie, and the Hall,  
 The Sun's eclips'd, and Darknells covers all.  
 At these expressions they extreemly laugh'd,  
 When thus *Eurymachus* the Stranger scoff'd ;

This Fellow's mad ; Go lead him to the Gate,  
 That he may Home, because he thinks it late.  
 Then *Teoclymenus* thus to him replies ;

Send none to lead me out, for I have Eys,  
 And Ears, and Feet, I thank you, and each Sense,  
 I without leading shall depart from hence :  
 Because I see that your Destruction's neer,  
 Not one shall scape just Vengeance that are here,  
 Not one of you who in *Ulysses* Court,  
 Make of uncivil Actions thus a sport.

This said, he went, without once taking leave,  
 Whom straight <sup>(g)</sup> *Pireus* kindly did receive.  
 The proud Corrivalls laugh, and look about,  
 And both *Telemachus*, and Strangers flout.  
 When to the Prince a haughty Youth thus spake ;

None worser choice in chosing Guests could make,

A

(g) This is he to whom *Telemachus* recommended *Teoclymenus* when he left his Ship, and went into the Country to his servant *Eumæus*, *Odys.* 15.

A Wanderer, One that loyters in thy Hall,  
That eats and drinks, but never works at all,  
An Idle person, a vain load of Earth;  
Th' other a Prophet, and forsooth holds forth:  
But I'll advise, which may advantage be,  
Let them be ship'd with speed for *Sicily*;  
There for no little sum they may go off.  
Thus said he, but the Prince not minds his Scoff,  
But look'd on's Father when with stretch'd out Arm,  
The Sutors charging, he would give th' Alarm.  
But fair *Penelope* in her Chair of State,  
In private, at convenient distance sat;  
Where her Gallants she could distinctly hear,  
Mixing their Bits and Cups with many a Jeer,  
They had abundance, and so merry made,  
But never sharper sawce their Dishes had:  
A Goddes, and a Valiant Princee decreed,  
They for accumulated Crimes should bleed.



Edvardo Sherborne  
hanc IM  
Amigero Tabulam  
DDIO. Lib. 25.



# HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE TWENTY FIRST BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses Bow all Love-sutes must decide:  
The Queen will be the ablest Archers Bride,  
But none the Bow could bend: for Lard they call:  
But strive in vain, the tough Yew baffles all.  
Ulysses takes the Bow, Jove from the Skies  
Thunders, He shoots, and bears from all the Prize.*

**B**UT *Pallas* here carrying on  
Plots design'd,  
Then puts it in *Icarus* Daughters  
mind  
To fetch the Sutors down *Ulysses*  
Bow,

To try their strength, and prove their over-throw.  
And up she haften drawing forth a Key,  
The Handle wrought with brass and Ivory;  
Her Maids attending her in order, they  
Ascended where *Ulysses* Treasure lay,

R r

Gold,





And let her marry whom she please. This said,  
He on the Board the Bow and Arrow laid,  
When thus *Antinous* his mind declar'd ;  
How scap'd these words thy teeth, their Ivory guard ?  
Must to the shades this many Sutors send,  
Because thou want'st the strength the Yew to bend ?  
Thy Mother no such person bore, that can  
Handle an able Bow, and play the Man :  
But here are several brisker Youths that shall.  
This said, he to *Melanthius* thus did call ;  
A little Fire go in and quickly get,  
And close before a Chair and Cushion set ;  
Then bring the rowl of Lard that lies within,  
That warm they may the suppling stuff work in :  
Then we may bend the Bow, and get the Prize.  
This said, a Fire he kindles in a trice,

A <sup>(d)</sup> Chair and Cushion set, and brought the Lard,  
They fall to work, no pains the Sutors spar'd  
To make it yield, with chafing in grown warm :  
But all in vain, none had so good an Arm.

*Antinous* and *Eurymachus*, who were  
The Sutors Princes, and the strongest there  
Attempted ; not as if concern'd at all,  
*Eumæus* and his Swain stole out oth' Hall :  
After these two some haſt *Ulyſes* made,  
And to them, paſt the Gates, and Entrance, ſaid ;

*Eumæus* and *Bubulcus*, Friends you be,  
Shall I now hold my Tongue, or elſe be free.  
What if your King ſhould ſuddenly appear,  
By ſome ſtrange Miracle transported here.  
Would you the Sutors, or *Ulyſes* aid ?  
Say what your Inclinations would perſuade.

*Bubulcus* then reply'd ; O *Jove* wouldſt thou  
Bring this to paſs, that's thus in queſtion now,

And

And that ſome God would hit her him tranſport,  
Then thou ſhouldeſt ſee that I would make ſome ſport.  
*Eumæus* ſo implored then all the Gods,  
To ſee *Ulyſes* in his own Abroads.  
After he found he faithful Servants had,  
Thus he to them himſelf diſcovering, ſaid ;

I that ſo much have ſuffer'd now am here,  
In my own Country after twenty year,  
I know that none of all my Servants domineer  
Wiſh that I ſhould return, but only you :  
For which, what I'll confer I'll not declare ;  
If by *Jove's* means theſe Royſters conquer'd are,  
I'll give you Wives, and Wealth, your Houſes build,  
And you ſhall both be Friends, and Brothers ſtyl'd  
To my dear Son ; but you not to deceive,  
Behold the mark which me the wild Boar gave,  
When with *Autolycus* his Sons I went

A hunting ore <sup>(e)</sup> *Parnafus* ſteep aſcent.  
Here he to them the Cicatrice did ſhow,  
Which after they beheld, and well did know,  
They weeping hung about him in embrace,  
Kiſſing his Shoulders, and his Head and Face :  
Such Complements they had not finiſh'd yet,  
Shedding glad Tears, at laſt till Sun had ſet,  
Had not he thus forbid, leſt any ſhould  
Come forth, and in this poſture us behold,  
And tel't within ; no longer kindneſs ſhow :  
And now let's in, but not together go,  
Fiſt I, then you, and this ſhall be the ſign.  
For the proud Sutors, as one man conjoyn,  
I ſhall nor Bow nor Quiver touch at all :  
Bear them to me *Eumæus*, through the Hall,  
And put them in my Hands : The Women tell,  
That they muſt ſhut their Doors, and bar them well :

But

(d) The Chair was for the Archer to ſit in, when he ſhot, the ſcope or mark being too low for them to ſhoot ſtanding. And this appears afterwards when *Ulyſes* takes the Bow.

The Lard ſerv'd to moiſten and ſoſtifie the drie Bow, that thereby it might the eaſier yield and bend ; not to aſſoſt the Arms of the Archers, that their Nerve being thereby corroborated they might draw it with the greater ſtrength ; a great miſtake in *Zeno-ger* and *Sponſanus*.

(e) A high Mountain in *Archiea*.



But if that any of them hear within  
 Sad Groans and Cries, with a confused Din,  
 Let them not stir, nor what's the matter ask;  
 But there in quiet go on with their Task.  
*Phileti*us, of the Palace Gates take Care,  
 Locking them up, well bolt and strongly bar.  
 Back to the Hall, this said, *Ulysses* goes,  
 And re-assumes his seat from whence he rose.  
 Next in *Eumæus* and *Phileti*us go:  
 When bold *Eurymachus* takes up the Bow,  
 And at the Fire well-suppling, warm'd, but had  
 The same success; at which extremely mad,  
 With a deep sigh his Passion thus express'd;  
 I for my self not mov'd am, nor the rest,  
 Nor to be baffled thus; nor much it galls,  
 By which we lose expected Nuptials:  
 Address our selves to several Dames we may  
 In other places beside *Ithaca*,  
 But that none here can draw *Ulysses* Bow,  
 This to our shame Posterity will know.  
 Then thus to him *Antinous* reply'd;  
 Not so grieve, Sir, we better shall provide,  
 Now is *Apollo's* Festival you know,  
 Who farthest shoots, and draws the silver Bow:  
 Let us compose our selves, these trinkets all  
 Stand, as we leave them, in *Ulysses* Hall;  
 None I suppose will meddle with them there:  
 But let the Skinker Wine in bowls prepare,  
 That we Libating may take up the bow,  
 And let *Melanthius* the Goat-herd go  
 Early for Goats, the best of all the Flock,  
 With which we'll offer *Phæbus*, and invoke;  
 Then we shall venture once more for the Prize:  
 They all approve *Antinous* advice.

For

For their Hands water straight the Heralds brought,  
 Others got Wine, and empty Goblets fraught,  
 When they had drank, and their Libations pay'd,  
 Ready for Action, fly *Ulysses* said;

You bold Corrivals, hear what I'll impart,  
 Although the fuddain Dictates of my Heart;  
*Eurymachus* and *Antinous*, I request,  
 Because the last said well, and counsel'd best,  
 Early let *Phæbus* Victory bestow  
 Where he shall please, but let me touch the bow;  
 That I may by Experience find, if still  
 I have the same dexterity and skill  
 I once enjoy'd, or whether they are lost  
 In misery, wandering thus from Coast to Coast.  
 This word did all their angers much incend,  
 Mistrusting he the able bow might bend:  
 To whom in ranting Terms *Antinous* said;

Unlucky Stranger, art Thou still stark mad,  
 Is't not enough with Princes here to feast;  
 All priviledges having of a Guest,  
 And hear'st our Table-talk, which none before  
 Enjoy'd, like thee, a Vagabond and Poor?  
 Wine put into thy Head this fond design,  
 Distempers rage that rise from too much Wine.  
 So Wine<sup>(f)</sup> *Eurytion* in *Pirithous* House  
 Distracted, taking a too deep Carouse;  
 When on the *Lapithe* he mad did fall,  
 Raising so high Disturbance in the Hall:  
 But they inflam'd with the like raging fit,  
 Cropt both his Ears, and up his Nostrils slit,  
 And by the Heels they dragg'd him out a Door,  
 After mix'd slaughter had imbrew'd the Floor,  
 But for his insolence he first did pay.  
 I in proviso this shall only say;

S f

If

(f) *Pirithus* was King of the *Lapithæ*, a people of *Thessaly* dwelling about *Pindus* and *Ossa*, who invited the *Centaurs*, not far distant from him, to his Nuptials; one of whom, *Eurytion* here (by others call'd *Eurytus*) inflam'd with Wine, and supriz'd with the incomparable beauty of the Bride, offer'd to make a rape upon her, which bred a sudden Quarrel betwixt the *Centaurs* and the *Lapithæ*, describ'd at large by *Ovid* in the 12 of his *Metamorphosis*.

Now *Eurytus*, more heady then the rest,  
 Foul rapine harbours in his salvage breast,  
 Incens'd by beauty and the heat of Wine,  
 Lust and Ibbriety in out-rage join.  
 Straight ture'd up Boards the Feast  
 profane, the fair  
 And tender Spouse now baled by the Hair.  
 Fierce *Eurytus* *Hippolame*: all took  
 Their choice, or whom they could,  
 sack'd Cities look  
 With such a face. The Women shriek,  
 we rise,  
 When *Telesphus* first; O *Eurytus* un-  
 wife!  
 Dar'st thou offend *Pirithus* as long  
 As *Telesphus* lives? in one, two sister  
 wrong.  
 The great foul'd Herce, not to boast  
 in vain,  
 Breaks through the throng, and from  
 his fierce disdain  
 The rape repris'd. He no Reply af-  
 fords.  
 Such facts could not be justify'd by  
 words, &c.

The *Centaurs* from the navel down-  
 wards carried the shapes of Horfes,  
 begotten by *Jasion* on a Cloud, formed  
 like and mistken for *Jove*: represent-  
 ing the vain pursuit of imaginary glo-  
 ry, attempted by unlawful means, and  
 the prodigious Conceptions of Ambi-  
 tion.

If thou but offer'st once this Bow to touch,  
No longer Thou shalt cram and swill so much  
Amongst us here ; but shipping, thee we'll send  
To King *Echetus* to man-kind no Friend ;  
Which if you would avoid and quiet are,  
With us sit still, but not with us compare.

*Antinous*, then *Penelope* reply'd ;

It is not fit thus strangers to deride,  
If once th' are Guests, and we them Favour show.  
Think'st Thou if he should draw *Ulysses* bow,  
That therefore him I should my Husband make ?  
He cannot hop't, feed no such gross mistake.  
When to the Queen *Eurymachus* thus sed ;  
We not believe, Madam, that him you'll wed :  
But we fear scandal, when the baser sort  
Our actions shall thus to our Shame report.  
Such Princes who would value at a straw,  
Who court his Wife, whose Bow they cannot draw ?  
Others will say, a Beggar thither got,  
And through the Annulets his Arrow shot :  
Which shall infix a high disgrace on us.

Then said the Queen ; Not so *Eurymachus*,  
None ever found the peoples favour yet,  
And thus deboshing, up their betters eat.  
How can they you disparage then at all ?  
He hath a goodly Person, strong, and tall,  
And him to be of fair extract we know :  
Let him then try his Strength, and take the Bow.  
If *Phœbus* please that he obtain the best,  
I shall present him with a Coat, and Vest,  
A Sword, a pair of Sandals, and a spear,  
That he nor Dogs nor Men shall need to fear,  
And I'll his Passport sign for him beside.  
Then to his Mother thus her Son reply'd ;

Madam,

Madam, none here more powerful are then I,  
Whom I think fit, my Fathers Bow shall try :  
Not any of the Chiefs of *Ithaca*,  
Nor those that in more fertile *Elis* sway,  
Shall drive me from my resolution, so  
If me it please, him I'll present the Bow.  
But Mother, now be pleased to walk in,  
Look to your Webs, see how your Damfels spin,  
Leave Mens affairs to me ; Sure in this Hall  
'Tis my concern to rule and order all.  
The Queen, her Son's direction much admires,  
And straight to her Apartment thence retires,  
There for *Ulysses* weeps, till her at last,  
Into a pleasant Sleep *Minerva* cast.  
But straight *Eumæus* lifted up the bow,  
At which, the proud Corrivals angry grow :  
When some of them thus to *Subulcus* said ;

Since Thou to bear the Bow down art so mad,  
Thee thy own Dogs shall eat, those which thou breed'st,  
And with such care amongst thy Porkers feed'st,  
If *Phœbus* and th' immortal Gods to us  
Be at to morrows Feast propitious.  
In the same place the Bow again he sets  
Thus ranted out, amazed at their Threats.  
The Prince then from another side oth' Hall,  
Thus rated him ; Obedient unto all  
None well can be, take up the Bow, be gon,  
Else thee, although I'm Younger, hence I'll stone  
To thy own Farm : Ah ! could I but as well  
With these that riot here as with thee deal,  
I with a mischief soon would send them hence,  
Who act with so much pride and insolence.  
When here the jolly Sutors not retort,  
But smile, converting anger into sport.

S f 2

And





*Guido Ford Armiger  
 Joannes filius Henrici  
 Tabulam hanc*



*et Henrici Joannis  
 Dant de Baker Arm  
 ENDDIO Lb 22*



# HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE TWENTY SECOND BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The King Antinous bores ; All think it Chance.  
 Eurymachus Quarter asks. The Prince's Lance  
 Amphinomus kills ; He to his Father gets,  
 Who with a few on all the Sutors sets.  
 Pallas appears : Corrivals slaughter'd all.  
 Women dress up, and clense from Blood, the Hall.*



BUT now the King himself from  
 tatters strips,  
 And with his Bow and well-fill'd  
 Quiver leaps  
 On the broad-threshold ; out his  
 Shafts then shakes

Before his Foot, then to the Gang thus speaks ;

This Game is won, though difficult to win,

But now a harder match we must begin ;

Which will, if *Phæbus* help, make up two Games.

This said, a Shaft he at *Antinous* aims,

Who

(a) *Diogenes* the *Thracian* notes that from this place of *Homer*, where *Antinous* is slain whilst he is lifting the Cup to his mouth, grew the Proverb among the *Greeks*,

*Πεινέειν γὰρ ἐκ τῆς οὐραίας τοῦ ποταμοῦ τῆς Ἑλλάδος.*

*Many things hap betwixt the Cup and Lip.*

Who by both handles held a <sup>(a)</sup> golden Cup,  
In jocund posture, ready to turn up,  
And take a deep Carouse, then little thought  
At's Elbow Death should spoil so sweet a Draught.  
The Prince of Sutors, 'mongst his merry Mates,  
Of slaughter little dreamt, and fullen Fates.  
*Ulysses* Shaft found in his Throat no check,  
Till the sharp point transpierc'd his tender Neck.  
He stag'ring backward, down the Goblet throws,  
A purple Fountain conduits from his Nose.  
Down comes the Table, spurn'd ore with his Feet,  
Making a muls of Drink, and Bread, and Meat.  
Up start the Sutors as they saw him fall,  
And sudden murmur flies about the Hall:  
About the Walls they look, and search each where,  
If they could find a Shield or single Spear.  
When thus enraged they *Ulysses* blame;

Thou dost not well, Villain, at Men to aim;  
No more shalt thou 'mongst us for Prizes shoot:  
Th' hast kill'd a Person, who without dispute  
Was Prince of all the Youth in *Ithaca*:  
Therefore on Thee shall Dogs and Vultures prey.  
The Sutors blabber'd thus, supposing still,  
That he had slain *Antinous* gainst his Will:  
Nor did it in Consideration fall,  
Now one Calamity would swallow all.  
When frowning, thus *Ulysses* made Reply;

No more, you Dogs, shall you believe that I  
Will ne'r return to my own House, from *Troy*:  
Who wast my Goods, and would my Wife enjoy,  
Her Women prostituting when you please,  
*Jove* slighting, and th' whole Court of Deities,  
Nor injur'd men regard, nor future Fame:  
Death without mercy I to all proclaim.

This

This said, pale fear puts on his trembling shape,  
Each look about how Death they may escape,  
Only *Eurymachus* made this faint Reply;

If Thou our *Ithacan Ulysses* be,  
Thy threats are just, these Trespasses we own,  
Both in thy Court, the Countrey, and the Town;  
But here *Antinous* lies, the only Cause,  
Who made us break all Hospitable Laws,  
He neither wanted Nuptials, nor desir'd,  
But Supream Power his hot ambition fir'd,  
Which *Jove* would not, he reach'd at absolute Sway,  
To be first Monarch of all *Ithaca*,  
Laying a Plot to kill thy only Son,  
By Death prevented now; Take pity on  
Our sad Condition, once thy People styl'd,  
That we united, may be reconcil'd:  
For what we here have in such Ryot spent,  
Each of us twenty Bullocks shall present,  
And Gold, and Silver send in Loads to thee;  
Till then, 'tis fit Thou thus incens'd should'st be.

Then frowning on him thus *Ulysses* spake;  
Fore to me your Heir-ships you would make,  
And what's your own, what else you may enjoy,  
I would not hold my Hands, but all destroy:  
Under my just Revenge you here must lie,  
All I can grant you now, is, Fight, or Fly;  
Hopes to get off let idle Fancies shape,  
But I believe not one of you shall scape.  
This said, their Knees relax'd, cold Agues shook,  
When thus *Eurymachus* to them trembling, spoke;

Sirs, He'll not spare you; Such a cruel Foe,  
With a full Quiver, and a deadly Bow,  
Will pick us out, and One by One us kill,  
Recal your Valours, Sirs, and draw your Steel;

T t

Against

Against his shafts, for Targets Tables take,  
 Imbodied sure we something on't shall make.  
 If many can from one once clear the Hall,  
 The Town alarm'd we'll to assistance call,  
 And He shall soon this undertaking rue.  
 This said, *Eurymachus* his Falchion drew,  
 And raging like a tempest on Him set :  
*Ulysses* shoots Him under-neath the Teat,  
 Which in his Liver fix'd, he drops his Sword,  
 Water and Wine down tumbles with the Board ;  
 His Fore-head, struck against the Earth, rebounds,  
 His Seat, with clattering of his Heels, resounds ;  
 Whilst an eternal Darkness clos'd his Eyes.  
*Amphinomus* next at stern *Ulysses* flies,  
 Drawing his Sword, so his Escape to make :  
 But Him *Telemachus* ran through the Back,  
 As he against his Father did advance :  
 Out at his Bosom came the Handse'd Lance,  
 Whilst with his Fore-head He salutes the Floor,  
 The Spear *Telemachus* draws blushing with Gore,  
 With all the speed he might, fearing least they  
 Should get that Lance, or wound Him in his way.  
 Then to his Father swift as Lightning made,  
 And drawn up to Him, thus rejoicing, said ;  
 Sir, I shall straight for you a Target get,  
 And with two Javelins, and a Helmet fit :  
 And that these Swains may better stand the storm,  
 I shall as soon them both compleatly arm.  
 Then said the King ; Dear Son, no time neglect,  
 Fetch them whilst these my Arrows me protect,  
 Left, when alone, they force me from the Gate.  
 This said, the Prince went to his Chamber straight,  
 Where Hung the Arms, From thence He laden bears  
 Four shields, four Helmets, and eight glittering Spears :  
 First

First he himself, and then his Servants arms,  
 To guard their King, dispensing feather'd storms.  
 But He, so long as any Shafts he had,  
 So well he aim'd, that each shot left one dead ;  
 And thick they lay, weltering in purple gore.  
 But when the shooting-King had Shafts no more,  
 Against the Wall his uselefs Bow he sets,  
 And ore his shoulder his bright Target gets,  
 And with a glittering Cask his Brows impails,  
 Grac'd with a waving Grove of Horses Tails :  
 And straight each Hand arms with a glittering Spear.  
 Above the Threshold two fair Windows were,  
 Under, a Path ; which through the Palace lay,  
 To the next Town a near and privat way :  
 Good, this *Ulysses* bids *Eumæus* make,  
 When *Agelaus* to the rest thus spake ;  
 O Sirs, let one up to the Window get,  
 And call aloud for Help ; some hope there's yet,  
 That he who kill'd so many, we may kill.  
 Then out *Melantheus* cry'd ; you counsel ill,  
 For near that passage stands yon sturdy Lout,  
 Who will not let you once your Head thrust out.  
 But I will arms down from the Chamber bear,  
 For sure the Son and Father left them there.  
 This said, *Melantheus* hastens up the Stairs,  
 And thence twelve Shields, and plumed Helmets bears,  
 And twice six Lances : straight the Sutors arm.  
*Ulysses* trembled at this fresh alarm :  
 Seeing them shine in steel, and Javelins shake.  
 He a hard task had now to undertake,  
 Then to *Telemachus* he said ; Ah ! Son,  
 Some of the Women hath this Mischief don,  
 Or else *Melantheus*. Who made this Reply ;  
 Sir, 'tis my fault, no others, only I

To blame am, that the Chamber Door's not lock'd,  
Nor to so great a Charge no better look'd;  
But dear *Enmaus*, go, and straight them shut,  
And mark, if any Women were it's Plot,  
Or if this feat were by *Melanthius* plaid.  
Whilst 'mong themselves they such Conjectures made,  
*Melanthius* went again more Arms to bring.

*Enmaus* spying him, drew near the King,  
And to him said; *Melanthius*, that vile wretch,  
Whom we suspected now, went more to fetch:  
What shall I do? if I the stronger be,  
Shall I dispatch, or bring him down to thee?

That to a strict account Thou him may'st call,  
Till in just punishments he pays for all.

To whom *Ulysses*, troubled, answer'd thus;

The Sutors I must, and *Telemachus*,  
Keep here within, who would be gon; Him take,  
And tie his Hands and Feet up to his Back:  
Then up a Pillar draw him with a Chain,  
To linger there in worse then <sup>(b)</sup> dying pain.  
What they commanded were, they straight obey,  
And at the Chamber Door in ambush lay,  
Whilst he about did search, more Arms to get,

They on each side the Entrance close beset:  
When to the Door he came, his Armes well-fill'd,  
Bearing a stately Crest, and antique Shield,  
Which had of old youthful *Laertes* been,  
But now the braces ript were from the Tin.

They took and dragg'd him in, then on the ground,  
Him backwards by the Hands and Feet straight bound,  
And as *Ulysses* them commanded had,  
Then with a Chain fast to a Column made,  
Him hoytling up unto a Beam they tie.

Whom thus *Enmaus* scoffs; There may'st thou lie,

As

(b) *Ulysses*, it seems, thought not Death a sufficient punishment for those grand misdoings, of his Servant, unless accompanied with torture: whose example is generally followed by more severe princes. *Satanus* doth write thus of *Tiberius* the Roman Emperor, *Sed et Tiberius non valentibus vim addidisse videtur dicitur; Nam mortem adeo leve supplicium putabat, ut cum audisset eum exire, Carnulium nomen, patris pater eam, exclamaverit, Carnulus me occidit: It is reported that Tiberius used to force those to live that desired a punishment, that when he understood that Carnulus had died in prison, he exclaimed, Carnulus has kill'd me. So when a prisoner desired of him that he would blunt his death, he answered, that he was no yet friendly with him. Which *Draco* in one of his Tragedies has well express'd.*

*Qui morte cunctas luctu supplicium putabat, Nescit tyrannus esse: diversa irrago, Mistrum vultu parare, siletem jubet.*

He that all punishments with death, not knows  
To cut the Tyrant, different waies impose,  
To th' happy Death, life to him full of woes.

Whence *Astynia* complains *Odysseus* that *Nepseus* studying to reverse the execution of his Son upon *Ulysses*, would not put him to death.

\* *Ne te dii Odyssea Thebanus interitus*  
\* *Quod ne maledictis, maledicti sunt et ipsi*  
\* *diis.*

*Nepseus* not kills *Ulysses* on this score,  
But forc'd him wander from his native shore.

As on a Bed all Night, till the approach  
Of bright *Aurora* in her golden Coach:  
Then 'twill be time in thy fat Goats to drive,  
To feast the Sutors, if thou art alive.  
This said, They left him hanging in the Chain,  
Then arm'd, and the Door locking, went again  
Down to *Ulysses*: Thus encourag'd more,  
They now so many fac'd that were but four.  
To their assistance the illustrious Dame  
*Minerva*, then transform'd to *Mentor*, came.  
*Ulysses* seeing her, rejoycing, said;

Let, *Mentor*, now old friendship thee persuade,  
And former Kindness here with me 'engage  
Against this Crew; we are of equal Age:  
But he suppos'd it was *Minerva* yet.  
On th' other side, as much the Sutors threat:  
T' whom first thus rattling *Agelaus* said;

*Mentor*, let not *Ulysses* thee persuade  
Him to assist, and against us to fight,  
Since we resolve on thee to wreck our spite.  
When we the Father and the Son have slain,  
Then thou shalt die, that dar'st his Cause maintain:  
Thy Head lopt off, thine and *Ulysses* states,  
We'll share, and drive thy Sons out of thy Gates:  
Nor shall thy Daughters, nor thy Wife here stay,  
They shall be banish'd out of *Ithaca*.

*Pallas* at these expressions more enrag'd,  
*Ulysses* thus with harsher Terms engag'd;

Thou not so strong, nor so courageous art,  
As when nine years so well thou play'dst thy part  
At *Troy*, the beauteous *Helen* to re-gain,  
And hast so many Valiant Heroes slain,  
And by thy Stratagems took'st strong bul-wark'd *Troy*:  
Thou coming now thy Kingdom to enjoy,

Dar'st

Dar'it not engage with these; Come stand by me,  
And what these Braggars are thou soon shalt see;  
And how I'll former Benefits repay.  
Thus said she, though not gave them yet the Day,  
But let *Ulysses* and his Off-spring try  
Their Strength and Valour 'gainst the Enemy.  
Up to a golden Beam she takes her flight,  
And like a <sup>(\*)</sup> swallow perch'd to see the Fight,

When *Agelaus* Old *Damastors* Son,

*Eurynomus*, and Young *Amphimedon*,

*Demopolemus Polytorides*

And *Polybus*, amongst the Sutors, these  
For Strength and Courage did the rest transcend,  
And living yet, did well themselves defend,  
The rest slain with *Ulysses* Arrows were,  
Thus to renew the Fight did others cheer.

*Mentor* is fled, who talk'd and seem'd so stout,  
And they are left alone to fight it out.

We fix, each at *Ulysses* cast his Lance,  
Him let us wound, and then desist all Chance.  
At once all threw, as he did them enjoyn,  
But straight *Minerva* frustrates their Design.  
This on the threshold lights, another stuck  
Fast in the Gate, the fourth the Waincoat struck.  
When they had scap'd this threatening storm of Spears,  
*Ulysses* thus those were about him cheers;

At Random throw amongst that impious Throng,  
Who us would kill, whom they before did wrong.  
This said, They all at once their Javelins threw,  
*Ulysses*, *Demopolemus* first flew,

The Prince *Euryades*, *Enmaeus*, *Elate*,  
*Pisander* from *Philetius* meets his Fate,  
These on the floor in Deaths Convulsions lie,  
The rest with-drawn into a Corner lie:

They

They follow plucking Javelins from the slain,  
Whilst the Corrivals throw their Spears in vain.  
What e're th' attempt, *Pallas* made fruitless all;  
This hits the Floor, the Gate this, that the Wall,  
*Telemachus* Hand *Amphimedons* Javelin rais'd,  
The point the Skin scarce piercing, over-past.  
*Enmaeus* shoulder; *Cteippus* his Lance,  
Flying ore his Target, did a little glance,  
And scarce blood fetching, lighted on the Ground,  
Groves of faln Spears hedg in *Ulysses* round,  
Which the whole Gang of Sutors at him threw;  
Amongst them, then *Eurydamas* he flew,  
The Prince *Amphimedon*, *Enmaeus* *Polybus*,  
*Philetius* on the Breast hit *Cteippus*,  
And with these words persu'd his well-aim'd Spear;  
Thou lov'st high Language and delight't to jeer,  
Leave boasting speeches, fitter for the Gods,  
Who can perform, and have of thee the Odds;  
Take this return for th' hospitable Hoof  
Thou sent'st *Ulysses* under his own Roof,  
Craving thy Alms; But then *Ulysses* flew  
*Agelaus* running with his Javelin through,  
*Telemachus* *Leocritus* struck there,  
Quite through the Navel with a driv'n Spear,  
Reeking the point; in's Back a passage found,  
Who falling, with his fore-head beats the Ground.  
Then *Pallas* on a step her Target rais'd,  
At which, all were confounded, and amaz'd;  
Who like a Herd of Cattel take their flight,  
When in the Spring the <sup>(\*)</sup> Fly doth them affright:  
But th' other Partic on like Vultures rush,  
When the affrighted Quarry leaves the Bush,  
And them t' escape from Heaven so hard beset,  
Takes the Champaign, and falls into the Net:

No

(\*) The reason why he liketh her to a Swallow, is, lest the Sutors should suspect the appearance of some God for the assistance of *Ulysses*, which they could not now reasonably do, it being agreeable to the nature of those Birds to be conversant among the Beams of Houses.

(2) By this similitude of an Ox molest'd with the Fly call'd *Ostrum*, or *Aphis*, is represented the extremity of terror and affrightment. So *Virgil* in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

*Et lacus Silari circa, silicibusque virulentis*  
*Fluvius Albucum volitant; cui nomen*  
*Aphis*  
*Romanum est, Ostrum Graii vertere vocant;*  
*Aphis, acerba sonans, quo tota extermita stetit*  
*Diffugiunt armenta.*

A Flee about the Groves of *Silarus* haunts,  
And high *Albucum*, green with state-ly plants,  
*Aphis* call'd by *Romans*, but the same  
The *Greeks* stile *Ostrum* by an ancient name,  
Extremely fierce and loud, whose flight is thum,  
To sheltering Woods affrighted Cattel run,  
And with their bellowing strike Heavens arch'd round.  
Which Groves and thallov *Tanagers* resort,  
With this dire Monster, *Quao* long ago  
Her flight did th' *Inachids* Heifer show,





Then I'll an end here of this business make.  
Both straight obey'd; and the dire Hall forsake,  
And by the Altar of great *Jove* they sat,  
Looking about, expecting still their Fate.  
*Ulysses* then strict search made every where,  
If any had escap'd, and living were.  
Many he found weltring in Dust and Gore,  
Like new-drawn Fishes lying on the Shore,  
Wishing their watery Coverlet in vain,  
Whilst the hot Sun concludes both Hope and Pain :  
Just so in heaps the slaughter'd Sutors lay.  
When thus *Ulysses* to his Son did say ;

Call *Euryclea*, my *Telemachus*,  
That she may take some orders straight from us.  
The Prince his Father with all speed obey'd,  
And the Door opening to his Nurse thus said ;  
Dear *Euryclea*, who here govern'st all,  
My Father calls, make hast into the Hall.  
His Voice she hearing, opens straight the Door,  
Following *Telemachus* who went before ;  
Where 'mongst the Dead the King she found, all ore  
Besmear'd with blood, sprinkled with Dust and Gore ;  
Like a huge Lion, who a Bull had slain.  
His shaggy Breast and Cheeks warm blood did stain,  
Who with a terrible aspect appear'd,  
*Ulysses* Hands and Feet were so besmear'd :  
Soon as the dismal business she did spie,  
She straight began to raise a joyful Cry  
At the dire work, *Ulysses* straight forbad,  
And Her with kind words comforting, thus said ;

Conceal your Joy, and dearest Nurse refrain,  
From triumphing ore these that here lie slain :  
Fate, for foul Crimes, presents them this reward,  
Whose Pride not any Person living spar'd :

Be

Be they or Good or Bad, be what they may,  
For their offences now in Death they pay.  
Straight number up those Women, who my House,  
And me dishonour'd, and my virtuous Spouse.

Then *Euryclea* laid ; Dear Son, I shall,  
I'll give you in a strict Account of all :  
Twice twenty five young Damfels are within,  
All taught to work, to card, to weave and spin.  
Amongst these only twice six faulty be,  
Who scorn thy chaste *Penelope* and me :  
*Telemachus*, but now of age, not yet,  
His Mother thought to govern Women fit.  
But I will up and tell the Queen, who fast  
Asleep some gentle Deity hath cast.

Then he reply'd ; Wake her not yet, but all  
Those your kind-hearted Women hither call,  
Who in my absence here have been so bold.  
This said, She went and the Kings Order told.  
*Eumens*, and *Philetus*, and his Son  
He calling to him, thus to them begun ;

Bear hence these Bodies, bid the Women come,  
And cleanse the Seats, the Tables, and the Room,  
And with wet Sponges every Chink make clean :  
And when the House is put in order, then  
Lead forth those Strumpets, twixt the Hedge and Gate,  
And there with Steel cool their intemperate Heat,  
Until their lustful Blood the Pavement warms,  
Who hugg'd the Sutors in lascivious Arms.

By this the faulty Female-Troop appears,  
A loud complaining, drown'd in trickling Tears.  
But first they bore the Bodies from the Hall,  
And laid in private by the Palace-Wall.  
*Ulysses* bids the Women, when th' had renc'd  
The Chairs, and Tables, and with Sponges clens'd,  
U u 2 That





Georgio Wharton  
hanc



Armigero Tabulam  
D.D.D.F.O. Lib. 33



# HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE TWENTY THIRD BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Old Nurse ore-joy'd up to the Queen doth go,  
And waking, tells, Ulysses stay'd below.  
Penelope, with female Fancies fed,  
Long scruples, till the King describes their Bed.  
Transported then she leaps into his Arms:  
Pallas Night almost spent prolongs by Charms.*



U T Old Nurse hafts up to the  
drawing-Room,  
To tell *Penelope* the King was  
come.

Nimble she trip'd, not feeling  
strength decay'd,

Then standing neer her Pillow, thus she said;

Rise dearest Daughter, rise *Penelope*,  
That thou may'st him behold thou long'st to see,  
*Ulysses*, who, though late, at last is come:

Those Roysters all are kill'd, who here at Home  
Devour'd

Devour'd his state, and did his Son deride.

The Queen, her not believing, thus reply'd ;

Dear Nurse, the Gods thus make thee rave, who can  
Make Wilemen Fools, and wise the Foolish man,  
They Hand in Hand conjoyn Follie and Wit,  
They thus distract thee, who wert once Discreet.

Why didst Thou wake me grieving, from so deep

And pleasant, such a golden-fetter'd sleep ?

I never had the like, since (\*) all my Joy

Went to that hateful Siege of curst Troy.

Leave me : If any else had been so bold

To break my Rest, and me such Tydings told,

I should have sent her back with worse News :

But, *Eurycles*, Age shall Thee excuse.

Then thus Old Nurse reply'd ; I wrong not you,

My dearest Daughter, all I say is true :

The King is come, and now within thy Court,

That Stranger whom the Sutors made their sport.

*Telemachus* knew all before, but hid

The whole Concern, as Him his Father bid ;

That the proud Crew examples might be made.

At this ore-joy'd, she leap'd out of her Bed,

And the Old Woman shedding Tears embrac'd,

Dear Nurse, then said, Is this all true thou say'st ?

How came He hither ? How could He alone

The Rivals worst, so many against One,

Who alwaies ready, stood upon their Guard ?

Then she reply'd ; I neither saw nor heard,

More then their dying Groans, we trembling, all

Our Chambers kept, till me your Son did call

Down to his Father, where the King I found

Hem'd in with heaps of slaughter'd bodies round.

You had admir'd to see, how there he stood,

Like a stern Lyon smear'd all ore with Blood.

In

In th' outward Court they lie heap'd in a Pyre,

The Room's perfum'd : He standing by a Fire,

Entreats your Presence, and sent me to call ;

Make hast, that there we may be joyful all :

Now make glad periods to all Sorrows past,

Since what so much you long'd for 's come at last.

He is in Health return'd to his own House,

Finds well his hopeful Son, his Virtuous Spouse,

And all the Havock which the Sutors made,

Fort with their Lives they have full dearly paid.

Then thus, Dear Nurse, *Penelope* reply'd ;

Boast not, nor my Credulity deride.

Thou know'st that nothing can more welcom be,

Then his Return, both to our Son and Me :

But 'tis not as thou say'st. This curst Crew

Some God incens'd, for their Offences, slew ;

Since they all Strangers us'd alike, nor had

Regard to any either Good or Bad :

They justly suffer'd, but *Ulyses* lost

Will ne'r, I fear, review his Native Coast.

How scap'd such words thy teeth, their Ivory guard ?

*Eurycles* said, You'r of Belief too hard.

He in the Hall stands by the Fire, nay, more,

I saw his scar got by a Salvage Boar,

When Him I bath'd ; which I to you had told,

But on my Throat, he starting up, laid hold.

Come, follow me, and if I tell a Lie,

Let me with new-invented Torturs die.

Then she reply'd ; No Mortal e're could sound

The Gods Decrees, nor plumb those Deeps profound.

But let us go that I may see my Son,

The Sutors kill'd, and Him by whom 'twas done.

This said, the Queen descends, much troubled, should

She question Him, and at some distance hold,

X x

Or

Or leap into her dearest Lord's embrace.  
But through the Hall she pasing, took her place  
Against th' opposed Wall, a little higher,  
Where by a Column stood, before the Fire,  
The King, expecting when the Queen would speak:  
But long she sat, nor once would silence break,  
Gazing on him, whom, in mean Garments clad,  
She knew not, when *Telemachus* thus said;

My Mother, no, ah! thou too cruel art,  
Why sit'st thou from my Father thus a-part,  
And wilt not speak, nor the least Question ask:  
For any other Lady 'twere a Task,  
Too hard, from her dear Husband to abstain,  
Now after twenty years return'd again,  
Through Worlds of toyl, of misery, and want;  
You have a Heart harder then Adamant.

Then thus reply'd the Queen; Dear Son, I find  
Such strange Confusion in my troubled mind,  
I cannot speak, nor question what I would,  
Nor dare look up his Face once to behold.  
If this *Ulysses* be, which yet I doubt,  
Rather in private I would find Him out:  
He hath some marks, which if we were alone,  
Would better be to me, then others, known.

*Ulysses* at the Quarries that she made,

Smiling, thus to *Telemachus* then said;

Son, her advice with me a-part to go;

Then we may one another better know:

Shabby my Looks, so mean my Garments be,

Now for her Lord she'll not acknowledge me.

But now let us consult what's to be done,

If any 'mongst these People kill but <sup>(a)</sup> One,

Seldom but few in his behalf will stand,

He flying, straight forsakes his Native Land:

(a) He alludes to the Laws of the Athenians, who punish'd all Homicide, though unwittingly committed on the meannest of the people, with Exile for one year. This appears from these Verses of *Eschylus* in his *Hippolytus*,

ἔπειθ' ὅρα δὲ Κρονίωνος ἀνὰ νόμιμα,  
Μόρταρ ἐλ' ἄν' ἀνὰ νόμιμα καὶ τὸν  
καὶ τὸν καὶ τὸν καὶ τὸν καὶ τὸν καὶ τὸν  
ἔπειθ' ὅρα δὲ Κρονίωνος ἀνὰ νόμιμα,

When *Hercules* in his distraction had slain two sons of *Ischius*, and one of his own, as soon as his passion was over, he was deliver'd by *Ischius* and *Euryclides* to abide himself for one year as a slave (saith *Nicolas Desmarest*) at the *Cultum* is, and then to return to *Thides* again. page 202

But we have many slain, the greatest too,

In *Ithaca*, resolve what's best to do.

When to his Father thus his Son replies;

You, Sir, best know, you'r ablest to advise,

No Mortal who'se'r, as goes the Fame,

Better then you, Sir, plaies an after-game:

Lay you your Plot, and we'll do what we can,

Nor Valour want we, if it be in Man.

When thus the subtle King himself exprest;

I'll speak my Judgment, what to me seems best:

First let us bath, then put rich Garments on,

The like must be by all the Women done:

Let *Phemius* march before us in great state,

As if we Dances were to celebrate;

That some may say without they Nuptials hear,

As they pass by, or those inhabit neer,

E're flying Fame the City give th' Alarm

Of this their Deaths, or we walk to the Farm,

And there consider in the shady Grove

What's best to do, and what seems best to *fore*.

Their King they, as the Oracle, obey'd;

All bath, and in rich Habits ready made:

The Women drest themselves in gay Attire,

And *Phemius*, as at Nuptials, touch'd his Lyre:

Sweetly he sung, their light Feet beat the Ground,

And Dancing, make the arched Hall resound:

Then some did say that heard without the Gate,

The Queen had chosen now a Princely Mate,

And would no longer keep so great a House,

Nor more expect her so long-look'd-for Spouse:

So some did say, but nothing knew. Mean while

*Euryclides* baths, and noints with purest Oyl

*Ulysses*, and in Royal Habit clads,

And to his Face and Person, *Pallas* adds

X x 2

Beauty

Beauty and Size, and on his Tresses sets  
Lustre that shone like purple Violets :

As Gold and Silver by some Artist wrought,

Whom <sup>(b)</sup> *Mulciber* or bright *Minerva* taught,

On's Head and Shoulders she such splendor strow'd,

That from the Bath he march'd out like a God,

And where he sat, that place resumes again :

Then thus he spake unto his self-will'd Queen ;

Beyond all Women thou unhappy art,

Since Heaven hath so obdurate thy Heart.

What other Woman would be kept off so,

From her dear Lord, who, through a world of Woe,

The twentieth year himself to her addrest ?

Nurse, go and make my Bed, that I may rest :

Thy soul is steel, or else thy Heart would ache.

When to the King *Penelope* thus spake ;

I never, Sir, affected was with Pride,

Nor Rich admire, nor thee, though Poor, deride :

But I remember well what then thou wert,

When me thou left'st, if such a one thou art.

But *Euryclæa*, go and make that Bed

In the great Chamber which *Ulysses* made

Himself, with so much Art, soft Blankets let

Be put on straight, and a rich Coverlet.

Thus said the Queen, her dearest Lord to trie.

But He offended, made this rough Reply ;

Strangely you talk, your Order's something odd,

Who can remove that Bed, unless some God :

Celestials may by their Supernal Power,

But never Mortal shall, though in his Flower :

This as a signal fram'd I with much Art,

And greatness, none but I perform'd that part.

A stately Olive in my Court did sprout,

With spreading branches, like a Beam about.

(b) As the poets feign'd all Artists in general to receive their skill from *Minerva*, so in particular those that dealt in Metals, from *Mulciber*, that is, *Vulcan*: and therefore they are both nominated in this place. What the Ancients meant by *Vulcan*, we find in these Verses of *Orpheus*,

*Nippon Japet, vix' liquoris, vix' & An-*  
*himis.*  
*Hic Vulcanus Iliacis vocatur, h'c 'Eury-*  
*clæa.*

*Nymphs water, Vulcan Fire, Ceres Grain,*  
*But Neptune and Erosichthon are the Main.*

Whence because all Metals are by the medium of Fire subjected to the Artists, they were esteem'd to be under the protection of *Vulcan*.

This, when I had our Wedding-Chamber built,  
With well-lay'd stone, well plaister'd, scil'd, and guilt,

Made able Doors, close by the Root I lopt,

And off luxurious Boughs, and Foliage cropt ;

Then with an Augre bor'd, and by a line

I cut and joyn'd whate'r I should conjoyn :

So of this Olive I my Bed-sted made,

With Ivory, Silver, and with Gold in-laid,

And strongly corded then with <sup>(c)</sup> purple Thongs,

This the great signal which to me belongs ;

Nor know I, Madam, if you us'd it yet,

Or else remov'd it in some fullen fit.

Thus doubts remov'd, weeping, she quits her place,

And throws her self into her Lord's imbrace :

There she with Kisses smothering Him, his Neck

Imbracing, said ; Thy rage, *Ulysses*, check,

Since thou so prudent art, and know'st that we

Shard equal Woes, divorc'd by Fates Decree,

From joys of Marriage in a spiteful hour,

I, in my prime, Thou in thy sparkling Flower :

Be not offended that I thus delaid

Thy dear imbrace, that alwaies am afraid,

Lest some (for many such Contrivements lay)

Me with dissembling Language should betray.

<sup>(d)</sup> *Helen* had ne'r offended as she did,

And chang'd her Husband's for a foreign Bed,

Had she but dreamt the *Greeks* should e're transport,

From *Ilium*, her to *Menelaus* Court :

But *Jove* into that error let her fall,

Because she not considered at all

The mischiefs that might happen, which hath wrought

So strongly, and on us these sorrows brought,

Your Bed, which you describ'd, I not deny,

Me hath convinc'd, which none but you, and I,

(c) It seems in the time of our Poet, before the use of Cordage, they bound their Beds with 7 thongs of Leather, beautified with colours as answerable to the quality of the Person.

(d) This similitude, consisting of sixteen verses in the original, is generally accounted spurious by the Grammarians, as not answering to what preceded ; some there be, who by another sort of interpolation make another sense corresponding with the argument, thus ; *Helen* had never consented to the embraces of a Stranger, had she consider'd what I have said, but because she was cheated (*Jove* representing *Paris* in the form of *Menelaus* her Husband) she (*Paris*) undertook the expedition for her recovery : pardon me therefore if I be solicitous to know your perion before I acknowledge you for my Husband,

And *Athoris*, (my dearest Fathers Gift,  
When I his Roofs for this your Palace left)  
E're yet beheld; She keeps lock'd up and barr'd.  
Now I believe all what before seem'd hard.  
This said, a gentle Grief his Wrath difarms,  
He weeps, his Queen embracing in his Arms:  
As when the Skie after a Tempest cleers,  
And Coast to storm-tost Mariners appears,  
A few escaping swim unto the Land,  
And their bulg'd Vessel bedded, leave in Sand,  
Their bodies wrapt in Weeds, the shore they reach;  
Their weary Limbs reposing on the Beach;  
So glad was the her Husband to behold,  
Nor could her Arms from his embrace unfold:  
And in this Posture they had been till Day,  
But that *Minerva* stop'd *Aurora's* way,  
Nor suffering her from th' Ocean to approach,

Nor her swift steeds joyn in her golden Coach,  
*Lampus* and *Phaeton*, who quick Light convey  
To Mortals, call'd the Horses of the Day.  
When thus *Ulysses* to his Queen begun;

My Dear, our business yet we have not done,

A world of several Labours we must through,  
All which necessity compells unto:

For so *Tiresias* me foretelling, said,  
When I descended to th' infernal shade,  
How we in safety might return t'enquire:  
My Dear, in private let us now retire,  
Where we may please our selves in gentle rest.

When thus the Joyful Queen her self express't;

Your Bed shall ready be, Sir, when you please,  
But since the Gods you convoy'd through the Seas,  
To your own Palace, and your Native Land,  
Since well your future state you understand:

Now

Now tell me what I must here-after hear,  
Better to know, then not know, what to fear.

Then he reply'd; Why my ensuing Fate  
Would't thou, dear Wife, that I should now relate?  
But I shall tell thee and the Truth recite,  
Which neither men nor you will much delight.  
I many populous Cities must explore,  
Still carrying in my Hands a handfom Oar,  
Untill I find a People saw not yet

The swelling Main, nor <sup>(f)</sup> Salt use with their Meat,  
That know not how to steer with sails a-trip,  
Nor handle Oars, that Wings are to a ship,  
My sign shall be when first I meet a Man,  
Mistakes the Oar I carry for a Van:  
Then in the Countrey I should fix my Oar,  
And there great *Neptune*, th' Ocean's King, implore,  
Offering a Lamb, a Bull, and pregnant Sow;  
From thence then Home, to my own Palace go,  
And there whole Hecatombs must sacrifice,  
To all the Gods who plant the ample Skies.  
Then Death, from Sea, shall me, grown Old, arrest,  
When I am happy, and my People blest.  
I this response had from *Tiresias* shade.  
Then to the King *Penelope* thus said;

If Thee thy Age the Gods more tranquil Doom,  
Then we preceding Sorrows may overcome.  
Betwixt themselves they such Discourses had,  
Mean while, their Bed, Nurse and *Eurynome* made,  
And lighted Lamps; when they had finish'd all,  
Back *Euryclea* goes into the Hall,  
*Eurynome*, bearing a Taper, led  
Them to their Chamber, and their Marriage-Bed,  
Then left them to themselves, where th' ancient Feat,  
Love's sweetest Lesson, they with joy repeat.

When

(f) I find that the Ancients generally interpreted this place of *Epirus*, not far distant from *Ithaca*. So *Panfanus* in his description of *Africa*, *epirum* est *hæret*, *Katagelion* δὲ *Ζανδαρι* τὰς νῆας *κατέλαον* πάλαι *ἐγγὺς* *ἡμετέρας*, &c. *Pyrrhus* being highly covetous of his strength, encountered the *Carthaginians* (the most experienced of all the Barbarians) being descended from the *Phœnicians* in a Naval Fight, his Armada consisting only of *Epitots*, who when *Troy* was taken knew not the Sea, nor use of Sails, as *Homer* testifies. These that knew not the Sea, were ignorant of the use of Salt, according to our Poet; whence it may be conjectured that he knew of no other Salt but what was made of Sea water. The other token of their ignorance of the Sea was, that they should not know an Oar, but call it by the Name of an instrument wherewith they winnowed Corn.

(e) The Poets attribute a Chariot to the Sun in regard of the swiftness of his motion, and to express what is beyond the object of sense by that which is subject unto it. His Horses, as their names express, are no other than Light and Heat, whereof the Sun is the fountain. *Homer* here allows him but two, but the rest do generally attribute four to him: *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*,

*Interea volucres Pyrois, Eous, & Æthon,*  
*Solis equi, quatuorq; Phlegon himi-*  
*ribus onas.*  
*Flammiferis implent, &c.*

Mean while the Suns swift Horses, hot *Pyrois*,  
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright  
*Eous*  
Neighing aloud, inflame the air with heat,  
And with their thundering Hoofs the barrier beat.



When the Young Prince, and his bold Swains forbid  
Them longer Dance, as order'd, so they did.  
Thence, weary, then to their Repose retir'd,  
But when they had enjoy'd what both desir'd,  
They fell into Discourse; his well-pleas'd Spouse,  
Tells him how much the suffer'd in his House;  
What Revel-rout the Sutors there did keep,  
Devouring his best Bees, and fattest Sheep,  
Drinking whole Tuns of Wine: but he relates,  
A Series of his Sufferings, and sad Fates,  
Pleas'd with his Tale, in sleep she could not fall,  
Nor close her Eyes, till he had told her all.

Who first recounts, how the <sup>(c)</sup> *Ciconians* he  
Ore-come; next, what the <sup>(d)</sup> *Lotophagæ* be;  
How *Cyclops* us'd him, how he Him did treat,  
Who without mercy his Companions eat.

How *Æolus* Home, him kindly feasting, sent,  
But Fate did his arrival then prevent;  
Back from his Native shore a Heurican

Bore him, lamenting, through the boysterous Main:

Of <sup>(e)</sup> *Læstrygonian* Gyants he tells then,  
How they destroy'd his Ships, and all his men:

How with one Vessel he escap'd to Sea:

Next, tells her *Circæ's* Charms and Subtily:

Then how he went to *Pluto's* Dismal Gates,

What of *Tiresias* he enquir'd, relates:

There all his Friends and Mother he beheld,

Who bore and foster'd him a little Child:

Next, *Syrens* heard, *Charybdis* rocky Cape,

And *Scylla* past, whence seldom any scape:

Then how his men the *Swine's* fair Cattel slew;

How *Jove* his Vessel up with Lightning blew,

All his Associates swallow'd in the Sound;

How he escap'd, the Isle *Ogygia* found,

Where

Where fair *Calypso* Him to be her Lord,  
Long courted, treating both at Bed and Board:  
That Him she would immortal make she said,  
Ne'r to be Old, but all would not persuade.  
Next how He came to the *Pheacian* shore,  
Whom there they all did as a God adore:  
Of Gold and Garments a rich Present made,  
And then by Sea to *Ithaca* convey'd.  
As thus he talk'd: sleep seiz'd him unawares  
In golden Chains, which cures Heart-eating Cares.  
But *Pallas* then another Plot contriv'd,  
When sleep enough his Spirits had reviv'd,  
And his dear Wife's embraces; *Daun's* approach,  
From Sea she haften in her golden Coach,  
Conveying Light to Mortals: from his Bed  
*Ulysses* rising, to his Queen thus fed;

We both have forfeited with Grief, my Dear,

Thou in my absence many troubles here;

But me the Gods wearied with Woe and Toyl,

Crossing my Passage to my Native Soyl:

Now in one Bed we former Comforts find,

Next to Domestick cares let's turn our mind.

What sheep the waisting Sutors did consume,

I'll take so many as shall fill their Room:

The *Greeks* that number shall for me provide,

Till all my Coats and Stals are re-supply'd:

But I must go now to the Field, to give

My Father Comfort, who for me doth grieve.

But, Dearest Wife, Thee I command, although

Thou art Discreet (for straight the Fame will go

Of these proud Sutors slaughter to the Town)

To keep within thy Chamber, nor come down,

Nor see, nor speak with any there. This done,

He arms himself, the like commands his Son,

Y y

*Eumæus*

(c) The *Ciconians* were a people that inhabited *Imerus*, a City of *Thrace*, as we have already seen in the 9 of the *Odyssey*. They were assailable to the *Trojans*, reckon'd up among Auxiliaries.

*Εὐφύμιος δ' ἄρχετο κλισίας ἱπποδάμοιο*  
*Tale Trojans' house Diomedes' Kladon.*

*Euphemus led the valiant Ciconians on,*  
*Grand-Child to glorious Cæsar, Troi-*  
*zen's Son.*

(d) The *Lotophagi* were inhabitants of the Island *Molybia*, which lies before the Isthmus of *Syracuse*, so call'd, because they fed on the fruit of the *Lotus* tree, of which there is great abundance in that Isle.

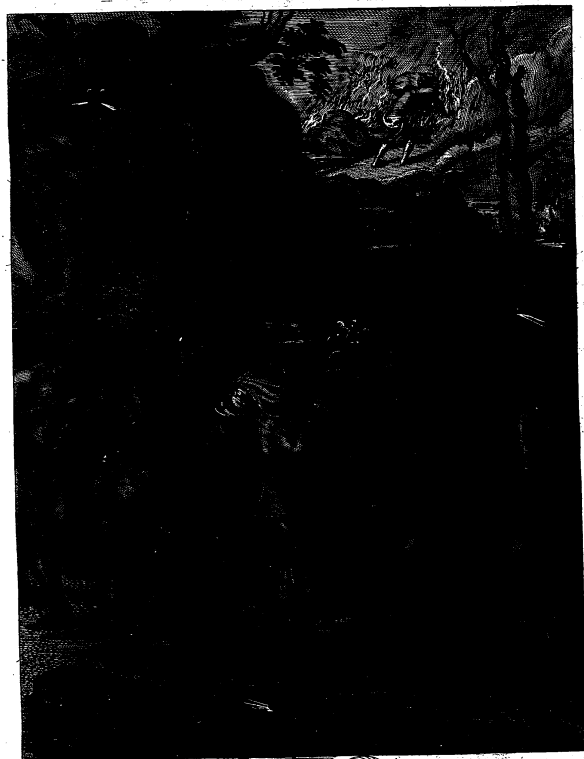
(e) Of these Giants, see *Odysseus*, to which the story is deliver'd at large.

*Eumeus*, and *Philæus*, and all there,  
That straight in glittering Armour they appear,  
All clad in Steel were, straight their King th' obey'd,  
Open'd the Gates, whom forth *Ulysses* led:  
Now the Sun rose, whom *Pallas* though convey'd  
Forth from the City cover'd with a shade.

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HOMERS

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*Johanni Mackham*  
hanc L.M.



*Armigeri* *Pabulam*  
D.D.D.O. Lib. 24



# HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE TWENTY FOURTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Hermes conducts to Shades the Sutors Ghosts,  
Greek Heroes meet them on th' Infernal Coasts.  
Amphimedon and Agamemnon talk.  
Laertes found in his own Garden walk.  
A War begins. Eupitheus sad Decease.  
Pallas like Mentor makes a lasting Peace.*



Y L L E X I A N <sup>(a)</sup> *Hermes*  
leads to th' infernal Strand,  
The Sutors <sup>(b)</sup> Ghosts, arm'd with  
his golden Wand,  
With which He feels up Mortal's  
Eys from Cares,

And opens again to follow their Affairs.  
He drives them on, they after murmuring flock  
Like Bats, who in the belly of a Rock,  
When any one drops from their Order, out,  
All fluttering, rise; and Humming, fly about:

Y y 2

(a) He has this Epithet attributed to him from the Mountain *Cyllarus* in *Arcadia*, where he was especially worshipped.

(b) *Mentory* was feign'd to pass between *Jupiter* and *Pluto*, fetching Ghosts from the under-shadows, and carrying them thither, because he taught that no man came into the World, or went out of it, without the Divine appointment. Which office we find generally attributed to him by the Poets. *Virgil*, *Æneid*. 4.

— *hæc animas ille vocat Orcos Pallantes, alias sub crebris Tartara mittit: Dat somnos adimittique, & lumina morte refugant.*

With this pale Souls from *Erebus* he calls. And others in sad *Tartarus* intrals, Procreants, and Sleep reaps, shuts dying Eys.

Sq

So *Hermes* lead them muttering through broad waies:  
 They reach th' effluxes of the swelling Seas,  
 Then *Leucas* rock, thence on their Course they keep  
 To the *Sun's* Portals, and the Town of sleep,  
 And straight they enter in a flow'ry Mead,  
 Where, after Death, departed souls reside:  
 And first the shades they of *Achilles* found,  
*Patroclus* and *Antilochus* so renown'd,  
 And *Ajax* for his Valour honour'd most,  
 Except *Pelides* of the *Grecian* Host.  
 About Him neerer the pale Sutors drew,  
 And *Agamemnon* with his slaughter'd Crew,  
 Lamenting, who were by *Egisthus* slain,  
 To whom *Achilles* shade did thus complain;  
*Atrides*, we suppos'd that thundering Jove  
 Most Thee, of all the *Grecian* Chiefs, did love:  
 Because so many thou did'st lead, and such,  
 Who *Troy* subdu'd, where they endur'd so much,  
 And wert Thou, ah! so barbarously destroy'd?  
 But none that's born can fullen Fate avoyd.  
 Would Thou hadst dy'd with Honour in Command,  
 And met thy destiny on the *Phrygian* Strand,  
 Then had the *Grecians* bravely Thee interr'd,  
 And Thou great Glory on thy Son conferr'd:  
 But now on Thee a sadder Death did seize.  
 Then He reply'd; Renown'd *Aeacides*,  
 Thou far from *Greece* fell'st on the *Trojan* Plain,  
 Many on both sides in thy Rescue slain,  
 Whil'st in a dustie Whirl-wind Thou did'st lie,  
 Thy Valour lost, forgot thy Chivalrie:  
 All day we fought, and had not then giv'n back,  
 Had not Jove scar'd us with a Thunder-crack:  
 Then off we bore Thee laying on a Bed,  
 Bath'd and anointed, on thy Corps we shed

Rivers

Rivers of Tears, and offer'd Thee our Hair:  
*Thetis* with all her *Nymphs* then did repair,  
 For they our Sorrows to the Sea could hear,  
 Such Vollying Groans arose from Grief, and Fear;  
 And we had thence with our whole Navy fled,  
 But that Old *Nestor*, grave in Counsel, did  
 Our rashness stop, and thus to us did say;  
 Fly not for shame, once valiant *Grecians*, stay;  
 His Mother, with her Sea-*Nymphs* in a Train,  
 Comes to lament her Off-spring, from the Main.  
 These words straight dissipate their Panyck fears,  
 Th' old <sup>(c)</sup> Sea-gods daughters thronging round thy Herse  
 Their Grievs with Cries and floods of Tears exprest,  
 Covering thy Corps with an immortal Vest.  
 There the nine *Muses* sung alternately  
 Thy Funeral-song, thy woful Elegy.  
 Thou could'st not see an Ey of all were there,  
 So sweet, so sad their Notes, without a Tear.  
 There seventeen Daies, and Nights, we never slept,  
 Whil'st the immortal Gods, and Mortals wept;  
 On th' eighteenth we kindled thy lofty Pyre,  
 Casting fat sheep and Cattel on the Fire,  
 And thee imbalm'd with Honey and pure Oyl,  
 And the Gods Vests consum'd upon the Pyle;  
 Both Horse and Foot, compleatly arm'd, surround  
 The crackling Flames, whil'st doleful Cries resound.  
 The Fire once out, thy <sup>(d)</sup> Bones we gather up,  
 And early luting in her golden Cup,  
 With Wine and Oyl thy Mother we present,  
 By *Vulcan* wrought, which her <sup>(e)</sup> *Lyæus* sent;  
 In this promiscuously thy Bones they laid,  
 With thy *Patroclus* reliques, but they had  
 From *Antilochus* distance, whom thou honour'd'st most  
 After thou had'st thy dear Companion lost.

Over

(c) *Nereus*, from whom the Sea-  
*Nymphs* were call'd *Nereides*.

(d) It was an antient and long con-  
 tinued custom, among both *Greeks* and  
*Romans*, to burn the bodies of the dead,  
 to put their ashes into Urns either of  
 Stone or Metal, and to enclose them in  
 their Sepulchres, *Iliad* 23.

(e) *Δῶκε δ' ὅτε σῆμα ἔχοντο χρυσεὶ ἀγοσπλάστῃ,*  
*κίοντο ἀγοσπλάστῃ, τὴν αὖ σῆμα στήθεα*  
*πύοντο.*

*As't in that golden Urn our Reliques*  
*lute,*  
*Which late thy Goddess-Mother Thetis*  
*gave.*  
*So as the Ashes fell, with tears and*  
*groans,*  
*They in a golden Urn enshof his bones,*  
*which wraps in Linnen as Achilles Tent*  
*They leaving, next design the Monu-*  
*ment.*

The same we find in use among the  
*Romans*, mentioned by *Tibullus*,

— *Non hic mihi Mater*  
*Quæ legat in mœnia ossa pirænae fœtus,*  
 compared with these of *Ovid* in his  
*Metamorphosis*,

*Quidquid regis superest una requiescit*  
*in Urna.*

And what the fire had left lay in one  
 Urn.

(e) This Cup was given *Thetis* by  
*Pæon* for her kind treatment and  
 reception of him, when being pur-  
 su'd by *Lycæus*, he took sanctuary  
 in the Sea. Which *Vulcan* bestowed  
 on *Pæon* for his entertainment giv-  
 ing him the Island *Naxos*.

(f) *Sirato* tries that the Tomb of *Achilles* was extant in his time, at the Promontory *Sigeum*, with a Temple also dedicated to him; the Tombs also of *Patroclus* and *Antilochus*; to all of whom the inhabitants of new *Ilium* sacrific'd.

Over your Urns we did a Mountain rear,  
And consecrated then your <sup>(f)</sup> Sepulcher  
Neer the broad *Hellepont*, that all may see  
That now fail by, or shall here-after be.  
Thy Mother grac'd with Games thy Funeral-Rites,  
And to rich Prizes our prime Chiefs invites.  
I have seen many Heroe's Obsequies,  
And Princes emulous to win the Prize,  
But none like Thine, Thou would'st admire t'have seen,  
What *Thetis* there the silver-footed Queen  
Plac'd for Rewards, so thy immortal Name  
Stands in the Records of eternal Fame.  
But what gain'd I by War, that lost my Life,  
At my Return by *Aegisthus* and my Wife.  
Thus thy discours'd, when the pale Sutors Ghosts  
*Hermes* had brought to the infernal Coasts:  
All wonder'd at them much when near they drew.  
*Amphimedon*, *Atrides* shadow knew:  
For Him in *Iebaca* He treated had,  
To whom thus first pale *Agamemnon* said;  
    *Melanthius* Son, what to the shades hath sent  
These of one Age, all Persons eminent?  
None that their handfom-*Mein*, and Habits see,  
Can judg them less then Princes Sons, to be.  
Whether did *Neptune* them with storms engage,  
And swallow'd 'mongst rough Billows in his Rage?  
Or by Prophane at th' Altars lost their Lives,  
Or fighting for their Country, and their Wives?  
Pray tell me, for I boast my self your Guest,  
Since to your Palace I my self address,  
Moving *Ulyses* there with us to Joyn,  
And *Menelaus*, on our <sup>(\*)</sup> grand Design.  
A moneth at Sea, and lingering there we stay'd,  
E're we the City-sacker could persuade.

(\*) *Trojan War*.

When

When thus *Amphimedon*'s shadow made reply;  
What thou remember'st now I not deny,  
But I to thee our Tragedy shall relate,  
And how we suffer'd under cruel Fate.  
We long did court absent *Ulyses* Spouse;  
Marriage, though loathsom, she would not refuse,  
Nor yet comply, but fostering secret Hate,  
Our Death's she plotted, by untimely Fate:  
But thus her Sutors first she did deceive;  
She had forsooth a curious Web to weave,  
    And thus to all said; Though my Lord be dead,  
Suspend your fute, and urge me not to wed  
Till this be wrought, that when his sad Fates call,  
Must serve *Laertes* for his Funeral Pall:  
So shall no *Grecian* Lady me asperse,  
That I with naught adorn'd his Funeral Hearse.  
Thus did the Queen our easie minds persuade,  
By Night unraveling what by Day she made,  
Holding three Summers thus, and Winters on:  
But when the fourth year's gliding Spheres begun,  
One of her Women her design reveal'd,  
And buisie her, unweaving we beheld.  
Discover'd thus the ends what she begun,  
And shew'd it us more glorious then the Sun.  
Fortune at last *Ulyses* Home convaid;  
Some time he at his Swine-herds Cottage staid,  
There came his Son *Telemachus*, mean while,  
In a stout ship, return'd from sandy *Pyle*.  
Where they, as soon as he had thus arriv'd,  
Th' unhappy Sutors woful Deaths contriv'd.  
They to the City came, *Ulyses* last,  
But first *Telemachus* to Court made hast;  
By *Eumæus* led, the King came strangely drest,  
Like an old Beggar in a tatter'd Vest,

Leaning



Weeping he neer a stately Pear-tree stood,  
 Contriving with himself whether he should  
 Kifs and embrace his Father, and mean while,  
 Tell how He came unto his Native Soyl;  
 Or else enquire of him, and Questions ask:  
 The last seems best, and the more easie Task,  
 His Humour first with rugged tearms to try:  
 To whom *Ulysses*, this resolv'd, drew nigh,  
 Who digging round a Plant, hung down his Head,  
 When to his Father thus *Ulysses* said;

Old Man, thou play'st most skilfully thy part,  
 That shew'st such Care, such Industry, and Art:  
 No Plant, nor Fig-tree, Olive, Vine, nor Pear,  
 But both in rank and file well-order'd are;  
 Yet let me tell Thee, nor be angry though,  
 Small Cultrature dost on thy self bestow:  
 These Age and Melancholy hath decay'd,  
 Thou shew'st in tatters thus as thou wert mad,  
 Or doth thy Master in such weeds thee cloath,  
 As due rewards of Negligence and Sloath?  
 There's Majesty on thy Brows, thy Limbs are large,  
 A Kingly Office fitter to discharge,  
 If thou would'st bath, and eat, and drink, for Rest,  
 And soft Repose are for the Aged best.

But Old Man, tell me, and the Truth impart.  
 Whose Garden keep'st thou, and whose Servant th' art?  
 And one word more, that I inform'd may be,  
 If I'm in *Ithaca*, as one told me,  
 A simple Rustick, whom i'th way I met,  
 And could no more out of the Fellow get.  
 About a Friend, alive, if still he breath,  
 Or Dead, descended to the House of Death.  
 Pray listen, Sir, and well me understand,  
 I fairly treated him in my own Land,

Not

Nor any Guest did e're to me resort,  
 Found kinder Entertainment in my Court:  
 He told me he was born in *Ithaca*,  
*Laertes* was his Father he did say.  
 When to my House himself he first addrest,  
 I lead him in, though I had many Guests;  
 And hospitable Gifts, such as I could,  
 Presented him, ten talents of pure gold,  
 A silver Goblet graven, and refin'd,  
 Twelve Tap'stry pieces, twelve fair Vests, unlin'd,  
 As many Robes and Mantles for his wear,  
 And four young Damfels, all well-bred and fair,  
 Which he himself selected from the rest.  
 His Father weeping, thus himself exprest;

Thou art a Stranger sure to this our Coast,  
 That ask'st such questions; all thy Gifts are lost,  
 Since here unjust and wicked People reign,  
 And whatsoe'er he had, thou gav'st in vain;  
 But had'st thou found Him living here, he would  
 Have made a fair Return of what he could:  
 For He is just, and scorns ungrateful shifts,  
 Had loaden thee with hospitable Gifts.  
 But, good Sir, say, and do not me deceive;  
 How long since is't your Friend you did receive,  
 He was my Son, though most Unfortunate,  
 Whom far from Friends, his Country, and Estate,  
 Or Fishes have devoured in the Sea,  
 Or Beasts, and Birds, a-shore, have made their Prey:  
 Nor could his Parents weep upon his Herse,  
 Nor his dear Wife, whom Fame could ne'r asperse,  
 Deplore him dying, nor close up his Eys,  
 Which honourable makes his Oblequies.  
 So much be pleas'd I may you engage,  
 To tell me where you dwell, and Parentage,

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Where





Those Sutors I my self had all destroy'd,  
 And thou thy Palace had'st with joy enjoy'd.  
 Thus they discours'd amongst themselves : mean while  
 The Rusticks come from their agrestick Toyl.  
 Supper prepar'd, they down in order sat  
 On several Seats, and fall unto their Meat :  
 When *Dolius* and his Sons enter the Hall,  
 Weary, the old *Sicilian* them did call,  
 And special care of Him and His she took,  
 And much to *Dolius*, antient grown, did look.  
 When they *Ulysses* saw, and knew, they all  
 Stood wonder-struck, like statues in the Hall :  
 To whom *Ulysses* in kind Language said ;

Father, sit down, and be not so dismay'd,  
 Fall to your Supper now, no time neglect,  
 We tarried for you, and did long expect.  
*Dolius*, this said, no longer wond'ring stands,  
 But to *Ulysses* running, kist his Hands,  
 And thus ore-joy'd, unto his Master spoke ;

Sir, since y'are come, for whom we long did look,  
 Some God hath brought you to your Native Soyl,  
 Let him convert to joy all former Toyl.

Knows, Sir, *Penelope* that you are here :  
 If not, let me the joyful message bear.

When thus *Ulysses* said ; Old Man, she knows,  
 Fall to thy Victuals, and no time now loose.  
 This said, down sat he in his polish'd seat ;  
 Whilst *Dolius* Sons about *Ulysses* get,  
 And his Hands kissing, thence they straight retire,  
 And sat in order neer their aged Sire.  
 Thus they at Supper sat, whilst flying Fame  
 Did through the Town the Sutors Deaths proclaim.  
 Soon as they heard, together all resort,  
 And sighing went up to *Ulysses* Court :

Then

Then they the bodies carrying, straight interr.  
 To other Cities some transported were  
 In Fisher-men, who home their Bodies sent :  
 Which done, they all to Consultation went.  
 When they conven'd a frequent Court had made,  
*Eupibes* rose, and to the Concourse said ;  
 He for his Son ready with Grief to burst,  
*Antinous*, whom *Ulysses* slaughter'd first,  
 When thus he spake, Tears trickling down his Cheeks ;

Great works this Prince hath finish'd for the *Greeks* :

He lanch'd a Royal Navy from our Coast,  
 Mann'd with brave men, and them and all hath lost,  
 And now hath many *Cephalenians* slain,  
 But ere he *Elis*, where th' *Epeians* reign,  
 Or *Pyle* shall reach, let's his Escape prevent,  
 Or else for ever we may all repent :

This our Posterity will brand, if you  
 Not punish those your Sons and Brothers slew.  
 I shall in Life no longer pleasure have,

But with Grief loaden sink into my Grave :  
 Let us his Transportation straight prevent.  
 This said, they all the Business much resent :  
 When to the Council *Medon* made resort,  
 And *Phemius* early from *Ulysses* Court :  
 Then standing in the midst, all were dismay'd,  
 When *Medon* thus to the great Council said ;

You *Ithacans* assembled now, hear me,  
*Ulysses* not against the Gods Decree  
 This work hath done, I saw a Deathless God,  
 Who like Old *Mentor* at his Elbow stood ;  
 And when he cours'd the Sutors through the Hall,  
 That Power assisting, they in Heaps did fall.  
 These words the General Concourse much dismay'd,  
 When thus the Heroe *Athides* said ;

For

For only he fore-saw this rising Storm,  
And gravely thus their Judgments did inform;

You *Ithacans*, now hear what I'll relate,  
You are the Cause of their untimely Fate :  
*Mentor* and Me you scorn'd, when you me chid,  
Nor would the madness of your Sons forbid,  
Who such high Mischiefs acted in his House,  
Wasting his State, wronging his Vertuous Spouse :  
They thought Him sure, that ne'r He would return,  
Let me advise you straight, this Court adjourn,  
Nor Him oppose, lest worser you betide.

This said, they clamouring in Factions side,  
But there the discontented Party stay'd,  
This Speech not pleas'd, but what *Eupithes* said,  
And straight they arming, their Design pursue,  
And forth in glittering Regiments all drew :  
*Eupithes* the distracted Squadrons led,  
Revenge'd He for his Son would be, He said :  
But there He dy'd, and ne'r return'd again,  
When thus to *Jove* *Minerva* did complain ;

O Thou who govern'st all, so favour me,  
That I may know thy undissolv'd Decree :  
A lingering War design'st Thou in that Isle,  
Or wilt Thou else both Parties reconcile ?  
Then He who off Heaven with black Clouds doth mask

Said ; Daughter, why such Questions dost thou ask ?  
What er'e thou hast design'd, ne'r prov'd in Vain,  
Hath not *Ulysses* all the Sutors slain ?  
Do as thou wilt, and let all Quarrels cease,  
And let them joyn in everlasting Peace :  
They now being punish'd, let Him alwaies reign,  
They shall forget their Dear Relations slain,  
And as before in blessed Union joyn,  
Where Peace and Riches shall with Justice shine.

This

This said, He sends willing *Minerva* down,  
She shoots like Lightning from *Olympus* Crown,  
When they with Meat and Drink were well-suffic'd,  
*Ulysses* thus the Company advis'd ;

Go forth, and see if any draw this way.  
Straight *Dolius* Son, as bidden, did obey :  
And He a Party on the Threshold saw,  
Then shouts ; *Ulysses*, arm, they neer us draw.  
This said, themselves they for the Fight prepare,  
*Ulysses* four, six Sons had *Dolius* there,  
With these *Laertes* and old *Dolius* arm,  
Age not exempts when suddain's the Alarm,  
When all in compleat Steel the King beheld,  
Through open Gates he draws into the Field :  
To them, like *Mentor*, the Celestial Maid  
Conjoyns her self, at which *Ulysses* said ;

Thust to his Son ; Thou'lt see in this Contest,  
*Who doth best are, themselves endeavouring best ;*  
But do not Thou thy Ancestors disgrace ;  
Who ne'r in Valour gave to any place.

Then he reply'd ; Dear Father, you shall see,  
Neither shall dishonour Them, nor Thee.  
At this, *Laertes* much rejoycing, said ;

You Gods, I hear now that which makes me glad,  
That I have such a Grand-Child, such a Son.  
Then to *Laertes* *Pallas* thus begun ;

O *Arcefiades*, when thou hast pray'd  
To *Jove's* fair Daughter, the Celestial Maid,  
Then throw thy Lance : this said, he makes his Prayer,  
She gives him Strength, and first he throws his Spear,  
Which pierc'd *Eupithes* Cask, and Skull, to ground  
Th' Old Heroe falls, his rattling Arms rebound :  
In rush *Ulysses* and his Valiant Son,  
And at them with their Swords, and Javelins run,

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And with huge slaughter they their way had made,  
When *Pallas* loud to stop their Fury said;

Hold, hold, you *Ithacans*, from War abstain,  
Part without blood-shed, let no more be slain.

Thus *Pallas* said, and Fear surpriz'd them all,  
And from their trembling Hands their Javelins fall  
Upon the Ground, the Goddess threats aloud,

They fly, and to the Town for safety croud;

*Ulysses* follows close the routed Crew,

And after them like a swift Eagle flew;

Then *Jove* at them his dreadful Thunder shot,

Which lighted just before *Minerva's* Foot,

When to *Ulysses* thus the Goddess saies;

*Jove's* Off-spring, stand, stand *Laertiades*,

No farther in this War thou must engage,

Lest thus displeasing, *Jove* thou should'st enrage,

The King at *Pallas* threatnings makes a stand,

And joyfully obeys the Maids command.

*Pallas*, like *Mentor*, as she had design'd,

Thus them again in happy Peace conjoyn'd.

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FINIS.

